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A MEMOIR OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
PRINCESS MARY ADELAIDE
DUCHESS OF TECK

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Full width photo

Walker & Brown photo

Very Sincerely
Yours
Mary Adelaide

THE
MAY 1941
ISSUE

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[Faint handwritten notes, possibly "L. 100"]

A MEMOIR OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
PRINCESS MARY ADELAIDE
DUCHESS OF TECK

BASED ON HER PRIVATE DIARIES AND LETTERS

By C. KINLOCH COOKE, B.A., LL.M.

BARRISTER-AT-LAW

IN TWO VOLUMES, WITH
PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

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CHAPTER XIV.

EARLY MARRIED LIFE.

1867-1870.

Move to Kensington Palace—Birth of a Princess—Christening ceremony—Visit of the Sultan of Turkey and the Viceroy of Egypt—Christmas at the new home—"A conquest of Grandmama"—Princess May as a Baby—Her first illness—Holland House—Letter to Lady Holland—A Prince born—Visit to Balmoral—Dinner-party at Kensington Palace—White Lodge lent by the Queen—Autumn visits—Studley Royal—Ingestre—Princess Mary's children at Windsor—Death of Lord Derby—Death of the Duchesse d'Aumale—Baptism of Princess Maud of Wales—Birth of a second son—Melton and Belvoir revisited—Domestic life at White Lodge—The King of the Belgians—Letter of condolence—Visit to the Empress Eugénie at Chislehurst—The Prince Imperial—A few days at Londesborough Lodge—Birthday festivities—Meeting with the Marquis of Lorne—A day at Windsor Castle—Mama's pet.

IN due course Princess Mary moved her establishment to Kensington Palace, and on the 27th of May, 1867, the following interesting announcement appeared :—

Kensington Palace, May 27, 1 a.m.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary Adelaide was safely delivered of a Princess at one minute before midnight on the 26th inst. Her Royal Highness and the infant Princess are doing perfectly well.

ARTHUR FARRE, M.D.
EDWARD H. HILLS.

The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Duchesse d'Aumale, and Lady Elizabeth Adeane were present at the accouchement, and early in the morning the Duchesse

d'Aumale was the bearer of the welcome news to Kew, where the Duchess of Cambridge was residing, while a telegraphic message carried the information to the Queen at Balmoral. As soon as the birth of a Princess became known, Kensington Palace was besieged with visitors. Almost the first to arrive was the Prince de Joinville, who was followed by the ambassadors, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the members of Her Majesty's Government; and during the day about a thousand names were inscribed at the Palace.

The baptism was solemnized privately by the Archbishop of Canterbury on the 27th of July at Kensington Palace, the sponsors being the Queen, represented by Princess Mary, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and the Prince of Wales, all of whom were present at the ceremony. Lady Elizabeth Adeane held the Royal baby, and handed her to the Duchess of Cambridge, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, taking the little Princess from her grandmother's arms, named her Victoria Mary Augusta Louisa Olga Pauline Claudine Agnes.

Both the Prince and Princess were delighted with their new abode, which soon began to look very pretty and home-like. They passed many an evening quietly together, Princess Mary singing while her husband played her accompaniments. Prince Teck was never so happy as within his own walls, but neither he nor his wife lost sight of their public duties as members of the Royal Family, and willingly took their part in the *fêtes* and functions consequent upon the visits of the Sultan of Turkey and the Viceroy of Egypt during the season of 1867. They attended the grand banquet which the Corporation of London gave to Abdul Azziz, and were at the ball given by the Indian Council—a very magnificent affair. Princess Mary also assisted at the Queen's reception of the Turkish potentate at Windsor, and, following the example of Her Majesty, kissed the young Izzedin Effendi, a mark of Royal favour which greatly pleased the Sultan, but much embarrassed the young Prince. "There is something going on morning, noon, and night," the Princess writes, "and my poor head is quite

confused with all the bustle and excitement of the Sultan's and Viceroy's visit. I am just off to the Crystal Palace." The Belgian Volunteers came over to England about the same time, and Prince Teck, who from the first had associated himself with the Volunteer movement,¹ was present with the Prince of Wales at the Review of the citizen-soldiery on Wimbledon Common.

The usual exodus from London followed the close of the season, and in a letter written from Cambridge Cottage at the end of the year Princess Mary relates how she passed her time during the summer and autumn months.

In August we visited the Spencers during their I. Zingari cricket-match, and spent a quiet week (baby included) with dear Marian at Ashridge; then returned to Kensington for three weeks, and finally set out (September 16th) *viâ* Paris, where we devoted three days to the Exhibition, to join the family gathering at Rumpenheim and be present at the funeral of my dear Uncle, the Landgrave of Hesse, Mama's eldest brother; we took our little one with us, and she proved herself an excellent traveller. Early in October we went on to Stuttgart to visit Francis's Aunt, the Queen Dowager of Wurtemberg, and at the end of the month spent a week at Munich, returning home on November the 12th to find London all alive with the reassembling of Parliament! This made it very pleasant, and I quite enjoyed settling down again in my charming apartment, and occasionally of an evening dining out or going to the play with some friends. We were twice asked down to Windsor, and early in December spent a week at Belton in company with Lady Sefton and Cecilia.² On Christmas Eve my belongings honoured us with their company, and voted our trees and decorations a great success.

Referring to the festivities on this occasion, Miss Ella Taylor says—

The Duchess of Cambridge and I drove to Kensington at eight o'clock on Christmas Eve, having dined at five. We

¹ In 1867 he accepted the Honorary Colonelcy of the City of London Volunteers.

² Now the Viscountess Downe, Lady-of-the-Bedchamber in ordinary to the Queen.

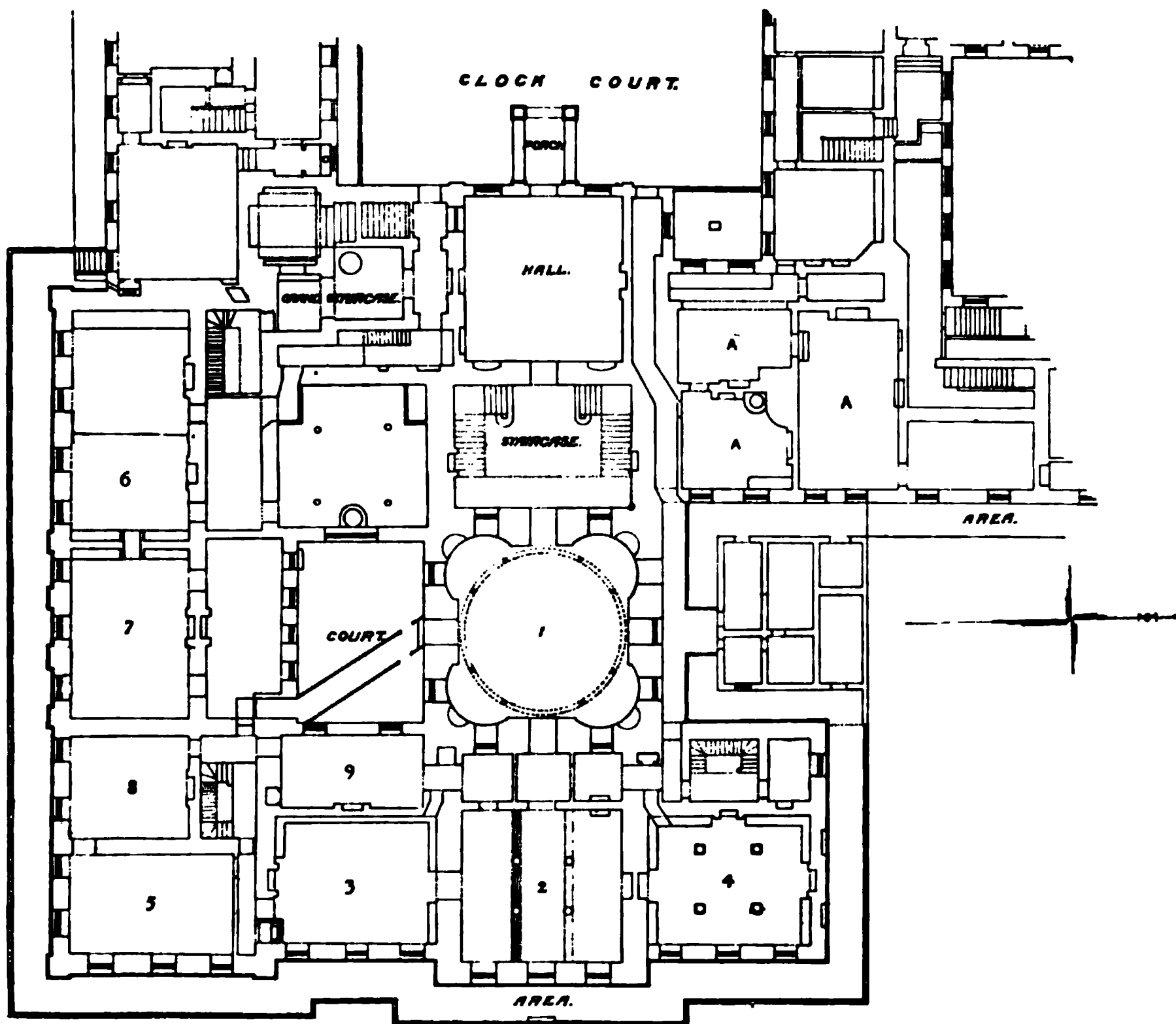
arrived early, before Princess Mary was dressed. The baby was brought down in its nightgown—a dear, fat, rosy, pretty child. The Palace looks so cosy, as if it had been inhabited for years. When the Duchess and Princess Mary entered the drawing-room the party had already assembled; it consisted of the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Lady Londesborough, Baron Blome, Count Kalnocky, Baron Münch, Marquis Fortunato,¹ Dr. Quin, Lord Frederick Paulet, and Captain Clifton. Princess Edward and Lord Londesborough had colds and could not come. After a while a bell tinkled, and the doors of the large drawing-room were thrown open and we walked into the Christmas-room. In the centre, reaching from floor to ceiling, stood the Tree, while all round the room were smaller ones, the walls and pillars being ornamented with wreaths. Ranged round the room were the tables with presents on them. The gifts were very numerous, and there was something for everybody.

The beginning of the new year (1868) was spent at Kew, and “May,” to use the Princess’s own words, “soon made a complete conquest of Grandmama.”

Prince Teck and Princess Mary left us on January the 11th [writes Miss Ella Taylor to a friend]. The baby is such a pet, and will sit for hours on one’s knee playing with her sock, or lie on the floor on a cushion quite good, requiring no one to dandle or amuse her. How different Princess Mary is to most Mamas, who would be so fussy!

The Prince quite enjoyed being without the formidable head nurse, as he could pop into the nursery whenever he liked. One day he undressed the baby and bathed her before she was put to bed. She is very fond of her Papa, who looks supremely happy when he has sole charge of his little treasure. The other day there was such a family group in Kew Gardens, and the Duchess fed about sixty ducks to amuse her little granddaughter, who was in the Prince’s arms. . . . Lord Frederick Paulet dined here on Friday, and we sat in the library after dinner. The Duchess knitted, Princess Mary arranged photographs, Prince Teck played on the pianoforte, and I sketched Lord Frederick. When the picture was finished the old gentleman said to the Prince, “Let us have a duet.” Whereupon he sat down to play the bass of the “Mabel Valses,” the Prince taking the treble,

¹ Formerly Minister at the Court of St. James’s to Francis II., King of the Two Sicilies.



**THE APARTMENTS OF H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF TECK AT KENSINGTON PALACE.
GROUND FLOOR.**

1. The Council Room. Used by the Duchess of Teck as a reception room. The Queen held her first council in this room.

2. The Saloon.

3. Blue Drawing-room. The room immediately above was used as a nursery by the Duchess of Teck's children, and in this room the Duchess of York was born.

4. Dining-room. The Queen was born in this room.

5. The Duke of Teck's sitting-room.

6. The Duchess of Teck's bedroom.

7. Morning room. Used by the Duchess of Teck as her boudoir.

8. The Duke of Teck's dressing-room.

9. Breakfast room. Here the family dined when alone.

A. Rooms used by the Princes of Teck.

4

and both playing by ear. Then Lord Frederick whistled all sorts of opera airs, accompanying himself upon the piano. Finally, when he broke into a valse again, the Prince made Princess Mary valse round the billiard table with him.

Letter to Lady Elizabeth Adeane.

Kensington Palace, March 6, 1868.

MY DARLING LIBBET,— . . . I have for weeks past had it in my *heart* to write to you, but at first the fear of intruding upon you at a time when your thoughts and pen must have been so sadly and fully occupied, withheld me, and of late I have been so much from home, visiting about in the country, that I have had little or no leisure for writing. You will, however, have felt assured that you had my deep and heartfelt sympathy in your great sorrow,¹ all the more overwhelming from its having come upon you with all the suddenness of a blow. To have been so far away from your poor dear parents in their first hours of *misery*, must have proved an additional trial to your tender and devoted heart; but I was more than thankful to hear that Agneta was with you at that terrible time, so that you could share your grief and be a comfort to each other. . . .

March 7.

Thus far had I proceeded when your dear epistle was put into my hands (this morning), for which a thousand, thousand thanks. . . . I am charmed to find how well your *séjour* at Cannes has answered, and how thoroughly you seem to enjoy it. Your glowing description of “the *delights* of the South” is very tempting, and I am quite prepared to find myself carried off to Cannes some winter, tho’ I shall take care to stipulate that *you* are to be there too! . . . Since the 13th of January we have visited the Vanes at Wynyard, the Van de Weyers, Badminton, and the Edward Weimars at Molcombe, and it is only since the 24th of February that we are once more *fixtures* at Kensington. . . . There is, however, to me one great drawback attendant upon these country visits, pleasant enough though they be, and that is, having to leave my precious child, who is now quite a little companion to her Mama. How I do long to show her to you!—and how delighted you would be with your “*darling little Princess*,” as you are pleased to call her!—and with good right too.

¹ The Honble. Victor Yorke, brother to Lady Elizabeth Adeane, died suddenly on December 23, 1867.

She really is as sweet and engaging a child as you can wish to see; full of life and fun, and as playful as a kitten; with the deepest blue eyes imaginable, *quantities* of fair hair, a tiny rosebud of a mouth, a lovely complexion (pink and white), and a *most perfect figure!* In a word, a model of a Baby! You must amiably overlook a mother's fond conceit in her child when reading the foregoing passage, which doubtless is *overdrawn*, tho' I must say "May" wins all hearts by her bright face and smile and pretty endearing ways. She is wonderfully forward for her age in all things save one,—her teeth, at present possessing only two bottom ones, which she cut without any trouble the last week in January; but the top ones are just beginning to show themselves, and I hope will soon be through. I short-coated her late in the autumn, and she looks a perfect picture in her frocks, pinafores, and sashes. Her Papa is in a quiet way thoroughly devoted to her, and she quite *adores* him, tho' her Mama is her pet playfellow! But a truce to *ce radotage de mère*, and let me turn to other subjects.

I have seen much of our dear Princess of Wales of late, and think her wonderfully better; . . . and though the knee is still stiff, it is scarcely perceptible when she walks, and the surgeons assure us that in time the joint will come right. She is delighted with our apartment, which she saw for the first time last month, and which really gets prettier and more charming every day, as we settle down in it, and turn out all our things and my numberless wedding-presents. The walls of my morning-room are now all hung with prints and drawings—*such* an improvement! The lobby, or first room you enter, we turned into our winter drawing-room, and made it look like a room in a country house, thus saving the saloon and inner blue drawing-room for summer use.

On Thursday next I am going to the Queen's *first*¹ *drawing-room* at Buckingham Palace, *attended* by *Arabella*, who was to come to town yesterday. . . . London is fast filling, and engagements are thickening. People wonder and speculate as to whether or no the D'Israeli Government will last; I confess the new premier in the room of dear Lord Derby² seems strange. . . . We have very good accounts of my sister from Strelitz, where they seem all to have gone music mad!

¹ The first Drawing Room held by the Queen after the death of the Prince Consort (see footnote, vol. i. p. 155).

² Finding himself unable, through declining health, to face the fatigues of another session, Lord Derby resigned the Premiership on February 24, 1868, and was succeeded by Mr. Disraeli.

They have a charming singer there, a Madlle. Schubert, from Dresden, who has bewitched Augusta and the whole society, so that nothing is thought of but music from morning till night. Mama is, thank God, very flourishing, and has been in town ever since the last week in January. She sends you her love, as does Francis, emboldened thereto by your most kind message contained in your letter to me. . . . I am ever, dearest dear Libbet, your loving friend,

MARY ADELAIDE.

Letter to the Honble. Mrs. Dalrymple.

. . . On the 8th of June (the Monday in Ascot week) we went down to Frogmore for a delicious week of the country, and drove over to the races on the two gala days most comfortably and without fatigue, and what with this, a ball at Titness, where the Prince and Princess of Wales were staying, and a dinner-picnic at Virginia Water, I had a fair amount of gaiety. We returned to Frogmore on the 20th for a night, to be present at the Volunteer review in the Home Park, one of the prettiest sights of the kind I think I ever witnessed, and oh! how I rejoiced with all my heart at the Queen's presence and enthusiastic reception by the thousands present. . . . All this time, when at home, I had been going out of an evening in moderation, but the intense and prolonged heat began to tell upon me, and during the day I was thankful to rest and keep quiet, and have so pretty and delightful garden of our own to sit in. On the 24th of June dear Augusta and Fritz arrived, and her pleasant society was a great comfort to me, for we have been so much together of late years that it has, as it were, knitted our hearts more firmly together.

About this time I received your letter asking for our names and aid for your praiseworthy undertaking, and I was on the point of answering your appeal when all the anxiety and alarm for our precious child came upon me. These were, indeed, days and nights of agony, such as only a mother's heart can fully estimate, but I was wonderfully supported through them, and God was pleased in His mercy to spare the little life to us we *so treasure*. For upwards of 24 hours it trembled in the balance, and my heart quivered with it; then there came a blessed change, and oh! the feeling of intense relief and deep thankfulness! it was not to be described. . . . She was seized on July 18th with sickness,

for which proper remedies were at once and apparently very effectually applied, for on the Tuesday following May was out again for half an hour in the cool of the day. Whether she caught a slight chill, or the effluvia from the pond in Kensington Gardens, which was in a very unhealthy state, and which the nursery windows face, affected her, I know not, but that very night she had an alarming relapse, and all the next day lay in a state of collapse. Dr. Farre was called in, and towards evening, thank God, the treatment began to tell upon the child, and the attack to yield to it. From that time she mended steadily, although slowly, and on the 4th of August her Grandmama very wisely insisted on carrying her off to Kew, to be away from the pond, and out nearly all day in the garden, under the shade of the old chestnut-tree.

The proximity of Holland House was a source of infinite delight to Princess Mary, who never wearied of the priceless treasures which filled every nook and corner of that historic building. Lady Holland¹ was a welcome guest at the Palace, and her hospitality was frequently accepted by her Royal neighbours. She well maintained the traditions of Holland House, and will long be remembered as the brilliant hostess who presided for many years over a clever and pleasant salon, where statesmen, artists, and men of letters were wont to assemble. Replying to inquiries at the time of her little daughter's illness, Princess Mary writes—

Kensington Palace, July 24, 1868.

DEAREST LADY HOLLAND,—I am thankful to say dear Baby is decidedly better this afternoon, but as she requires great care and anxious nursing for the next week to come, we must keep the house as quiet as possible, and therefore, alas! have decided on giving up our dinner in Mama's honour to-morrow night. It is a great disappointment to us, but I am sure you will approve of it as a wise measure on our part. In haste. Ever affectionately yours,

MARY ADELAIDE.

The Princess gave birth to a son on the 13th of August at Kensington Palace, and a fortnight afterwards the Duchess of Cambridge writes to Mrs. Dalrymple :—

¹ Lady Holland was the only daughter of the eighth Earl of Coventry by his second wife. She married in 1833 the fourth Lord Holland, who died in 1886, when the title became extinct.

IN THE PRIVATE GARDEN AT KENNINGTON PALACE.

H.B.H. the Duchess of Teot reading aloud to the Duke, who has Princess May on his knee.

NU

Cambridge Cottage, Kew, August 26, 1868.

DEAR ELLINOR,—Your dear letter and the beautiful doll for little May I have thankfully received, but for fear of *damage* I kept the latter under my care that Mary might see it first in its beauty, as I must tell you that my baby *No. 1* is dreadfully self-willed, and all that comes in her fat little hands is sure not to be beautified by them! I shall part with her to-day as she is to go home to amuse her Mama in those quiet days she has now to go through. . . . God bless you. Ever yours very affectionately,

AUGUSTA.

In a letter to a friend written from Molcombe, whither she had gone for change of air, the Princess says—

I thank you from my heart for your affectionate congratulations on the birth of our boy. I have much, very much to be thankful for. . . . This is a most delightful spot in Goodwood Park, lent us by Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar; the air from the downs and sea is most invigorating, and has done much to accelerate my recovery. I wish I could show you my *children*! May is a great darling, just sixteen months old, and begins to *toddle* about *alone*, whilst the baby is a very fine little fellow, and particularly large for barely seven weeks. Both are thriving charmingly and great blessings to us, for which we can never feel sufficiently grateful. We return to Kensington Palace on the 1st of October, and on the 5th the Prince and I start D.V. for Balmoral on a fortnight's visit to Her Majesty. . . . Should anything bring you up to London when I happen to be at Kensington, I shall hope for a visit from you, as it will be a pleasure to me to show you my pretty home, of which I am *so fond*. . . .

The little Prince was baptized at Kensington Palace on the 3rd of October, and called Adolphus¹ after his grandfather. Two days later Princess Mary and Prince Teck left London for Scotland, and in the following letters to her mother, written in the form of a journal, and despatched from day to day, the Princess gives a graphic account of their visit to the Queen at Balmoral.

¹ Prince Adolphus Charles Alexander Albert Edward George Philip Louis Ladislaus.

Balmoral, October, 1868.

I take up my pen the first thing after breakfast to tell you that I am most charmingly and comfortably housed here, and am none the worse for my journey, which, strange to relate, has not fatigued me. We reached the Euston Square station in ample time to settle ourselves before the train started, but the much-bespoken saloon carriage did not turn out a very comfortable one. It consisted of an ordinary compartment (with five large seats) opening into another with two rather narrow long sofas. Unluckily they were too narrow for comfort or safety, so that, after a brief trial, I gave it up, and let Francis and Brand make me up a bed across two seats of the first compartment, leaving Brand to enjoy the sofas by herself. At first I could get no sleep, the dinner at George's had bewildered me, and the parting from my chicks and dearest Gussy and Adolphus had greatly upset me, so that I felt very low and dispirited, besides being rather knocked up by all I had to do in the day; my brain seemed still in a perfect *whirl*! But towards morning I fell asleep, and Francis had to wake me just before we got to Perth. Happily it was not at all cold in the night.

We had an excellent breakfast in the private room of the station, and after half an hour's delay, pursued our journey from Perth to Aberdeen, which we reached at 12.20, the latter part of our road being by the seashore, and it was grand to see the white foaming waves wash up against the rocks, though I prayed that the Channel might have been less tossed and stormy looking for the sake of my poor travellers. At Aberdeen the station-master informed us that to save us *l'attente de quatre heures et demi* he had arranged for the 2.40 train to Banchory (a place several stations short of Ballater) to run us on a *special* as far as Ballater, thus enabling us to reach Balmoral by a quarter to six, instead of 8.30, an attention we were most grateful for. We then walked off into the town, and I had no difficulty in finding the Hotel I went to four years ago with George. After washing and tidying myself we went out for a walk along High Street, the principal one of Aberdeen, and Francis was much struck with the grand-looking buildings and houses of stone. A few Scotch purchases were made, and the new Town Hall in process of building was duly admired. About two o'clock we returned to the Hotel to make a capital luncheon, and then hurried back to the station. The country from Aberdeen to Ballater is at starting very pretty and tame, but gradually becomes wild and bleak, and I enjoyed

pointing out to Francis the prettiest and wildest bits, as I had travelled over all this part in 1864, and hearing him contrast the scenery with that of Transylvania.

At Ballater, which place we reached by 4.45, Lord Charles Fitzroy¹ met us with the Queen's carriage, an open light landau, with four ponies and an outrider, and orders to detain us so that we might arrive in the *dark*. This seemed very odd, but was soon explained, as Her Majesty wished to give us a "Highland reception." We drove accordingly to the pretty inn, where Lord Charles had had tea prepared for us, and I refreshed myself with oatmeal cake and currant preserve! Towards dusk we left Ballater and took, to me, the so well-known road by Burke Hall and dear Abergeldie² (the lighted windows of which looked so cheery and homelike as we stopped just opposite for Francis to have a glimpse of it). Unfortunately it came on to rain; but happily the sky cleared as we neared Balmoral, and had to open the carriage in order the better to see and be seen. It was a very pretty sight that awaited us.

A Bengal light at the top of the tower of Balmoral announced our approach, and as we came near we saw all the Highlanders and the Queen's people drawn up in front of the Castle with lighted pine-torches in their hands, which they waved in token of welcome! The scene was altogether most stirring, and the bag-pipes sounded so well in the open air. The Queen, children, and Court were all assembled under the porch and in the entrance-hall to receive us, and Her Majesty was so kind and so affectionate. She took me at once to my apartment (after the Highlanders had given a cheer for us), whence I saw them all dance a reel with their torches, finishing up by dancing round the torches which they had piled up in the centre.

Our rooms are charming, consisting of a pretty sitting-room, bedroom, and dressing-room, all *en suite* on the ground floor close by the porch, and have the whole benefit of the morning sun. They are very prettily furnished, the carpets of the Royal Stuart tartan, whilst the chintz curtains and chair covers are of the dress Stuart or Victoria, and the furniture is of beautiful maple wood with steel ornaments. Helena and her *sposo* vacated them for us. After taking me to my apartment, Her Majesty, most gracious, all smiles, left me to Helena's care, and I had a cup of tea just to warm me: then I proceeded to dress, which I did with

¹ The present Duke of Grafton.

² Then in the occupation of M. Van de Weyer.

perfect comfort, Brand and the luggage having arrived before us. We dined *en famille*, a party of seven, at 8.30, or a quarter to nine (the Queen sitting between Francis and me), in a moderate-sized room, fitted up as a library with dress Stuart woollen curtains, and about ten o'clock bade the three gentlemen (Arthur, Christian, and Francis) good night. We ladies sat (*à quatre*) up in what used to be Albert's room, whither the Queen always repairs after dinner, and worked. Usually the lady-in-waiting reads aloud, but it being my first evening, this was dispensed with. At 10.30 the Queen *congédié*d us, and Helena and Louise came to my room for a little while before we all went to bed. *Les Princes* meanwhile had joined the household in the billiard-room, where they played at bowls, and afterwards went to the smoking-room till past twelve.

At 9.30 the next morning Helena, Arthur, Christian, and Francis breakfasted together in the library we had dined in, I joining them about ten—Louise, Leo, and Beatrice always breakfast upstairs with the Queen—then I retired to my sitting-room to write to you. I laid aside my "volume" after writing three pages, and wrote a few lines instead, to despatch by the messenger who leaves at twelve. Helena and I then went for a walk through the pretty old-fashioned garden, a mixture of flower and kitchen garden, and in the grounds, and remained out for upwards of an hour. The weather was fine, and the air keen and piercing. At two we lunched without the three *hommes*, who had gone out shooting. That evening the Van de Weyers dined with us punctually at 8.15. After dinner we adjourned to the ball-room, a fine long room, ornamented with Highland trophies (the royal Stuart plaid hung over swords, dirks, pouches, and battle-axes), surmounted by stags' heads framed in oak leaves, the curtains being of the royal Stuart tartan. Here were assembled all the household, the few neighbours, and the servants, keepers, gillies, and retainers of Her Majesty, with their wives and families, to assist with us at a grand performance of Christy minstrels (fifteen in number), which was most successful. The selection of songs was very good, and the singing and playing highly creditable. The whole affair was over about 11.15.

On Saturday morning, after breakfast, I hurried to my room to try and finish my letter to you. We started at 12.30 for Castleton, I having previously seen the Queen off with Beatrice and Lady Churchill on a driving and riding expedition. After changing horses we drove on by Mar Lodge up

the valley of Braemar, turning off at a shooting-lodge inhabited by a brother of Lord Fife's to ascend a steep road up a wild country. The weather was beautifully fine and sunshiny, but there was a little snow on the topmost hills. About four o'clock we reached our destination and descended on foot a narrow pathway, chose the spot for our picnic, and, leaving the potatoes to boil over a steady fire, scrambled down to the "Colonel's bed," so called from its having been for a long time the hiding-place of a Colonel Farquharson, a Jacobite in the '45. It is a very curious picturesque place, down by a stream, or burn, which winds its way over huge stones between high rocks that well-nigh meet overhead, and are overgrown with trees, in particular the red-berried rowan tree or mountain ash. Under one of these rocks is a hollow place, large enough to serve as a bed, hence the name. Helena and I explored every inch of it, in spite of the slipperiness of the stones, and crept up to where the burn takes the appearance of a waterfall.

We then joined the others and took our share in watching the potatoes, which turned out first-rate, and were done ample justice to; cold meat, cheese and short bread completed the repast. After a while we returned to the carriage, and descending the steep road as far as the shooting-lodge, drove on up the valley or glen, and crossed the bridge over the Linn of Dee. Here we stopped for Francis to explore it with Arthur, whilst we waited in the carriage for them, and then proceeded by old Mar Lodge, now let by the Fifes, and till quite lately inhabited by the Filmers and Holmesdales, through the woods as far as the pathway leading to the Linn of Quoich. We got out and walked down the Linn, which enchanted Francis.

Behind the Fife's fishing-cottage we saw a fire kindled and preparations making for Her Majesty's tea; she was riding up the glen, so for discretion we hurried on to our carriage, and, wrapping ourselves up to our *very noses*, the wind being piercingly keen, drove on towards home, passing along the Dee close under Invercauld, where we saw several hinds cross the river. Our horses were waiting for us in Invercauld grounds, and we returned to Balmoral by the high-road along the Dee. Home by 6.30, had tea to warm myself, and then strove to write to you, but was disturbed *à tout moment* by the entrance of one or other of the cousins. Miss Lascelles and the Lord Chancellor¹ dined with us. Not feeling well, owing to my cold having settled in the glands

¹ Earl Cairns.

and the back of the head, I excused myself from accompanying the Queen upstairs, and retired to my snug warm room to finish my letter to you, which I actually succeeded in doing and *me soigner un peu*.

By Royal command I had sent for Jenner,¹ but he happened to be out dining at Abergeldie with the Van de Weyers, so I doctored myself with a linseed and mustard poultice, Louise most kindly coming to look after me. Next morning (Sunday) I felt better, though still far from well, so after breakfast I consented to see Jenner, who prescribed a lotion, lozenges for my cough, and port wine, which remedies have really proved most successful. The Queen looked in upon me as she came in from her walk, and found Helena with me. Whilst all the others were at church I had a nice quiet hour and a half to devote to you. Next came Helena to concoct a letter to Lady Vane. After luncheon, *grande réunion chez moi*, and when all had dispersed I returned to my writing.

It was far too raw and cold for me to venture out, though the sun shone. Louise had tea with me, and later Helena came and brought me a bracelet of her hair with her picture as a clasp. Finally Arthur looked in, I writing on between whiles. Lady Churchill and Lord Charles dined with us, and in the evening Lady Churchill began another of the "Chronicles of Carlingford." Monday morning we awoke to a white world, snow having fallen during the night and remaining on the ground in sheltered spots. Breakfast over I wrote for the messenger, and after despatching my fourth letter to you, began number five. Saw Jenner, who would not let me go out, which was no loss, as the heavy showers of sleet were constant, and I had a visit from Louise, who played and sang to me. Francis had planned an expedition up one of the highest hills with the Lord Chancellor and Lord Charles, but it had to be given up owing to the weather.

After luncheon Beatrice played very prettily to me, her French governess superintending, and later we went to the ballroom for Francis to learn a reel, the piper playing for us, and four of the servants being pressed into the service. Leo was *le grand faiseur* on the occasion, and Francis and Miss Lascelles the pupils, whilst Lady Churchill, Mr. Duckworth,² Mr. Sahl, and I looked on. At five I returned to my room and wrote, later Helena had tea with me, after

¹ Sir William Jenner, Bart., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen.

² Now Canon Duckworth.

which I tried on my gown for the evening and had it shortened, finally wrote till dressing-time, Arthur rushing in to tell me he had shot a stag over at Invercauld, whither Christian and he had gone to shoot rabbits. We dined *en famille* all in Royal Stuart scarves, the Queen, of course, excepted; she kindly lent me hers, which looked very well with my dress, a white flounced net skirt with a short black silk *pardessus* and body. In my hair I wore a wreath of red berries.

Soon after nine we entered the ballroom, and found all the party in the middle of a reel. At first I looked on, but after a time I joined the dancers, and ended by dancing in all *seven* reels! As for Francis, he never once stopped dancing the whole evening, and, in consequence, won golden opinions from all the Highlanders and servants. He really distinguished himself in the reels. I had Leo and six of the people about the Castle for my partners, to, I understand, their no small delight. It was a very merry, animated scene, which I wish you could have witnessed. The Queen left about 11.30 or so, but Louise remained under my chaperonage till 1.30. Tuesday morning I did not get up until 9.30, and had breakfast on a tray in my room. I then went up to Helena's, and sat with her and Christian for more than an hour. At a quarter to one I started on a riding expedition with the Queen and Louise.

We rode up a wild glen or valley by the side of a pretty burn called the Gelder, which in '64 we crossed on stepping-stones, but now has a bridge over it, the hills rising on all sides, covered with snow, which glittered in the warm sunshine. It was a splendid landscape, and enchanted me. Far up the glen the Queen has built herself a tiny shiel or cottage, boasting two rooms and a kitchen, with a stable adjoining. Here we dismounted and had our luncheon: hot potatoes, which one of the gillies had been sent on to boil, cold meat, cheese, and cake. My hunger appeased, I took a survey of the shiel. The walls of the room are hung with the Balmoral tartan, and sofa and table-cover are of the same material, whilst the chairs are of wood. The furniture is very homely, and quite suits the place. After remounting we crossed the new bridge, and rode round by another burn called Fepline, through very wild country, where we saw plenty of grouse, and a herd of deer in the distance, quietly feeding.

The carriage met us at the place where we came to the road, and leaving Louise to ride after us, Her Majesty and I

drove on to the falls of the Garbhalt, a tributary of the Dee. We got out and walked to the bridge over the falls, eight in number, which are very picturesque, and were remembered by me from my Abergeldie *séjour*. Our kettle for tea was boiling the while; we had it by the wayside, and then drove home *à trois*, and were in soon after six. I found Francis returned from a drive for a stag in the woods, and, in spite of sundry interruptions, went on with my letter to you. Lady Churchill, Lord Cairns, and General Grey dined, and the last named greatly alarmed us about poor Lady Adine Fane, so much so that the Queen at once commissioned me to write in her name to Lady Westmorland. Lady Churchill read to us before going to bed.

Wednesday morning, after breakfast, the cousins interrupted me for ever at my writing, with plans and propositions for the day's amusement, Louise and Arthur being both available. I just saw the Queen as she was going out with Helena; she had sent me the Duchess of Northumberland's letter announcing the marriage of her son Lord Percy with Lady Edith Campbell. On the previous day she had shown me the Duke of Argyll's on the same subject, dated Stafford House, where he and the Duchess had arrived on the Saturday, the poor Dowager Duchess having been taken alarmingly worse. Louise, Arthur, Francis, and I lunched together, and at two we started, a party of eight, on our expedition, I driving with the two Van de Weyers. We all took the road by the Dee side, and crossing over into the woods opposite the Invercauld gate, we ascended a very steep hill, near the summit of which we had to jump out most precipitately, as the horses were on the point of gibbing, and the situation was rather alarming. However, we were lucky to get off with only the fright.

The view from the drive along the top of this high ridge of hill quite rewards one for the toil of the ascent: it commands the beautiful valley running up towards Balmoral, with the Dee flowing in its midst and the wooded hills sloping down on either side, and the snow peaks crowning all in the far distance. A glorious prospect, lighted up every here and there with a gleam of sunshine, now tinting the snow, now illuminating the red and gold of autumn. We were quite in raptures at the scene before us, and very sorry to have to get into the carriage again, though the road through the wood was a very pretty one, and hinds, and even stags, met our eyes at every turn. All at once we found ourselves close by the falls of the Garbhalt. We got out, and having made a

fire on the other side of the bridge over the falls, put our kettle to boil, and, leaving *le couple* Van de Weyer to watch over the preparation for our picnic, scrambled down to the bottom of the falls, and helped Francis and Arthur to make a dam for our intended soda-water bottle race. After tea, at which the quantity consumed was positively alarming, the race came off with great success, although we had not light enough to discover what had become of two or three of the missing bottles, in each of which a slip of paper with the name of one of the party written upon it was deposited. Miss Lascelles was the winner, her bottle reaching the dam first.

We went back to Balmoral in the same order as we had started, and reached the Castle just as Her Majesty was returning from Attna Guithasach with Lady Churchill. I hurried to my room, and wrote to Lady Westmorland and to you till dressing-time. Lady Churchill, Jenner, and Sahl dined, and Lady Churchill afterwards read to us upstairs. After breakfast on Thursday I finished my letter. The Queen came to my room on her way into the grounds, and at a quarter to one Helena and I set out on foot for Mrs. Grant's cottage. She is the wife of the head keeper, who manages all the shooting for the Queen. At Grant's cottage the Queen has a room set apart for her, where she often takes her tea. In this apartment we were refreshed with scones and excellent jelly of Mrs. Grant's own making. Thence in *carrière* in the little pony-phaeton through the Balmoral grounds to the cottage of an old lady of eighty-six, who remembered my visit to her with Wales and Alix four years ago, and to whom Francis had also paid his respects one day with Leopold.

We tore home, and found the Queen at luncheon, which had been ordered for a quarter to two. An hour later Her Majesty, Helena, Leo, and I started in a carriage, Louise and Miss Lascelles following on horseback, for Attna Guithasach, going by the wild bleak road over the hills, the shorter one. We got out at the cottage or hut, and after a peep at the rooms, which look sadly deserted, as the Queen has never used them, except for tea, since poor Albert's death, walked on towards Loch Muich. There were plenty of deer in sight, on the hills. After a while we drove on to the Glassel's shiel, the Queen's new cottage at the end of the Loch, where Louise and her companion soon joined us. Here we had our tea and drove home the same way to Balmoral. Francis had meanwhile made an expedition with Arthur, Christian, and some of the gentlemen up into the hills, and ridden

about thirty English miles, returning enchanted. I packed and wrote till dressing-time. The Van de Weyers and Sir Thomas Biddulph dined, and a very merry dinner we had.

Kensington Palace, November, 1868.

. . . I found Annie Sutherland¹ rather shaken by the whole deathbed scene, which must have been terrible to witness, and, consequently, rather hysterical, half-smiling, half-crying. The poor Duchess's² agony lasted eight hours, and she was conscious almost till the very end. . . . Scarcely had she breathed her last when the scene became, if possible, more distressing, as several of the family who had been watching for hours beside her couch, unnerved by all they had gone through, broke down and gave way to violent hysterics. . . . The day I was with Annie they had in a measure recovered their composure and were beginning to realise what a release from suffering of the most intense kind hers was. . . .

Dear old Lady Westmorland was looking aged and worn, which was not to be wondered at after all she had gone through. Those five days during which poor Lady Adine³ lay unconscious, at times so violent in her delirium that she had to be held down, must have been terrible to witness. Lady Cowper and her four sons and daughters were there the whole time. . . . Lady Westmorland took poor heart-broken Julian from what she calls "that ill-fated house" on the Saturday and brought him up to town, where his poor little children⁴ met him.

After our visit to these two houses of mourning we went home, and I devoted myself to my chicks. . . . We dined two nights following at Marlborough House—Alix, Alfred, and Quin—and went to the play afterwards. The first night we saw *The Lancashire Lass*, which, in spite of missing links and *viel Unwahrscheinliches*, interested me much, especially the scene at Liverpool with the night-boat. The next night, to please Alfred, who, strange to say, had never seen the piece, we went to *The Ticket of Leave*, which Neville is

¹ Wife of the third Duke of Sutherland, and sometime Mistress-of-the-Robes to the Queen.

² Dowager Duchess of Sutherland; she died October 27, 1868.

³ Lady Adine Fane, daughter of the sixth Earl Cowper; she married the Honble. Julian Fane, fourth son of the eleventh Earl of Westmorland, and died October 20, 1868.

⁴ John, who died in 1876, and Ethel, who subsequently married Mr. W. H. Grenfell.

again acting at the Olympic, with little affected Furtado in place of Lydia Foote, who used to be so good as the wife. The caste of the other characters is the same as before. Francis was greatly interested.

On Thursday afternoon I drove to Veitch's on Craig's behalf, and strongly recommended him to both *père et fils*; they promised to befriend him. . . . The next day we went to luncheon at Marlborough House, partly to see Vicky and partly to have a last glimpse of Alfred. . . . Vicky was very dear and affectionate. . . . We stayed till 3.30, and then took leave of Alfred, who was going over to Clarence House with Arthur, just returned from Balmoral, to collect *ses derniers paquets*. . . . Home to prepare to receive Alix and Vicky to tea. They arrived in her pony-phaeton soon after five, their eyes telling of the *tearfulness* of the parting with poor Alfred, who was himself much upset. Of course the chicks appeared, and were duly admired, the baby receiving by far the larger share at Vicky's hands, who seems to be a wonderful baby fancier. They did ample justice to the good tea I gave them, and inspected the apartments, which Vicky expressed herself charmed with. She slept that night at Marlborough House, and returned to St. Leonards the next day. . . .

I recollect the first *grand* dinner-party which Prince Teck and Princess Mary gave at Kensington Palace, [writes one who was present on the occasion,] it was in January, 1869, and they arranged the Council-room themselves, the Princess with a big apron on, which she had borrowed from the housemaid. It was essentially a diplomatic party, and among the guests were Count and Countess Apponyi, Baron and Baroness Bülow, Baron and Baroness Dujardin, Count Sabauroff, Marquis Fortunato, and Sir Henry Storks. The men wore their ribbons and orders and Prince Teck looked so well with the broad red ribbon of the Bath. Princess Mary was splendidly handsome in black velvet and black ornaments. Countess Apponyi was exquisitely dressed in lilac satin and black lace; she had Sir Henry Storks next to her at dinner and was charmed with him; he certainly is very amusing. . . . After the guests had departed, the Princess had the steward up to tell him she was pleased with the dinner, and then, mentioning every dish, remarked on the merits and defects of each! . . .

In the spring of 1869 the Queen lent the White Lodge for a month to Princess Mary, and Prince Teck joined his wife

there after returning from Vienna, where he had been spending a few weeks with his relatives. The place had associations specially dear to the Princess, and when, shortly afterwards, Her Majesty offered it to her as a country home, the offer was gratefully accepted. As may be imagined, this arrangement greatly pleased the Duchess of Cambridge, Richmond Park being within an easy drive of the Cottage, while the inhabitants of Kew rejoiced at the prospect of having their much-beloved Princess for a near neighbour.

The White Lodge¹ is situated on rising ground in Richmond Park, not far from Sheen Gate, and was built by George I. "from a design by the Earl of Pembroke as a place of refreshment after the fatigues of the chace."² George II. added to the house, which became a favourite residence with Queen Caroline, in whose memory the beautiful avenue, leading up to the Lodge from the Richmond side, is called "The Queen's Ride." When Lord Bute was made Ranger of Richmond Park, George III. gave him the White Lodge to live in, but at his death the Rangership passed into the hands of the King, and for some years the house remained unoccupied. On Pitt's resigning the Premiership in 1801, Mr. Addington³ consented to form a Government at the personal request of His Majesty, who, to mark his appreciation of the service rendered, had White Lodge put into thorough repair, and bestowed it upon the Prime Minister for his life, at the same time offering him sixty acres of land, but Mr. Addington preferred to accept only five, which is about the present extent of the grounds. "The use and occupation" of the White Lodge was next assigned to the Duchess of Gloucester, who was appointed to the Rangership of Richmond Park on the death of the Duke of Cambridge in 1850.⁴

She occupied the Lodge until her demise in 1857, when the Queen signified her intention of utilising it as a place of

¹ Originally known as The New, or Stone, Lodge.

² "The Beauties of England and Wales" (1813), by Shoberb, vol. xiv. Surrey, p. 201.

³ Mr. Addington was raised to the peerage and created Viscount Sidmouth in 1805.

⁴ The late Duke of Cambridge was appointed Ranger in 1836.

4

THE WHITE LODGE.
Looking down the Queen's Ride.

occasional residence, and in the following year the Prince of Wales¹ went to live there with his tutors. Then came Her Majesty's brief sojourn after the death of the Duchess of Kent, and subsequently the Lodge was lent to Lady Phipps. During 1867-68 the Prince of Wales again used the house as a *pied à terre* for himself and the Princess from Saturday to Monday. When Prince Teck and Princess Mary entered into possession, the Queen graciously allowed them the use of the furniture she had purchased from the executors of the Duchess of Gloucester, but much remained to be done to make White Lodge the charming and comfortable house that it eventually became.

The building, which faces almost due south, has a somewhat imposing frontage, and the two wings, containing innumerable small rooms, are connected by corridors leading to the entrance hall. In the centre are the chief rooms, which look down the Queen's Ride, and from the windows on the north side a view over Wimbledon Common is obtained. Although the road through the Park from Sheen Gate to Kingston passes the outside fence, the house is so constructed that the utmost privacy is obtained.

Several country-house visits were paid during the autumn, the first being to Lord and Lady Scarborough at Sandbeck Park, where Princess Mary and Prince Teck stayed for the Doncaster week. Lady Marian Alford was their next hostess, and a few quiet days were spent at "beautiful Ashridge," as the Princess loved to call it. Lady Marian was busy with harvest decorations for the village church, but Her Royal Highness would not hear of putting the work aside, and willingly gave her help, occupying the mornings "in making festoons and tying up bunches of berries in the conservatory." She also distributed the prizes at the Cottage Garden Show, to the great delight of the exhibitors, many of whom were known to her personally. The arrival of Princess Claudine,² who had come over to England at

¹ The portion of the house which His Royal Highness occupied still goes by the name of the Prince of Wales's wing.

² The eldest sister of Prince Teck.

the invitation of her brother and sister-in-law, recalled them to White Lodge, but on November 1 they again left home, taking Princess Claudine with them, and were the guests of Lord and Lady Bradford at Weston Park. Thence the Royal party went on to Grimston, Lord Londesborough's place, "Lady A. travelling in our saloon carriage as far as Stafford," says Princess Mary, "and at Weston Lady Shrewsbury's three little girls¹ brought us violets and grapes." Studley Royal, "Lord de Grey's² lovely place in Yorkshire," was next visited, and, as will be seen from the Journal, the beauties of the neighbourhood were not overlooked.

Journal.—*Studley Royal, November 14.*— . . . After luncheon we drove to Fountain's Abbey through beautiful grounds; Lord de Grey, Francis, Lady Julia,³ and I explored the ruins—cloisters, buttery, refectory, kitchen, muniment-room, house, Abbey, Lady Chapel, and Abbot's house. . . . *November 16.*— . . . We three ladies drove in the barouche over to Newby Hall, where Lady Mary Vyner⁴ received us. The library is charming, and has a gallery of statues opening from it. There is some fine tapestry in the drawing-room. . . . The baby grandchildren⁵ were produced. . . . *November 17.*—Soon after twelve o'clock we drove to Hackfall. . . . We got out and walked along a deliciously wooded valley by a tiny stream called the Hack, to see the view over the rocky bed of the Ure; thence up a wooded hill path, in places very steep, to Mowbray Point, 300 feet above the Ure, and here in a small room we eat our excellent luncheon. We were home soon after five, when I finished my letter to the Queen, and sang in the large drawing-room till dressing-time. *November 18.*—I was down in time to see the gentlemen start for shooting, and then drove with Lady de Grey to below Anne Boleyn's Seat; we walked up to it, and had a lovely view of Fountain's Abbey, then back by the Temple of Piety and the lake to the carriage. We went on to Fountain's Hall, the old house (1677) built

¹ Now Marchioness of Londonderry, Lady Gwendolen Little, and Viscountess Helmsley.

² The present Marquis of Ripon.

³ Lady Julia Wombwell.

⁴ Second daughter of the first Earl de Grey, and widow of the late Mr. Henry Vyner.

⁵ Daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Vyner; now Lady Alwyne Compton and Lady Rosslyn.

by the proctors out of part of the ruins of the Abbey. . . . After luncheon my hostess took me in her pony phaeton to the kitchen garden, and we went over it with Mr. Clarke the gardener, and into his pretty old house. . . .

From Studley Royal the Prince and Princess proceeded to Ingestre,¹ where, among others, Lady Hopetoun² and her sister, Miss Birch Reynardson, were staying. It was here that the acquaintance began between Princess Mary and Lady Hopetoun, which ripened later into a close and intimate friendship.

Journal.—November 19.—. . . We left Ripon at eleven, by train, passing through Leeds, *huge* manufacturing town!—pretty country here and there. We waited an hour at Derby in a reserved waiting-room, where I wrote my journal and had some tea; about six we arrived at Weston. Lord Shrewsbury received us, and the station was prettily decorated, the populace cheering loyally as we drove off in the shelburne to Ingestre. . . . We dined a party of sixteen, our host and Mr. Meynell-Ingram being my neighbours.

Ingestre, November 20.—Lady Shrewsbury took me in her phaeton to see the coursing. Francis and Claudine rode. We lunched in the rough at the gamekeeper's lodge—Norwegian kitchen, huge baked potatoes and cutlets, apple-tart, and cream; and then drove on to Mr. Tyrer's place through an old gateway. He made us get out and showed us his comfortable library and dining-room, and gave us *orange-brandy*! Home by Shugborough. . . . In the evening we had some charming singing, Lady Hopetoun, Miss Reynardson, and I! *November 22.*—We were off at eleven to Weston station, and the clergy and school children, who were drawn up on the platform, sang "God save the Queen" very prettily as our train moved out of the station on its way to Alton. . . . Lady Shrewsbury drove me in her pony phaeton by Cheadle wood, a lovely drive to Alton Towers,³ where we lunched, and I looked over the house and saw the Chapel, gardens, and conservatories. After visiting the Flag Tower (Convalescent Home) we drove to Rosler station

¹ The seat of the Earls of Shrewsbury.

² Wife of the sixth Earl of Hopetoun; she died in 1884.

³ Belonging to the Earl of Shrewsbury.

by another part of the Park, were back at six o'clock, and had another delightful musical evening. *November 24.*— . . . Our train started from Weston amidst cheers, and only stopped at Stafford, Rugby, and Willesden . . . and we reached White Lodge towards six. The chicks were overjoyed and excited at the meeting, and after tea I played with them and read letters between whiles; sang at the piano to them, and finally assisted at their going to bed.

The last visit of the year was paid to the Queen at Windsor, when, by the express desire of Her Majesty, the two children accompanied their parents. Princess Claudine was also invited.

Journal.—Windsor Castle, December 2.— . . . We arrived at the Castle at 5.30, and were received by Louise and Beatrice, who took us to our yellow rooms, and then went to have a look at the chicks' quarters before having tea in my sitting-room. Louise left, and presently the Queen came in, when I sent for and presented Claudine; afterwards the Queen accompanied me to the children's rooms; Baby was in his bath and May rather shy. . . . At dinner I sat between Her Majesty and Lord Hamilton; we had coffee in the corridor, when the Queen departed, and we adjourned to the drawing-room and stayed listening to the band, which was very good, till past eleven. *December 3.*—I was up at eight o'clock, and saw the chicks for a second time before going to breakfast in the White drawing-room with Louise and Claudine. Cowell¹ took Claudine round the Castle, and at eleven o'clock I drove with the Queen *en tête-à-tête* up the Long Walk and across the forest round by New Lodge and back by Clewer Road. Such a pretty, pleasant drive, in spite of a slight snowstorm. We came home through Windsor town. At luncheon we were a party of five ladies. The chicks appeared, also Helena's children. Afterwards Louise, Claudine, and I walked down to Frogmore and inspected the Mausoleum, which was lighted up. A very fine effect! Then to the House,² and found the Queen with Helena. At that moment Christian came in from shooting, and after a short visit Louise and Claudine departed on foot, and I stayed till six and had tea, driving home in the clarence. Francis and I went to see Leo, who was on his sofa, and we played at

¹ Sir John Cowell, Master of the Queen's Household. See footnote, vol. i. p. 850.

² Frogmore House, where Prince and Princess Christian were then residing.

games with him and Mr. Duckworth till nearly 7.30. . . .
December 4.—After breakfast the children came from Her Majesty to my sitting-room, and at 11.30 I went to Leo and played half a game at bezique with him. The Queen bade us adieu shortly after twelve, and we returned to White Lodge by train *vid* Barnes. . . .

The death of Lord Derby,¹ which occurred while Her Royal Highness was at Ashridge, deprived Princess Mary of one of her oldest friends. She had always regarded him as her *beau idéal* of an English statesman, and in after years recalled with pleasure her conversations with the late Prime Minister, whose speeches she had delighted to listen to, and whose views on public matters, in so many instances, coincided with her own political opinions. Not long after Lord Derby's death the Princess lost her dear friend the Duchesse d'Aumale, who died at Orleans House, much lamented by every member of the Royal Family.

Journal.—*White Lodge, December 7.*—Whilst dressing, Brand broke the news of dearest Lina's death to me. . . . About noon I drove with Francis to York House to condole, and found the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres there. We met M. Alaire by the Ferry at Twickenham, who gave us details. There was no one at home at Mount Lebanon,² and we went on to Orleans House; *wie verödet!* The Prince de Joinville met us at the door. Saw the *rooms*, poor Berthe, and quite broke down. I had not the heart to go up to see *Her* once more. . . . *December 9.*—At 11.30 we drove to Orleans House; Berthe took me up to *Her* room, and I knelt by the coffin; the poor Duke came in the while, and knelt at the altar, but did not recognise me. He afterwards came out to speak to me, and gave way completely.

The year closed at Kensington Palace amidst the customary festivities, while additional interest was given to the proceedings by the christening of Princess Maud of Wales³ on Christmas Eve.

Journal.—*Kensington Palace, December 24.*— . . . We started about one o'clock for Marlborough House, where the

¹ The Earl of Derby died October 23, 1869.

² The residence of the Prince de Joinville.

³ Now Princess Charles of Denmark.

grand christening took place in the inner hall. I represented Adelheid Nassau, and held the baby, who was named Maud Charlotte Mary Victoria. The Bishop of London officiated. There was a stand-up luncheon in the dining-room—I between Wales and Alix. We were home soon after three, and arranged presents and tree till nearly six, when I hurried to the Council-room to receive Quin. George came in, and we went into the Christmas-room. Chicks *en avant* delighted! Very successful. All pleased with their presents. *Christmas Day.*— . . . We dined at Marlborough House, and sat down seven to dinner. Afterwards we went to the servants' hall to see them have their tree with prizes for all on it. We returned to the drawing-room; tree relighted by magic. Received charming presents, and saw all the present-tables. *Beautiful things!* The Knollys family (7 in number), the Fishers, Holzmann,¹ and Grey² were present. After plundering the tree we left at 11.30.

December 30.— . . . I saw Mortlock and settled about the china breakfast-service, my present to Francis. . . . Took Claudine to tea with Libbet, her brother Alick³ and three children receiving us. On our return home a kitchen affray came to my knowledge! Saw the crying, terrified kitchenmaid, and went with her and Wells⁴ to the kitchen, and discharged the Austrian *demon* and *fury* on the spot. Then to Christmas-room, to compose myself by writing out list of presents. We dined in dread of being poisoned, and in the evening I hunted up Spanish history in Maunder's "Treasury" and the "Queens of England," and read aloud the whole account of Bloody Mary's betrothal, wedding, and married life with Philip II., till we went to bed at one o'clock.

December 31.— . . . After tea, in the nursery, I hurried down to arrange the presents and lottery for the servants' hall. About nine we gave them their tree, on which hung all the prizes to be drawn. As soon as the lottery was over, the band of niggers performed and amused us till nearly eleven, when we retired to Francis's room, and I drank to Francis and Claudine as the New Year (1870) was pealed in! God grant that it may prove a happy one, rich in blessings to me and mine.

¹ Librarian at Marlborough House, and Secretary and Clerk of Council.

² Captain Grey, Equerry to the Prince of Wales.

³ The Honble. Alexander Yorke, now Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen.

⁴ Steward.

On the 9th of January, 1870, a second son was born at Kensington Palace, and named Francis,¹ after the Emperor of Austria. The christening over, Princess Mary fulfilled a long-standing promise to stay with Lord and Lady Wilton. It was many years since she had visited Melton, and "I had quite a lump in my throat," she says, "as we drew up at Egerton Lodge, and I beheld the dear old place, with its well-remembered rooms, and happy past associations and memories."

Journal.—Egerton Lodge, March 26.— . . . Escorted by Francis and the Earl we went out walking, and poked about Melton for me to inspect the many changes. Looked at the church, now handsomely restored, and at the garden of Craven Cottage (now Mr. Copeland's), paid Bettine Grey a visit in her tiny nutshell of a house, and finally turned into the Egerton Lodge garden. . . . Tea was followed by a discussion on Bible history that detained me downstairs till late. . . . *March 28.*—Lady Wilton, Lady Colville, and I started in the sociable to the meet, at a Mr. Paget's house, five miles off. There was a very large field, but Mr. Musters and the Quorn pack kept us waiting ever so long before making their appearance. They found very soon, and had a charming run of two hours and five minutes, during the greater part of which we were either up with them or from the high ground had a capital view of the run and repeatedly saw the fox. At one time the fox and hounds crossed the road just ahead of us, at another we were close to a fence taken by most of the field. I never enjoyed a day's *hunting* more. Whilst lunching on sandwiches, we watched the tired fox creeping stealthily about the wood. We should have been in at the death, but it being late in the day and having taken the Earl on our dickey, we thought it wiser to make for home, which we reached at five o'clock, and found the Buckhursts² arrived. Mr. Gilmour and Mr. Duff dined.

March 29.— . . . Started in the sociable with the two Wiltons and Lady Colville for a cottage close to the meet where Lady Wilton mounted. Mr. Tailby's pack and the field all passed us, and at some distance we saw them draw the covert and throw off, but then lost them for some time, till we suddenly came upon them careering down the side of the hill and up again, and saw some jumping. Kept with them for a while, then viewed them in the distance, and

¹ Prince Francis Joseph Leopold Frederick.

² Lord and Lady Buckhurst, afterwards Earl and Countess of Delawarr.

finally picked up Lady Wilton at a small cottage by the roadside, had a parting word with the field and drove home. After tea I went over the *old* house and our familiar rooms with the Des Vœux and Lady Wilton, and finally sat down in Alice's¹ room (once schoolroom) and talked over happy old times. . . . *March 30.*— . . . At 4.30 we took leave and started in the sociable for Belvoir Castle, encountering on our way Lady Grey and the Des Vœux returning from hunting. We reached the Castle by six, and found a large family party assembled upstairs, to greet us; tea in the Regent's Gallery, and then to my rooms (the Chinese). . . .

Belvoir Castle, March 31.—We drove with Lord Scarborough in his pony-phaeton to the meet at the "Three Queens," at which there was a very large attendance, and nearly every one from Melton. At first we rather lost sight of the riders, but fell in with them again. The early coverts not being approachable we waited in a *rutty* green lane till summoned by a message from the Duke to a fresh covert-side, where we arrived in time to see the find and first part of the run. We galloped after them, and came up with the field in the village of Denton, where they lost their fox. Home in a slight shower (having been on the whole *very lucky* in seeing) just in time to welcome Mama, who arrived at four o'clock. Sat with her and talked most cosily till dressing-time. We were thirty-two at dinner, Lord Dudley and the host being my neighbours. In the evening Lady Augustus Hervey² sang in the ballroom. *April 1.*—A lovely day for the Croxton Park races! I went in the sociable with Adeliza Manners, Caroline Cust and Cecil Drummond. Arrived at one and found the stand tolerably full of ladies. . . . Mr. Savile won one race, and in another Mr. Chaplin's³ horse was most unaccountably beaten. . . . In the evening I played at whist and *won!*

April 2.— . . . At twelve I drove in Lord Scarborough's phaeton to the meet of the Belvoir hounds at the stables. The day, alas! though mild, was foggy; however there was a large field, and most of our Melton friends were out. After drawing a small covert blank, they went to the Rectory covert near Bottlesford, we accompanying them as far as a bridge over the canal, the only high point for seeing, where we waited patiently for some time; they had an *attempt* at

¹ Lady Alice Grey-Egerton; she married, in 1863, Sir Henry Des Vœux.

² Wife of Lord Augustus Hervey, brother of the present Marquis of Bristol.

³ Mr. Henry Chaplin, now President of the Local Government Board.

a run, but we could see little or nothing in the haze and so gave it up in despair and returned to the Castle to luncheon. I felt so sorry on poor Mama's account, who was out in the Belvoir carriage with *old Peter*! Lady Brownlow and her party lunched at the other table, and I talked to them afterwards. . . . Lady Bristol sang to a few of us in the ball-room, and then we (Mama excepted) had tea *al fresco* in the pretty spring garden, the band playing the while.

In these days Princess Mary's life was more restful than it became as years went on, when her public work increased, and in her kindness of heart she found it impossible to refuse the perpetual calls upon her time and energy. She devoted herself to her husband, and to the bringing up of her children; but while the little ones were constantly with their parents, both their father and mother were careful not to spoil them. The Prince dearly prized his position as a father, and the training of their young minds was his constant care. From earliest days he taught his children not to injure a shrub or flower, and to be polite and courteous to every one; nor were they permitted, as they grew older, to interfere with the conversation of their elders, and matters unsuitable for young people to hear were never discussed before them. Years afterwards, when some one complimented Princess Mary on the way she had brought up her sons, saying that they were so steady, she exclaimed, "Recollect what a good example they have had in their father!" Alluding to the happy home life at White Lodge, a frequent visitor at that time says, "It was a pretty sight to see the Royal parents with their young family at tea-time under the old apple tree in the garden, which, by the skill and taste of the Prince and Princess, had been transformed from a wilderness to a paradise." The Duchess of Cambridge was devoted to her little grandchildren, and a day seldom passed but Her Royal Highness drove over to Richmond Park, or Princess Mary went to Cambridge Cottage.

The following extracts from the Journal illustrate the domestic happiness and quiet contentment which reigned at White Lodge:—

Journal.—*White Lodge, April 16.*—Tidied my morning-room, putting away photographs and papers. . . . Early in the afternoon Libbet Adeane and her children arrived, and we sat in the garden, sunning ourselves and enjoying the warmth of the day. She was so dear and nice. . . . We had our tea on the lawn, with all the children, the nurses, and dolls, Francis joining us. Then we walked about the garden till it was time for Libbet to depart, and I did some gardening with Francis and Lindsay¹ until it grew late (7.30), when I hurried to the nursery before dressing. . . . Sang and played duets with Francis all the evening. *April 17.*— . . . We hid the Easter eggs for May in the corridor till nearly four, then into garden, and had a short walk outside with Francis and May. Sat out writing, playing with the chicks (*the blessed trio!*), and having tea with May and Dolly² till it became so chilly, in spite of the sun, that I sent them in, and walked about the garden with Francis. After a hurried toilette we drove to Kew and dined *à quatre* in the little room. During the evening I cut monograms off envelopes, and wrote the names on them for Victoria Welby.

April 18.—I was hindered in my dressing by having for a while to mind the chicks, the nursery being thrown into great commotion by the arrival of Ellen's³ sister, with the sad news of the sudden death of their father. I sent her off at once to her poor mother, and then proceeded to dress, breakfasting *vers la fin de ma toilette* in bedroom. . . . The chicks departed for Chiswick⁴ at 3.30, and soon afterwards Francis and I drove over to Coombe, where we dug up primrose roots for our garden. *April 19.*— . . . We sat in the drawing-room till Mama arrived, and then adjourned to the garden, where we found the two youngest Wales children—Victoria and Maud—with Martin.⁵ We had tea out-of-doors, the children having theirs in the corridor. Lady Alice Peel came, and when she and Mama had left, I went in to play with the chicks in the drawing-room. At six the Waleses departed, but I stayed with May and Dolly till nearly seven, when Francis and I had a walk in the Garden, and went a little way into the Park. *April 20.*— . . . Breakfasted in my bedroom, and looked out upon Francis, gardening away to his heart's content, and the chicks playing on the grass

¹ The head gardener.

² Prince Adolphus.

³ Under nurse.

⁴ For some years Chiswick House was occupied during the summer months by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

⁵ Nurse to the Princesses: now housekeeper at St. James's Palace.

in the shade. It was so gloriously fine that I went out for a wee bit, and joined Francis and the flower-box maker before settling down in the morning-room to write to Claudine. I wrote on till luncheon-time, when Francis came in from the garden and *poor Ellen* brought in the chicks. About three I returned to my letter, which I despatched by Mr. Wells for the messenger at 4.30, when I had tea with the *nursery* on the lawn, played with the trio and took May and Dolly to the stable-yard to see the pups. Before going in I trimmed rose trees with Francis.

April 22.—We attended the Private View of the Exhibition of Painters in Watercolours, at which we were met by the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort, Lady Gomm, and Colonel Airey. Mr. Frederick Taylor, Mr. Callow, Mr. Goodall, Gilbert, and Collingwood Smith received us. A *very charming* exhibition on the whole. The pictures I thought the best were "The Elixir of Love" by Pinwell, and a sea-piece by Duncan. . . . Towards one o'clock we left for Kensington, but pulled up on our way to listen to the 1st Life Guards' band, and so only reached the Duchess of Inverness's at 3.20. Lunched with her, the three children arriving at dessert. . . . We all adjourned to our apartments. Ellinor Dalrymple came, and I had a nice talk with her in the Council-room where we had tea. *April 23.*—Breakfasted in the corridor, chicks assisting. Then joined Francis, who was trimming rhododendrons in the court-yard, and helped him with his work till luncheon-time. In the afternoon I took May in the barouche to the Kew deer-park, there to witness the games got up by the Richmond Cricket Club which we patronise. Hills, *en grand faiseur*, presented Lord John Chichester and the rest of the committee to us. We remained in the carriage, which was drawn up in the best place for seeing, and had the horses taken out. As nearly all the sports were foot-races and flat, there was a great sameness till it came to the hurdle-race and the grand steeple-chase and water jump, which were very exciting and great fun. It was altogether a pretty sight, 3,000 people *à peu près* on the ground and the weather lovely. May behaved herself most beautifully. Nearly all of our servants were there.

April 25.— . . . Greatly distressed by the horrible news of the massacre of English prisoners by Greek brigands, poor Fred Vyner¹ and Mr. Herbert, our Secretary of Legation, amongst the number. To morning-room to write, but had not long been there before Francis came in and read bits out

¹ Younger brother of Mr. Robert Vyner.

of the *Times* to me, inciting to vengeance against the wretched Government of Greece. . . . I wrote upstairs till nearly four, when I took the *trio* with Girdie¹ and Brand to Coombe, where we gathered masses of primroses and anemones, and dug up roots to the song of the nightingales, Lily² and Gulliver³ helping. These latter gave me a rather tiring walk after a pheasant's nest and the best primroses. We were home by 6.30, and I had tea in the nursery; then, though tired, I joined Francis, who was planting primroses in the garden. Saw chicks to bed. *April 28.*— . . . About one we started for the Royal Academy Private View. We found Mama just arrived, and Mr. Leighton⁴ taking her round; George came soon afterwards, and at three the Waleses appeared. I plodded quietly through the pictures, spending about three and a half hours upon them; it is a very fine exhibition. The cradled infants in "The Flood" by Millais, "Nunc Dimittis" by Dobson, and a group of monkeys by Landseer are perhaps the most striking pictures. At 5.30 I left for the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort's, where I found Francis, but no Mama, *qui nous fit faux bou*; an excellent tea with plovers' eggs greatly restored me. The little Duchess *most amiable*. *April 29.*—May lunched at my breakfast. Then with Brand into wing to arrange spare rooms and look out suitable writing-sets. . . . A little pug puppy was brought and the children played with it. After three Mr. English, our Kensington butcher, arrived with a charming little goat equipage for May, the whole *complete*, and as it rained, the delighted chicks drove up and down the corridor in it. . . . May was so good that she had her tea with us, and the "blessed trio" were exemplary in their behaviour. Afterwards I played with the chicks for a while, and then had a run in the rain with Francis. . . .

April 30.— . . . In the afternoon with Francis and May to Kew deer-park to witness the second *Auflage* of the games and sports of the Richmond Cricket Club, Mama almost immediately following us. The weather, alas! somewhat showery. Our carriages were placed as last time, but the sports were twice as amusing, as we witnessed the High Jump, Running, the "Bicycle race," and the three miles' Walking Handicap, all which were exciting and great fun! May was enchanted, and sat part of the time in Grandmama's

¹ Mrs. Girdlestone, head nurse.

² Gamekeeper.

³ Woodman; he died suddenly on June 21, 1897, when leading cheers for the Queen.

⁴ Afterwards Lord Leighton, President of the Royal Academy.

CENTRE OF THE HOUSE.

1. Blue Room. The Duchess of Teck's sitting-room. Over the Blue Room were; Princess Mary's bedroom—the room in which she died—her dressing-room, and a third and for

ness; it
he other
Library.
and con-

4. The Duke of Teck's dressing-room.

7. Entrance hall. A glass structure put up many years after the house was built; it connects the two corridors.

8. The portico.

THE QUEEN'S WING.

9. The children's corridor. Used by the children to play in.
10. Passage room.

11. Princess Mary's room, and opens on a
12. Smoking-room.
room was used by the
13. Bedroom, former
14. " "
15. " "
16. " "

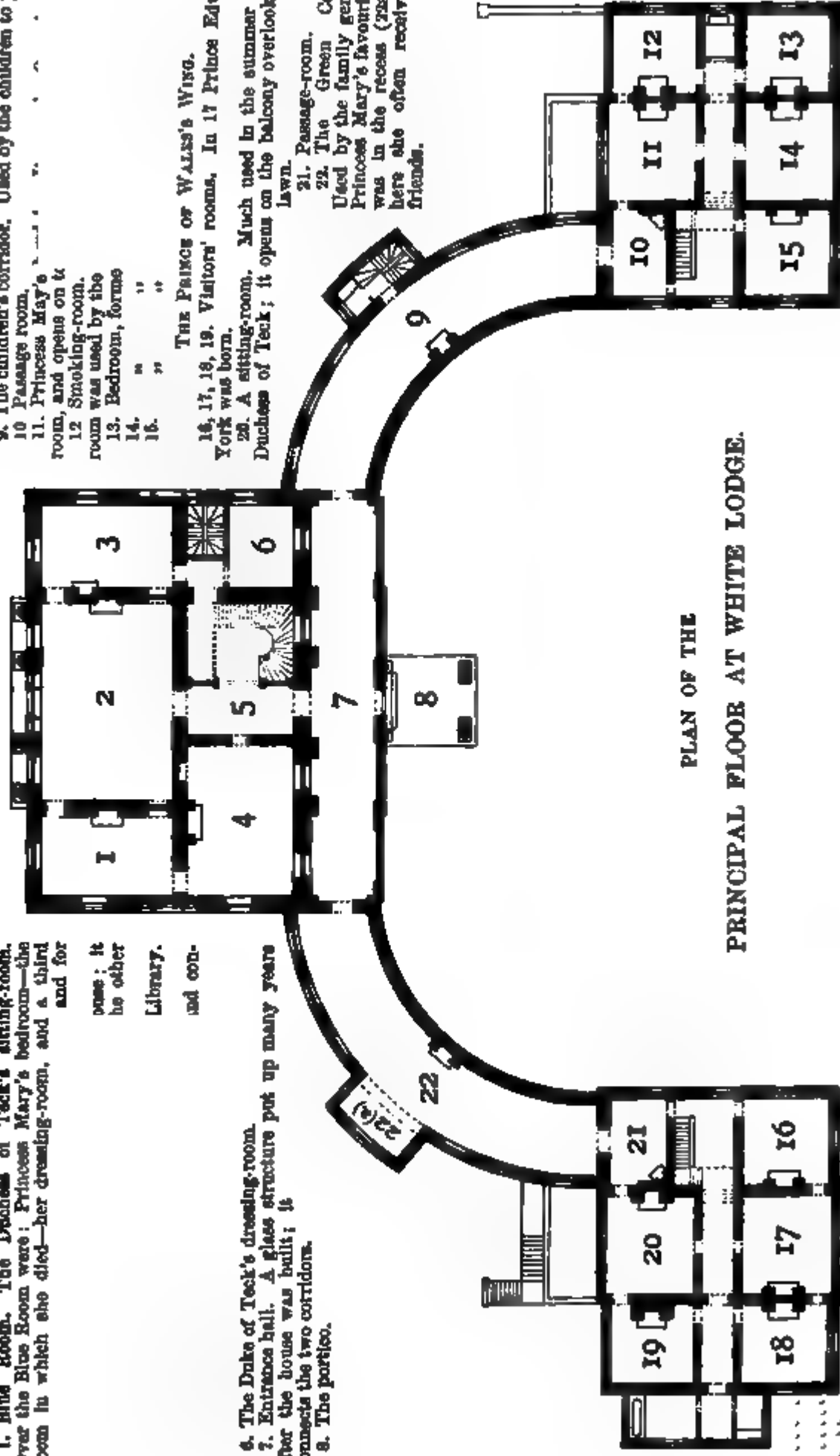
THE PRINCE OF WALES'S WING.

16, 17, 18, 19. Visitors' rooms. In 17 Prince Edward of York was born.

20. A sitting-room. Much used in the summer by the Duchess of Teck; it opens on the balcony overlooking the lawn.

21. Passage-room.

22. The Green Corridor. Used by the family generally. Princess Mary's favourite seat was in the recess (22a), and here she often received her friends.



PLAN OF THE
PRINCIPAL FLOOR AT WHITE LODGE.

The Prince of Wales's Wing.

The Queen's Wing.

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sociable. Home by five, and saw Francis off to the Royal Academy dinner; tea in nursery, and then to wing to give finishing touch to rooms. At seven I drove to Kew, and had a brief *tête-à-tête* with dear Mama before dinner. . . .

May 1, Sunday.—The chicks assisted at our conjugal breakfast, and after that was over we drove to church, two clergymen officiating, and Mr. Cockrell gave us a most excellent and instructive sermon on the history of Balaam. . . . The chicks and pug puppy kept us at play in the corridor till quite late, when I went to the opposite wing to inspect the guest chamber. . . . Marquis Fortunato joined us in the garden, and we walked about with him till time for tea, which we had out-of-doors. I kept the chicks with me until their bedtime, Francis and our visitor joining us in the drawing-room before going up to nursery and to dress. . . .

May 2.—I was down by 10.15 to superintend the breakfast arrangements. Then into the garden with the chicks, and had the new goat equipage out for them with Owen. . . . Towards four I started with May in the clarence for Hampton Court, Francis taking our guest over to Ham and Orleans House. At Lucy Kerr's¹ I found Mama, Ella, Lady Gomm, and Mrs. Purves at tea. May was shy at first, and then wept, but finally recovered herself and played with Daisy and her little sister. Home towards seven, May in tearing spirits all the way. . . . Fortunato played to us in the evening.

May 3.— . . . Francis, Fortunato, and I set out for the enclosure near the top of the Queen's Ride in the Park, to get some blue hyacinth roots. In the afternoon I had a visit from Mrs. Hammersley and three of her little girls, and saw Fortunato off. Mama arrived for tea, and just as it was over, Alix and Lady Morton drove up. Poor Alix very sad at the death of Minny's second boy. *May 6.*— . . . We started at 7.15 for the dinner at Sir Hope and Lady Grant's—Lord Elcho and our host my neighbours. In the evening we had a little music, and a very few *waren zugebeten*. Sir Hope played the violoncello, Lady Grant accompanying him, and Mrs. Anson and Miss Claughton sang. Later he showed me his valuable Chinese collection.

May 7.—As soon as I was dressed I went to the nursery to see Hills vaccinate the baby, and then about noon breakfasted in the corridor and saw Mrs. Campbell the while. At one Francis and I started in the barouche for the Royal Cambridge Asylum, and there found all the widows

¹ The Honble. Lucy Kerr, daughter of Lord Robert Kerr, and formerly Maid-of-Honour to the Queen.

comfortably enjoying roast mutton and plum-pudding (their postponed annual Christmas dinner) in the presence of dear Mama, several of the Ladies' Committee, and Hampton Court ladies, and Sir Edward Cust. After the dinner we visited the infirm widows in their rooms, and then saw Lady Gomm distribute Augusta's bounty (in commemoration of Mama's miraculous escape in the accident of May 8, 1869¹) to the widows on the terrace. Soon after three we took our leave, Francis having slipped away in his phaeton. I drove into Kingston to get some arums and lilies at the nurseryman's and order a swing at the toy shop. . . . Later on I went into the garden to see the apple tree in full bloom; then to the drawing-room to clear away the rest of the photos, arrange the flowers in long glasses, and make the room pretty and comfortable for the evening. Had tea *au beau milieu* of my work, in which Brand assisted me, helping to fetch a round table out of the wing, and putting up the roses. The chicks came in for a bit, and when all was done, Francis, to give his approval—which he did. Then about 6.30 or so I ran up to dress, and just as I was finishing Francis brought up dear Mama, and the chicks received her with bouquets of lilies of the valley in honour of the 52nd anniversary of her wedding-day, and we gave her a small myrtle-leaved orange tree. She saw May and Dolly put to bed, and at eight we adjourned downstairs, George and Colonel Clifton having arrived to dinner. In the evening we sat in the drawing-room, and conversed very pleasantly till eleven. After all had left Francis and I sat talking for another hour. *Charmante Abend!*

Letter to a Friend.

White Lodge, May 11, 1870.

. . . This week we were to have gone up to Kensington for the Court *fêtes*. However, on Monday Francis received the news of the death of a cousin, whose wife (also a cousin) has always been dear to him as a sister, and he therefore started for Stuttgart yesterday morning to attend the funeral. I, with *wife-like* devotion, accompanied him to town on

¹ The Duchess of Cambridge, attended by Colonel Purves, was driving along the Kew road when a hansom cab suddenly dashed out from behind a market cart and collided with the Duchess's brougham. The carriage was overturned, but Her Royal Highness was not hurt. Colonel Purves was, however, less fortunate; he severely injured his leg, and two months later died of lock-jaw.

Monday evening, got up at 6.30 ! to see him off, and instead of appearing at the drawing-room and concert to-night, returned quietly here yesterday evening. . . . I fancy we shall not move up to Kensington before quite the end of this month. Accept every good wish for your dear boy's success. I trust he may pass his examination not only creditably, but with honour. . . .

Journal.—White Lodge, May 17.— . . . At four o'clock I started with Ella and the whole family (*two* in double perambulators, pushed by *two* nurses, and *one* in Girdie's arms) for the paddock at the foot of our hill, into which Henry Sawyer let us. Here we sat and sauntered about picking cowslips for an hour or more. Home about six, Baby crowing all the way; and after packing up my goods and chattels for Kensington, I went to the nursery to take leave of the chicks before driving with Ella to town, where I found a telegram from Francis, announcing his return for next morning. We went over to the Duchess of Inverness for dinner, but after the second course I had to hurry home to dress for the Court ball (in black and silver, with chestnut blossom). I fetched Caroline Cust on my way to the Palace, and arrived most punctually. A dull ball! with endless pauses between the dances, but pretty as regards faces and toilettes. The King of the Belgians was there. Colonel Airey's first attendance on me at Court.

May 20.— . . . At 3.30 I drove with Ella, Girdie, and the *trio* in the barouche to Kew, where we found Mama and Geraldo in the old place under the Persian lilac bush. After a brief *tête-à-tête* with Mama, we had tea, and I looked over the plans of her flower garden, and arranged the beds for and with her. The chicks played about us. Towards six Mama drove Dolly and me home in her sociable, he, naughty boy, *roaring* nearly all the way! . . . *May 21.—* . . . In the afternoon I drove, *viâ* Richmond and Twickenham, to Bushey, and paid the Nemours and Marguerite a short visit on my way to Hampton Court Gardens. The avenue was in its *full glory*, and crowded with carriages and people. The gardens also were very full, and the band of the 9th Lancers played. A bench had been kept for us, and we were soon joined by Yaddy and Lucy Kerr. About 4.30 we hurried, under Captain Doherty's escort, to Lady Clinton's to have tea, and, to our surprise, there found Mama and Geraldo. After refreshing ourselves with strawberries and cream, we drove to the open ground beyond the avenue, on the side of the

paddocks, where Mr. Taylor's Regiment¹ and three other Volunteer Regiments were having a field day, and witnessed the march past. After dropping Yaddy Spencer, we proceeded home by Willis's gate, where we pulled up to listen to the nightingales. . . . Joined Francis in the garden, then to the nursery, and put all the three in one crib! . . . We sat out after dinner on the verandah place in front of Wales's wing *lauschend der Nachtigallen*.

May 22.— . . . The King of the Belgians and Count Van der Straten arrived in the afternoon, and after a *Staatsbesuch* in the drawing-room, where the children appeared, I ordered tea in the garden, and we sat out under the apple tree, His Majesty making himself most agreeable. They left about five by the garden gate, and I played with the children. Later the Hochschilds called. . . .

May 23.— . . . We had a long consultation with Mr. Howe and Mr. Arthur concerning the papering and decorating of drawing-room and morning-room, and the improving of dining-room and Francis's sitting-room, till it was time to start for Kensington. On my arrival I dressed for the grand dinner at Marlborough House to the King of the Belgians. We sat down thirty-seven, I between the King and Baron de Beaulieu. The after-dinner conversation lasted till twelve o'clock, and Alix kept us talking till half-past; so that it was after one o'clock before I had undressed and was ready to leave Kensington. The drive in the barouche was rather chilly. We reached White Lodge about two, and had tea and a peep at May, who was awake. *June 6.*— . . . Just as we had finished lunch the four eldest Wales children arrived with Miss Brown and Maria. . . . Joined the juveniles under the apple tree. We played at ninepins, and I had to keep the boys in order! Tea, after which I swung them all. They departed about 6.30 . . . Francis came in from his ride, and we wandered about till past eight.

Letter to Mrs. Bridges Taylor.

White Lodge, October 27, 1870.

MY POOR DEAR EMILY,—I must send a few lines of affectionate and heartfelt sympathy in the sad, sad loss you have sustained by the death of your brother,² you so fondly loved, and who was *so devoted* to you. His end seems to have been

¹ Post Office Volunteers.

² Lieut.-Colonel James Halkett died October 23, 1870.

very sudden, and I fear you scarcely knew of his illness ; the shock to you must therefore have been a terrible one. Through Lady Gomm I first heard the sad intelligence, and the following day received a letter from your brother Colin, with the distressing particulars. I have since seen Madame de Bülow, who had been to Egham, and gave me a most touching account of your poor dear little sister-in-law, for whom my *very heart* bleeds. She seems wonderfully calm, patient, and resigned ; for as *He was everything* to her, how *utter*, how *overwhelming* must be her bereavement. God help her and comfort you all in this great sorrow, which I know your firm faith in His mercy and humble submission to His Divine will, will enable you to bear without a murmur. One great and blessed consolation is vouchsafed to her and you : the *sure hope* of *his* having found perfect happiness and peace in Heaven. I cannot tell you how much I feel your dear brother's death, for he was a *very old* friend, and thoroughly devoted to me and mine. I shall ever look back with melancholy pleasure to the glimpse I had of that happy home at Egham, now, alas ! so changed, so *desolate*, when I visited it in company with Alix, Fredy, and Francis, in the summer of '69. I scarcely think I have seen your brother since.

Mama will, I know, be most terribly shocked and grieved, for she has always had the greatest regard for him. She is at present at Brighton, whence she hopes to return to Kew towards the end of the month. I have, with our *three* children, been for six weeks her guests this autumn during Francis's absence in Scotland, where he made a pleasant round of visits ; and only returned here about ten days ago, just a week before Mama's departure for Brighton. I know you will be kindly interested to hear that my little ones are well and flourishing, and *great darlings* ! . . .

Journal.—Kensington Palace, October 28.—We left Charing Cross station for Chislehurst at 1.35. Lord Sydney met us at the station, and we drove in his sociable to Camden House,¹ where we were received by the Prince Imperial, Count Clary, and Mdme. Lebreton,² who conducted us to the Empress, so *sadly changed* since I last saw her—her face worn and wrinkled. Poor thing ! She was *émue* at first, spoke much

¹ Camden House, Chislehurst, was occupied by Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie after the events of 1870.

² Lady-in-Waiting to the Empress Eugénie. Madame Lebreton still occupies that position.

of Metz, and kept us an hour with her. The house is quite the picture of a French *château*. November 8.— . . . Dined with Lady Holland, a party of twenty-three. Apponyi and Pahlen sat by me; we finished the evening with a dance, and were not home till one, in a cold white fog. November 9.— . . . Drove in a thick fog, which grew denser in Hyde Park, and in Piccadilly became an orange one, to choose our birthday gifts for Wales; thence to Stafford House.¹ It was as dark as pitch, and the lamps were lighted everywhere. We lunched in the poor old Duchess's sitting-room, in company with Helena and *sposo* and the Prince Imperial; May dined with her little cousins and appeared at dessert. Examined Wales's presents, which were very handsome. . . . Towards four we accompanied Alix and her chicks to the Amphitheatre circus (fog much lighter); May *enchanted* with the performance, especially the elephant. We returned to Stafford House and found Arthur there. I helped Alix to choose some blue china for presents . . . and the children came down. Home towards seven, and after dinner we talked of old days (March and April, '66!) and then Francis read to me.

November 14.—Up before eight, and put everything straight before bidding my darling trio farewell, and started about ten for Gloucester House, where we breakfasted with George, and then drove in his brougham to King's Cross station. Colonel Airey met us there, and saw us off; Lord Vane travelled with us as far as Peterborough. At York Lord Londesborough, Mr. Baldwin,² and Mr. Sykes³ came up to the carriage *mich zu begrüßen*. We reached Scarborough dead tired at seven o'clock, and drove with Lord Londesborough in his clarence (after a very loyal reception all along the platform) to Londesborough Lodge, where we startled Edith⁴ by our arrival! She gave us tea in her charmingly cosy drawing-room, which is also *le grand commun*, and then I went to my room opposite to dress. The Wharncloffes, Philip Egertons, Greys de Wilton, Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Sykes, and Mr. Baldwin made up the party in the house, and Mr. Woodhall, a banker, was the fourteenth at dinner.

Londesborough Lodge, November 15.— . . . I worked in the drawing-room with the ladies till past twelve, when, escorted by Lord Londesborough and Mr. Sykes, Susan,⁵

¹ The Duke of Sutherland had lent Stafford House to the Prince and Princess of Wales.

² Mr. John Loraine Baldwin.

³ Mr. Christopher Sykes.

⁴ The Countess of Wharnccliffe.

⁵ The Countess of Londesborough.

Pence,¹ and I walked down to the Spa and peeped into the Music-hall, where the band was playing. Alas! it came on to rain, and this turning to sleet, we had to drive back in a covered carriage. Armed with umbrellas we again started, with Baldwin in place of our host, and walked to a charming shop, a kind of bazaar, but as it had begun to snow heavily we drove home in two *flies*! . . . After five-o'clock tea we looked over and selected what we should like given us out of a box of jet ornaments. . . . Worked all the evening.

November 15.—A lovely day! Up at nine, and found the ladies just finishing breakfast as I entered. We worked till twelve, then walked down with Mr. Sykes and Baldwin to the Spa, which was pretty full considering the lateness of the season. The sea and sands looked very bright in the sunshine. Thence Susan, Mr. Baldwin, and I drove in a basket carriage to St. Mary's Church, high up on the hill overhanging the town, where we got out, and climbing up a steep pitch to the ruins of the Castle, had a good view all over Scarborough: then went into the church, which has of late years been very handsomely restored, and, thanks to the proceeds of the Bazaar we patronised, boasts a £1000 organ. Home by two, after a *giro* in the town in our delightful carriage. Luncheon over, Pence and I had a charming drive in the sociable through Raincliff Wood and a beautiful valley, and back by the slippery high-road. We were therefore not home till nearly five.

November 17.— . . . Drove along the Filey road to get a fine view of the sea and Flamborough Head; instead of this we got into a thick, icy, white fog, which chilled us to the bones, and turned us back to Scarborough, where we again basked in the sun! and took a turn up and down the *sunny sands*, a huge wave nearly washing the sociable away! . . .

November 18.—Breakfasted with nearly the whole party, as there was no shooting in honour of Scarborough. . . . We all went out to show Francis the shops. . . . Many purchases were made, and in the principal street we were quite *mobbed*! After tea I made *mes petits offrandes*. . . . *November 19.*—Edith and I drove to the station; the platform was full of people to see us off. . . . We reached White Lodge after seven, where the chicks (May and Dolly) were on the look out for us, with Frazer and Girdie, and rushed out of the drawing-room to greet us. They were (May especially) wild with delight at having us home again. As it was late we saw the pets put to bed, and then dined.

¹ Lady Grey-Egerton, sister to the Earl of Lonsborough.

White Lodge, November 20, Sunday.—The three chicks called us, Baby actually looking older and wiser. . . . To church somewhat late. The curate performed the whole service, and gave us a very good sermon. On our return I walked round the garden with Francis to inspect our planting; it was quite mild and sunshiny. The chicks lunched with us, and I played with the trio in the corridor, and tried on the two eldest their violet Morgan suits. . . . Could not tear myself away from the little ones, and consequently went into the nursery at teatime, and, after eating up nearly all the buttered toast, stayed at their request to assist at their tea, then took them down to their Papa's room. . . . *November 21.*— . . . At two Lord Lorne¹ arrived *en surprise*, so I hurried off to dress. We lunched (the children too) and he stayed till four, *gescheit und angenehm sprechend*, and agreeably impressing one in his favour. . . .

November 27.—Francis and the dear chicks awoke me with bouquets and gifts, and loving wishes which I pray may be fulfilled. God grant us all a happy, peaceful year, bringing others like it in its train, and spare all my loved ones to me! I got up before nine, was agreeably hindered at my toilet by well wishers and presents coming in, and breakfasted (a chocolate one, with a profusion of excellent cakes!) with Francis in the pretty corridor. Then to church; Mr. Cockerell preached. It was Advent Sunday, *the Church's New Year*, and the service seemed so appropriate to the birthday, that my whole heart was in it, and every word seemed to come home to me. On our return Francis took me into the drawing-room, where the bright red cretonne curtains and loose covers were my first pleasant surprise; and then into my blue morning-room, which, had the carpet arrived in time, would have been quite ready for use, thanks to dear Francis. The blue parrots on buff ground of the cretonne curtains and covers are deliciously pretty, and the table in the centre covered with presents *nahm sich sehr hübsch aus*. Altogether I was charmed with all I received, both pretty and useful. Francis then took me into the garden to see Chamberlain's present of trees and shrubs (16 in all), and we were there joined by Lord Frederick Paulet, who brought a splendid bouquet. Towards two George arrived, and we went in to receive him. . . . Mama and Geraldo came to luncheon, and we had not finished when the Bülowes were announced. . . . Soon afterwards Kielmansegge (*le fiancé*) and his successor Count Dubsky came, and

¹ The Marquis of Lorne had just become engaged to the Princess Louise.

finally the Apponyis. I slipped away to see and thank Chamberlain in Francis's room; then returned to my visitors, who left soon after tea, and I settled down to my birthday letters, while the dear chicks played about. . . . Started for Gloucester House, which we only reached at 8.20, as the fog delayed our progress in some places. The dinner-party of fifteen was most successful and particularly cheery; George and Lord Newry were my neighbours. Home by 12.30. A thoroughly happy sunny day.

December 8.—I drove over to call on the Comtesse de Paris, but found her out. Princesse de Joinville was also out. I went on to Ham, where the Duchesse de Chartres received me in the drawing-room, in which her *table de peinture* now stands; she is quite recovered, and looks very bright and handsome. . . . On my return home I found Mama and Ella already arrived, and established at a tea-table in the drawing-room, Francis doing the honours. After tea we had the pen brought in, and the *three* chicks played together in it, to their grandmama's no small delight. . . .

Windsor Castle, December 9.— . . . We reached the Castle about six, and Miss Phipps¹ accompanied us to our rooms in the York Tower. Scarcely had I taken my things off, when Louise, *la fiancée*, arrived (walking with a stick), and very soon afterwards the Queen, who stayed with me till seven. I dressed for the half-past eight dinner in the oak-room. Her Majesty and Christian were my neighbours. After ten the Queen took leave of me, as she was going early next morning to the Grove, and we adjourned to the green drawing-room and listened to the band. Leopold appeared, and a few of the Windsor Court had been invited. At our round table Lady —— amused the party by invariably saying the wrong thing! We separated soon after eleven, and Louise came to my room, where we sat up talking till 1.15; I took her over to her room and then hurried to bed. *December 10.*—At twelve I drove with Francis to Frogmore to see the Baby,² now seven months old, and then with Helena and Christian to the station. We all got out at Brentford (an afterthought with *us*!), whence Mama's *shelburne* conveyed us to Kew, where Francis and I arrived *en surprise*. . . . At four Helena and Christian departed, and almost directly afterwards we left for White Lodge, where the chicks greeted us with shrieks of joy.

¹ The Honble. Harriet Phipps, Maid-of-Honour to the Queen, and now Woman-of-the-Bedchamber to Her Majesty the Queen.

² Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.

Letter to Mrs. Drummond.

White Lodge, December 12, 1870.

. . . We have been leading a very quiet pleasant life in this our country home, which we are quite devoted to, and the air of which, thank God, agrees wonderfully with the little ones, who are very flourishing and as rosy as a mother's heart can wish to see. Dear little May grows every day more of a companion, and is as clever and bright a child as possible for her age, just three and a half! Adolphus is quite the boy; delights in horses and dogs, and is a sturdy little *John Bull*! whilst the baby is a perfect little giant, quite too heavy for the nurse's arms and as merry as a cricket. Though not yet eleven months old, he already *attempts* to stand alone, and is a great darling; indeed he is considered his Mama's pet, and I own to a certain amount of partiality for my dimpled, bouncing boy!

About Christmas-time, or early in January, we think of returning to Kensington Palace. . . . You will, I know, be kindly interested to hear that we have thus far had very good accounts of my nephew Adolphus, who has for the last nine weeks been at Versailles. He is attached to the headquarters of the Crown Prince of Prussia, and was present at the battle of Sedan, and only recently for five or six hours under fire, during one of the sorties from Paris. He seems to be a general favourite, and, what especially delights me, is, I am told, liked by *foe* as well as *friend*. May his precious life be spared to his fond, anxious parents, and to us all. . . . Your very affectionate

MARY ADELAIDE.

CHAPTER XV.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

1871-1876.

The children growing up—Their cousins at Chiswick—Marriage of Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne—Visit of the Emperor and Empress of Brazil—The Waverley Ball—Charity work—London Orphan Asylum—Another generation at Rumpenheim—Princess Mary's impressions of the Passion Play—Serious illness of the Prince of Wales—Scarlet Fever at Strelitz—Visit to Alton Towers—White Heather—Christening of Princess Franziska of Schleswig-Holstein—Visits to Lathom and Heaton—Loyalty in Lancashire—Normanton Park—Death of Napoleon III.—Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race—School of Art Needlework—Vienna Exhibition—Illness of the Duchess of Cambridge—Birth of Prince Alexander—Return of the Duchess of Cambridge—Visit of the Emperor of Russia—Dinner at Holland House—Fancy dress ball at Marlborough House—The Empress of Austria at White Lodge—The children's studies—The Duchess of Cambridge's invalid life.

As Princess Mary's domestic duties increased, her Journal was kept with less regularity, and for the first six months of 1871 the entries consist merely of short pencil notes. It is easy, however, to tell, even from this brief record, that much of her time was occupied with the immediate concerns of the home circle. Thus on one occasion she mentions, "I took May and Dolly at three o'clock to Lady Cowley's children's party. A dance. Vicky *fit une apparition!*" The Duchess of Cambridge was also there, and this being the first time that she had met the Crown Princess of Germany since the events of 1866, the party was not without significance. The Prince of Wales's children were a good deal at Chiswick during the early summer, and as the drive

to White Lodge was a short one the little cousins saw each other constantly. Writing at the time, a guest at Cambridge Cottage says—

“We spent yesterday afternoon at Chiswick, where we met Princess Mary and her children. I was delighted with the Prince of Wales’s family; the eldest boy is most like his mother, but has not that melancholy look his photographs give him, on the contrary he is very animated. Prince George is brimming over with fun. The little girls are pretty fair-haired children, and take after their father; they were most simply dressed. All were in high spirits and seemed very fond of their nurses, who sat down to tea with them and treated them without ceremony. They were easily amused, and I never saw such a battered set of toys, and such rickety old dolls. The two boys were very happy over some boats the footman had made for them.”

Both Prince Teck and Her Royal Highness were present at the wedding of Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, which took place at Windsor Castle on the 21st of March. The marriage was of special interest to Princess Mary, since it necessitated the Royal sanction being given—for the first time since the days of Mary Tudor¹—to the union of an English Princess with a suitor not of princely birth. Many a pleasant hour was spent at the Crystal Palace listening to the music, and similar enjoyment was derived from the Concerts given in the Albert Hall which succeeded the opening² of the building by the Queen, a function at which Princess Mary had herself assisted. The Tichborne case also attracted her notice, and one morning she watched the proceedings in court “from ten to one o’clock,” closely following the course of the trial. The Emperor³ and Empress⁴ of Brazil and the Grand Duke Constantine, who came over on a visit to this country in the spring, were duly received at Kensington Palace, and recalling the stay of their Brazilian Majesties, Miss Ella Taylor says—

¹ Mary, the youngest daughter of Henry VII. and widow of Louis XII. of France, married secondly, Charles Duke of Suffolk.

² March 30, 1871.

³ Pedro II.

⁴ Daughter of Francis I., King of the Two Sicilies.

4

THE COUNCIL ROOM AT KENRINGTON PALACE.

I accompanied Princess Mary to Claridge's Hotel, whither she went to bid good-bye to the Empress. Her Majesty was short and broad, but had a fair German face, and simple kindly manners. The old lady in waiting was very nice, but I wonder she was alive, for the Empress had taken her to three picture-galleries the day before, besides paying many farewell visits. The next day they were to start at 6 a.m. for Scotland. "How will you get your breakfast?" asked Princess Mary of the old lady. "Oh!" she replied, speaking in French, "eating, drinking, and sleeping are minor details with us."

The great event of this season was the Waverley Ball,¹ held at Willis's Rooms, in aid of the funds for the completion of the Scott monument in Edinburgh. Character quadrilles were the feature of the dance, which was attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Christian, Princess Louise and Lord Lorne, and Prince Teck. At the conclusion of the quadrilles the Royal party adjourned to Marlborough House, where a supper was given and dancing continued. Here Princess Mary joined the assembly, and alluding to the revels in her Journal, says: "I called at seven at Marlborough House and helped Alix to correct her costume of Mary Queen of Scots. . . . Dressed for costume supper at Marlborough House. Régnier arrived at twelve to powder me, and at 1.15 I started and found them at supper. Then danced. Home by four." The Princess also mentions being present at "the Queen's breakfast 4.30 to 7;" a breakfast given by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Chiswick, "the Queen, Vicky, and Fritz-William of Prussia there;" and a similar entertainment at Holland House.

Ever ready to assist the cause of charity, Princess Mary found time during the busy months of June and July to open a school in Bermondsey, and in the course of a feeling and appropriate speech, reminded her audience that the Royal Family were never appealed to in vain when the great cause of moral and social development was to be upheld in the battle against ignorance and degradation. She also visited St. Thomas's Hospital and the Alexandra Blind

¹ A similar ball took place in 1844.

Institution, the latter place with the Princess of Wales; attended a meeting at Stafford House in aid of Miss Marsh's Black Rock Home; "turned the first sod" for the erection of the Village Homes at Addlestone which bear her name; and received purses at the London Orphan Asylum, when the subscriptions amounted to £10,000. Replying to the Address presented on this occasion, Her Royal Highness said—

"It is with feelings of real pleasure that I have come amongst you this day to inaugurate with you the opening of the new London Orphan Asylum, a ceremony which to me has peculiar interest from the fact of my dear Father having opened the former House at Clapton. I thank you most sincerely for your intention of calling one of the Houses after his name, which is at once a touching tribute to his revered memory, and a pleasing compliment to my brother, who is, I am aware, a warm friend of the Asylum. Wishing continued and ever-increasing prosperity for so admirable a charity, which I trust will carry on here the work of usefulness that has been for 58 years a source of blessing for so many, I now declare the London Orphan Asylum at Watford open for ever for the relief of the Widow and the Fatherless."

At Rumpenheim, where the Princess proceeded early in August, the family circle was joined by the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children. With the marriages of the grandchildren the gatherings at the old Hessian Palace had grown larger, and become more representative of the great Courts of Europe, while the number of collateral relations, who made Rumpenheim their head-quarters for a time, increased every year. The daily life in 1871 differed little from what it was when Princess Mary first went there, some five and thirty years before, but considering the many changes which had taken place on the Continent since that date, it is remarkable to note how faithfully the wishes of the Landgrave Frederick were carried out by his children's children.

Journal.—*August 3.*— . . . Paid the dear Duchess of Inverness a farewell visit, bade all the servants good-bye,

and left Kensington Palace with Frazer and Brand for the station, where Caroline Cust and Airey met me. At 8.40 we were off (I in compartment with George¹ and Clifton), waving adieus to our friends on the platform. On reaching Dover we went on board at once. There was scarcely any motion, so that the children ran about on deck; as soon as we had landed I despatched them into the King of the Belgians' carriage, and then waited for the Paris train to leave. At length we started *très en retard*, and consequently missed the Brussels connection at Lille. . . . I travelled alone in a small compartment with a sofa, the nursery in the saloon, George and Cust in a *coupé* beyond. We reached Brussels at 9.40, and went at once to the Hôtel Bellevue. At twelve the King *et une suite* came and drove us to Laeken, where he gave us a luncheon, to which he had invited a few acquaintances and some of his people. His Majesty then took us all round the pleasure-grounds (beautifully kept), the Park of Laeken, and back to the Hotel. We reached the station at five, and settled ourselves in the Belgian carriage, the English Legation coming to see us off. . . . At Cologne George left us in quest of a bed at the Hotel, but I was just composing myself to sleep in his compartment when he suddenly turned up again, having failed in his errand, and so I had to return to my armchair, while he made himself a couch next door. I had little sleep, and at 6.30 we were *en route*.

The day was lovely, and I did the honours of the Rhine to Girdie and Ellen. We reached Frankfort about noon, where, alas! owing to a mistake, no carriages awaited us, so George, Cust, and I got into an open droschke and drove to the Hôtel de Russie, where we lunched, and then George and I proceeded to Rumpenheim in an hotel carriage, *via* the Mainkur. On our passage over in the flying ferry towed by boats, we were recognised and hailed. Mama, Uncles Fritz and George, Louise, Lilli, Ahlefeld, Geraldo, and Fräulein Trott received us, and we sat in the little room adjoining the green salon, till the children arrived. Grand welcome and *Bewunderung*! Lilli took me up to my rooms in the tower, and stayed a while; afterwards I joined the elders in Tante Louise's Hanoverian tent. Then went up with Mama to her room, and sat with her till it was time to make an elaborate toilette for dinner at five o'clock.

Rumpenheim, August 7.—I walked with Uncle Fritz to look at the flower-beds before breakfast. In the morning

¹ The Duke of Cambridge.

Louise Denmark, Thyra, Countess Reventlow¹ and Castenschold arrived. . . . Louise, wonderfully young-looking, reminded us of Alix. Thyra, the grown-up young lady, *extremely charming*, the eyes very fine. After luncheon we sat together working indoors. . . . Assembled in the gala room, and dined a party of seventeen *im grossen Saal, in fiocchi* in Louise Droning's² honour. My chicks were much admired. . . . The Spanish Minister at Berlin (late at Frankfort) suddenly made his appearance, and created great consternation because no one recognised him. I at once suggested Spain, and by degrees we made out who the stranger was! *August 10.*— . . . Mama and I drove to Frankfort to the Darmstädter Haus, where we arrived at the same moment as George. We had half an hour to wait before Alice³ and Louis came from Darmstadt by train. She is quite unaltered. They gave us dinner, during which the war⁴ formed the chief topic of conversation. The drive back was delicious. . . . Louise assisted at May's coucher, after which I sang Italian airs, Fräulein Bees accompanying me. *August 12.*— . . . To Frankfort in the carriage to meet Francis,⁵ who was waiting for me there. We at once drove out to Rumpenheim, and found the whole family assembled on the perron, Tante Marie included, who had arrived from Ischl, with Steuber. *Grosse Umarmung!* I presented the children to her, and we all stayed on the perron for some time. . . . I went up to see the chicks in bed, and dined with Francis in his sitting-room. Then to the Casino⁶ as usual.

August 15.— . . . Alix was expected at four o'clock. I wrote till she was in sight, then ran down to receive her. It was quite half-past five before we had dinner, and Alix came in even later. Mrs. Hardinge and Fräulein Zupfen were in attendance. The five children⁷ arrived, and I helped to take them over to their rooms. *August 16.*—Wandered about the garden, and worked all together on the terrace,

¹ Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen of Denmark.

² "Droning" is Danish for "Queen."

³ "Darmstadt, August 13, 1871. . . . Uncle George, Aunt Cambridge, and Mary dined with us at Frankfort two days ago. Mary I had not seen for three years; she was looking very handsome." ("Princess Alice's Letters to the Queen," p. 204.)

⁴ The Franco-Prussian War, 1870.

⁵ Prince Teck had been staying a short time with his relations.

⁶ A large Hall or Music Room where the company assembled after dinner.

⁷ Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, Princess Louise, Princess Victoria, and Princess Maud of Wales.

the children playing in the bowling-alley. Alix came up to my room afterwards and visited the nursery. Luncheon over, at which Fritz Mecklenburg appeared, having come over from Homburg, we sat in front (water side) of the house at work, watching for the arrival from Hanau of Tilla and Wilhelm Lippe. At three they came with their two eldest children, the three little boys following. *Grosse Winkerei!* and *embrassade!* Grand dinner of twenty-eight at five, and coffee in the gala-rooms. George and Fritz then departed and we wandered about the terrace. *August 17.*— . . . Louise and I watched all the children at play in the courtyard from the Wales's nursery windows. Later to Adelheid's room to see her two at tea, and assisted at Hilda's¹ coucher. She is fearfully shy. To Casino to tea, and we sat up till nearly twelve o'clock waiting for Wales, who never arrived till one.

August 18.—Down late, for me, at 9.30 breakfast; Wales was there before me. Then into the garden and carousel, because it was voted too hot for Tilla's game with balls! I watched the children and grown-up cousins go round. Then worked with the rest on the terrace, while Wales entertained us. Dinner of thirty-three, to which George, Lord Clonmel, Knollys, *père et fils*, and Holzmann came over. Early tea in honour of Alix and Wales, who departed with Mrs. Hardinge at 9.30 for Frankfort *en route* for Oberammergau. *August 19.*— . . . Lilli read us *la* Bernstorff's most interesting description of the Passion Play. . . . After dinner the children romped together in the courtyard (11 in all), and we elders had a game of croquet on the sand!

August 22.— . . . Alix and Mrs. Hardinge returned, much impressed by the Passion Play and delighted with their expedition; we walked and sat about on the terrace till it was time to get ready for my Homburg trip. Reached the station at 2.30, and took the train to Homburg, where we were received by Fritz, George, Dolphus, and a host of Equerries. Fritz gave us a charming drive through the town by the Brunnen, and An-Lagen, the old town and Schloss. Then we followed the rest to the Promenade to hear the band, meeting the Barringtons, Miss Vaughan, Airey, and the Manchesters. Her Grace, all smiles, took me to her apartments; then I visited Lady Barrington overhead, and finally to the private room at the Kursaal, where Fritz gave us dinner; and when the others had gone to the Opera I had a delightfully refreshing drive with

¹ Now the Hereditary Grand Duchess of Baden.

Francis, the Duchess of Manchester, and Lord Barrington all round Homburg and up to the pine woods. On our return we sat out on the verandah till the Opera *Marta* was over, and then George escorted me to the rooms to see the gambling. We left at eleven. . . .

August 27.—Dear Francis's birthday! At eight o'clock I took the trio in to wish him joy. . . . Arranged his birthday table before going to church. We had a turn in the garden, and then received the Grand Duke of Hesse, who came with his Hofmarshall and the Offenbach *Kreis*. After resting in the tent we conducted him over the Palace, and sat down to a luncheon *dînatoire* in the Green Saal. As soon as the Grand Duke had departed, I betook myself to my room, where Francis joined me, and looked at his presents *con amore*. I worked on in my room, watching the ships that had gone aground in front of the Schloss, and the frantic efforts of the boatmen to get them off. At five to the terrace, whence I had a good view of the lively scene. . . .

August 31.—Before six I was awakened by a heavy peal of a fearful thunderstorm, which raged round and over us for several hours. The lightning struck a room close by the gardener's house, tearing up the whole of the ceiling and shivering to atoms the chimney. The young man who inhabits the room was mercifully out at work, and so escaped. At length I got up, dressed, and had a run with May indoors from pavilion to pavilion before breakfast. . . . We went to see the room that had been struck, and a more complete scene of devastation I never in my life beheld.

September 5.—Walked before breakfast, and met Louise coming from the Gruft,¹ it being the fourth anniversary of my dear Uncle Wilhelm's death. I went in with Uncle Fritz, and put flowers on his coffin. . . . *September 7.*— . . . Luncheon in garden and garden-house, after which we sat quietly, for the heat was intense, till three; just as we were going in, we espied a carriage coming over the water, and in it sat Alix, Thyra, Mrs. Hardinge, and the General, all hiding their faces in order not to be recognised! A charming surprise for Louise.² I went with them to Alix's rooms, but after a few minutes we all discreetly departed, leaving the two sisters with their mother. *Gala* dinner of twenty-six at five. Coffee in the fine rooms; established ourselves in front of the Casino. Nassau had taken leave of us, and was on the point of starting when a carriage drove up to the

¹ The Mausoleum of the Hesse Family.

² It was the Queen of Denmark's birthday.

centre door, out of which sprang a lady who came towards us. It was dear Augusta! Fabrice accompanied her. . . . *September 8.*—Early walk, breakfast, then to my room to change my dress. Before I was ready, Prince and Princess Charles of Hesse Darmstadt arrived, and, on going down, I found the whole party sitting out in front of the house. . . . At two Alix and Thyra took leave of us, and Adelheid, I, and Tilla had a long quiet talk in the Japanese room downstairs. . . . It had been a glorious day for the hay-makers, and it was a pretty scene on both sides of the river, as cart upon cart laden with the hay drove off.

Following the example of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Mary took advantage of her stay at Rumpenheim to visit Oberammergau, and in a letter to a near relative gives her impressions of the Passion Play which she then witnessed for the first time.

Oberammergau, September, 1871.

At eight next morning we were in our front places at the open-air theatre, with the hills for its background, and for seven hours (with one hour's interval for refreshment) assisted, with an attention that never for a moment flagged, at the most touching, soul-stirring representation you can possibly picture to yourself. It is the Bible account of the last days and suffering of our Lord that you see here represented by simple peasants, with a truth, a solemnity, a simplicity, and a grandeur, to say nothing of a correctness as regards dress and all the details, perfectly marvellous, that no description can adequately render or do justice to. The whole thing must have been witnessed to be appreciated. There is nothing that is profane. On the contrary, I should say it enables one to realise so vividly the death and Passion of our Saviour, that it fills the mind with awe, gratitude, and devotion, and at the same time makes one, as it were, understand the Bible better.

From Rumpenheim Prince Teck went to Stuttgart, when the King of Wurtemberg conferred upon him the dignity of a Dukedom,¹ and in October the Princess took her children on a visit to their aunt at Strelitz.

¹ September 16, 1871.

Journal.—*Strelitz, October 20.*—Breakfasted in the pretty dining-room, and at two we started with Lilli in an open carriage for Hohenzieritz, *viâ* Penzliner *chaussée*, and through some pretty woods; five of the party were on horseback. We reached Hohenzieritz about three o'clock, and after a peep into the rooms and a run round the grounds to see the view of Prilwitz, dined out-of-doors in a sunny spot *im Hofe*. A *very merry* repast! Looked over the house in the twilight, and then set out on our homeward drive. . . . Dressed in haste, and to the play, to see Caroline Hahn in *Kabale und Liebe*. She acted to perfection, so also Funk, as the wicked *Präsident*; Rietz, as the lover, performed very creditably. I cried my eyes out. *October 21.*— . . . At two I drove with Tante Marie through Thiergarten and Bürgerhorst; the variegated tints of the foliage were beautiful, but the road was shaky and sandy. On our return I had a run with Gussy all round the Koppel, and we brought back with us a little cat that had strayed away. . . .

November 18.—I kept in-doors, as I did not care to brave the heavy *snow* showers! Finished in haste a letter for post, and dressed *au galop* for *Privat-diner*. Afterwards I went out to tea at the Hammersteins' at 9.15, and there met Lilli, Willichen, G. Oertzen, Wenckstern, and a young Arnim (a particular friend of Willy Wurtemberg's), who with the family, five *Stück*, made up a party of eleven. We certainly were a very cheery one round the well-spread tea and supper table, on which *ein excellenter Gänze-Braten* and a bowl of punch *prangten*! The Minister¹ then read aloud to us whilst we knitted. Home by twelve. *November 21.*—Joined Mama and Gussy at breakfast. Fritz a little better.² I read them Francis's letters, and had scarcely settled to my writing when I was called away to see from the window the start *eines Schnel-läufers aus Hamburg*, who was to run through all the streets in twenty-five minutes! Off he went with all the little boys in the place after him, and the chicks and I rushed up to Mama's room to see his progress up the Schloss-strasse. . . .

November 24.— . . . Tante came later and we were having a little talk after the tiny trio had departed, when Gussy suddenly entered with a face of misery and the terrible news that poor, dear Gagern³ had been picked up *dead* on the *Chaussée*, close to Krukow, having fallen or been thrown from a quiet horse of Maltzan's, which he had

¹ Baron Hammerstein.

² The Grand Duke had been ill for some days.

³ Major von Gagern was in command of the Mecklenburg Regiment at Strelitz.

gone there purposely to see and try. We were all quite stunned by the shock and horror of this *Unglück*, and could do nothing but think of his poor wretched *doating* wife and children, and Fritz, to whom he will be an irreparable loss. I finished my letters for the English post in tears, and sent up my packet soon after four. Then I went up to Tante to show her dear Alix's telegram, alas! in sad confirmation of Lilli's *Zeitung's Nachricht* that Wales had got a typhoid fever, though in a mild form, and all the symptoms favourable.

November 25.— . . . To Fritz, who had had a very good night, and to whom my sister had broken the sad news of poor Gagern's death. He was terribly overcome, and *rührend in seinem Schmerz; ich heulte natürlich mit*, and he kept me with him for an hour. I drove with Tante and Lilli to poor Marie Gagern, who was wonderfully calm, and *oh! so touching* in her deep sorrow. She spoke of Him who had been for *twenty-six* years her *all*, so naturally and tenderly, that we all broke down. Her sister, Caroline Wenckstern, and three poor fatherless children were with her. . . . Read Gussy Alix's letter to Mama about our poor, dear Wales, who was attacked with the fever about the 19th or so, and is under Dr. Gull's¹ charge, who says it must have its twenty-four days' course, and that so far all is going on as well as can be expected; and finally to the nursery to give the chicks a good-night kiss. November 26, Sunday.—Drove solo to the Schloss-kirche. Naumann gave us a very fine sermon *über den rechten gläubigen Trost an den christlichen Gräbern. Es war Gedenk-feier für die Gefallenen, und der ganze Gottesdienst* suited well *meine ernste Stimmung*. . . . To my room at 11.30, and wrote after undressing till past one. Dear happy past year of my life, farewell!

November 27.—Awoke to a new *Lebensjahr!* and prayed that God would bless me and all dear to my heart with His best and choicest gifts throughout its course—with happiness, health, joy, comfort, peace!—and spare *all* my *loved ones* to me for years to come! and help me to overcome my faults and difficulties, and to grow daily in grace. Read Francis's dear letter, and was gladdened by the sight of our three darlings, each with a bunch of violets and a *hug!* Then came Girdie and Brand with offerings. No tiny packet with photo having yet arrived, I got up and dressed. Breakfast over, the screen that hid my present-

¹ Afterwards Sir William Gull. He was created a Baronet in recognition of his professional skill and services rendered during the Prince of Wales's serious illness.

table was taken away, and a charming display of most coveted gifts met my delighted gaze! *Dann kamen alle Hofdamen zur Gratulation*, after which I hastened to Fritz's room, and received from him some lovely *cadeaux*. I left him at his breakfast, and went to Mama's room, where Gussy joined us, and we had a distant view of poor Gagern's funeral procession, the whole of the military and half the town following. . . . Dressed in lilac satin for dinner in downstairs dining-room, at which Fritz appeared. . . . Had a visit from Boddien, who brought me the missing packet, with Francis's photo, and I read my birthday letters. Then changed my dress for a blue low gown, in honour of the *soirée musicale* at my sister's, in her own rooms. All my old friends still in Strelitz were invited, and we numbered thirty-eight. The music-room and boudoir are deliciously pretty lighted up. Schubert and Vivi sang solos and duos after tea, and Gussy joined in a trio. Then came ice and punch, in which all drank my health, and at twelve it was over.

November 28.— . . . At four I returned to my room, to dress for the dinner of twenty-two in my honour at 4.30, to which the *Oberchargen* and *Kammerherren* were bidden, Mama and Fritz being unable to come down. I sat between Gussy and Tante, and the former proposed my health in a pretty little speech, which went to my heart and to the hearts of all present. I went to the Opera *Huguenots*, in which Schubert's singing and acting were very fine, and she was well supported. . . . Home by 10.30, and had tea with Gussy in her room, to which she had invited Schubert.

December 1.— . . . When I finished my packet for the messenger, I telegraphed to darling Alix, and flew up to Mama to consult her about it. . . . From Alix somewhat better news reached us, after a bad telegram at three from dear Alice. *December 2.*—A rather better account of Wales. *December 3.*—Wales improving. . . . *December 4.*— . . . Drove with Fritz and Mama to the Palais, where the surprise in honour of my birthday at length came off. It began by four *tableaux* representing Faith (Ducke, *schön*), Hope, Charity (Gussy with the three chicks—charming!), and an allegory, my "M" held by May as rose, Dolly as thistle, and Baby as Shamrock. Charming idea and deliciously carried out. These were followed by two very pretty pieces, the second *ein ganzes deliziöses Liederspiel*, "Ein moderner Barbar" and "Bleib bei mir," in both of which Vivi and Schubert were perfect, while in the first Herr von Arnim and

young Lieutenant Lühe, and in the second Petersdorff, distinguished themselves. The whole was quite delightful. Home by one, after a merry tea-supper. Cold intense.

December 5.— . . . Better accounts from Sandringham, but poor Lord Chesterfield dead. *December 6.*— . . . Reassuring message from Alice. Cold here 10 degrees Réaumur. *December 8.*— . . . Opened a telegram with anxious and distressing news from Sandringham; poor dear Wales has had a relapse; his state evidently very critical. *Gott helfe weiter.* We were much upset, and with a heavy heart I closed my packet for the messenger and wrote till dressing-time, though I had much difficulty in settling down to anything. . . . Mama was very silent all dinner-time, but we never for a moment suspected, what we afterwards learnt had been the case, that she had received a worse telegram at five o'clock, and had in kindness kept it from us. Dinner over we family went in a body to Tante's room, and thence I betook myself to the nursery (having given up the theatre), and put the chicks into their beds. I wrote *chez moi* till a most alarming telegram from Alice to Mama was brought me, with which I hastened to Gussy. . . . We cried over the almost hopeless accounts together, which spoke of the end as not far distant, provided dear Wales did not at once rally, and with despairing hearts we joined the others in the blue drawing-room. Fritz came in presently, and I read him the three telegrams received that day, and a letter from Lady Macclesfield.¹ Later Mama sent for Gussy and me to wish us a sorrowful good night. I then went to my room and wrote till nearly four, feeling sleep out of the question.

December 9.—Gussy rushed in with a rather more hopeful telegram: "Night quiet, exhaustion not increased, breathing clearer." God grant he may yet rally and pull through! It was a relief after all we had undergone, and thank God for it; the agony of suspense was hard to bear. . . . *December 10.*—On our return from church we found a telegram from Sandringham, which Gussy tremblingly opened. *Es lautete*, "a *shade* better." Thank God! I ran with it to Tante. . . . Walked up to the Marktplatz to take a look at the dear old Grand Duke's statue in the snow. The *larks* were hopping about the streets, and we threw them crumbs. It was bitterly cold, but the sun shone brightly, and Mama took a drive in the sledge. . . .

December 11.—About noon Geraldo rushed in with two

¹ The present Countess of Macclesfield, Lady-of-the-Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales.

telegrams, one sent off last night, the other this morning ; both *heartrendingly sad*, and giving next to no hope, but for the words, "Yet we hope." They were a *cruel* check to our faint hopes. We could think and talk of nothing else. . . .

December 12.—Dolphus brought us a very hopeless telegram from Alice: "Night restless, very delirious, no signs of improvement." After a while I went to my room and read the papers with accounts from Sandringham and Windsor. . . .

December 13.— . . . To Mama's *entrée*, where I found her, Gussy, and Tante much upset over a very disquieting message from Alice, which said, "Night without rest. No important change in the general state. Breathing is weak. Anxiety increased." One can only look to God's great mercy for further hope!

December 14.— . . . Bülow congratulated me on the better accounts which had just been received from Sandringham! It was the first I had heard of it; just at that moment Wenckstern appeared with the telegram: "Quiet sleep at intervals, gravity of symptoms diminished, state more hopeful.—Alice." God be thanked for this blessed change! . . . I read aloud in Mama's room, amid tears and sobs, the touching account in the *Daily Telegraph* of our dear Wales's illness, of all that goes on at Sandringham, of the prayers for him and the sermons preached about him.

December 15.—A much more hopeful telegram from Alice, as follows: "Bertie has passed a quiet night. The debility is great, but the conditions are much more favourable."

Thank God for this great mercy. . . . *December 19.*— . . . Francis arrived soon after three. Reception! To his rooms; then the others departed and left us alone. He had tea *chez moi*, played with the chicks, and finally I went to his room and sat with him while he smoked.

Letter to a Friend.

Kensington Palace, May 1, 1872.

. . . . We were all looking forward to spending a very happy time together at Strelitz last autumn, when the terrible accounts from Sandringham broke upon us, and for weeks kept us in one long agony of anxiety, suspense, and dread. The misery and anguish of that time I can never forget, when we used to long for, yet scarcely dare open, the telegrams, lest we might read the confirmation of our worst fears. The merciful recovery of our beloved Prince in

pitying answer to the Nation's prayers, made our Christmas a *more than ordinarily joyous* one, and it was indeed a relief, after all those weary weeks of wretchedness, to be able, with lightened hearts, to enter into the children's delight over all their toys and Christmas-trees. . . . Scarcely were the New Year's *fêtes* and rejoicings over, and we were preparing to celebrate two family birthdays, when our eldest boy was taken ill with what ultimately proved scarlet fever, we other victims sickening in quick succession. Happily Francis escaped, though he took his full share of the nursing, no sinecure, as my poor dresser was herself dangerously ill with the fever, and I had therefore no one, except the two nurses, to take care of me. When I look back to that time I feel how very much cause I had and have, to bless God for His great mercies. . . . Had it not been for the cause, we should all have rejoiced at being detained at Strelitz during the early spring-time, for I never knew any place so enjoyable at that particular season of the year. The air is most deliciously soft after the hard winter, spring flowers of all kinds abound in the garden and woods, which are beautiful, and the place resounds with the song of the nightingales!

The Duchess of Teck's enforced absence from the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's Cathedral for the recovery of the Prince of Wales was a great disappointment to her. She returned, however, to England in time to take part in the function which followed, on the 1st of May, at the Crystal Palace, and, referring to the occasion, says: "We drove down to Sydenham with Louise as Alfred's guests to attend the *fête* in celebration of Wales's recovery. Concert: Sullivan's *Te Deum*, Miscellanies with Titiens." A few days later the Duchess was present with the Queen at the Albert Hall when a concert was given "under Gounod's leading."

Letter to the Honble. Lucy Kerr.

White Lodge, September, 1872.

. . . I am thankful to say that May is once more a strong child, tho' a tall wiry one by the side of her sturdy brothers, the younger of whom is a perfect little giant, and a great pet. Dolly and Frank are splendid specimens of boyhood, the one golden-haired, the other chestnut brown, and fully answer to their sister's appellation of "Beauty Boys." We

only returned to England at the end of April, and fell at once into a most fatiguing and distracting season, from the wear and tear of which I had but a brief respite at Whitsuntide, when we came down here for a fortnight or so. At the end of July we went to the Edward Weimars', at Molcomb, for the Goodwood Race week, and on the 20th of August paid the Shrewsburys a delightful visit at their beautiful place, Alton Towers. . . .

While at Alton Towers several expeditions were made in the neighbourhood, and Princess Mary renewed acquaintance with many of the spots she had visited two years before. Special interest attached to the picnic arranged by Mr. Philip Brocklehurst, and one of the guests writes—

The train took us from Alton Towers to Leek, where the Princess was received with every possible demonstration of loyalty, and ten carriages conveyed the party to their destination on the Roaches, a series of lofty and beautiful craggy peaks on the moorlands of the Swythamley property. Here large tents had been erected, one of which, decorated with pink and white heather, and carpeted with the skins of wild animals, was set apart for the royal guests. Facing the edge of a cliff on the second summit of the Roaches, guarded by a slender chain, and close to the royal standard, was the seat of honour, hewn out of a huge stone, in the hollow of which cushions were placed, covered with white satin, embroidered with the royal arms. The resting place was much appreciated by the Princess, who in ascending the steep rocky stair displayed capital mountaineering powers, the Duke of Teck gallantly adjusting a rope for her support. A royal salute was fired from a rock perforated for the purpose, and the cheering of the people below was very hearty. Lord and Lady Shrewsbury with their children were at the picnic, and Lady Hopetoun, Lady Waterford, Lord and Lady Compton, Lord and Lady Bagot, and Lady Aylesford were also there. Several hours were spent on the mountain side, and both the Duke and Duchess of Teck appeared delighted with the lovely views over the county. After visiting an inhabited cave called Rock Hall, Her Royal Highness planted a tree.

The Princess never forgot her picnic at the Roaches, and often referred to the beautiful wild scenery and the loyal

11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846.

H. F. H. The Duke of Teck on 1872
From a portrait at White Lodge

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people of the Staffordshire moorlands. She was delighted at herself finding some white heather, and picked some, saying it would bring her luck. For many years she kept the heather as a souvenir of the visit, and long afterwards gave it back to Lady Shrewsbury,¹ who still has it in her possession.

Letter to the Countess of Hopetoun.

White Lodge, September 7, 1872.

MY DEAR LADY HOPETOUN,—Many thanks for your kind letter with the welcome tidings that your precious patient² is rapidly mending, and the announcement that my *treasured* locket only awaits my pleasure to be at once despatched to me! It really is *more than kind* of you to have, amidst all your nursing and anxiety, remembered and found time for the arrangement of the flowers in my crystal heart, and I cannot say how truly grateful I am to you, or how much touched at so amiable an attention on your part. Believe me, the locket will be all the more valued. . . . We spent four most enjoyable days at Crichel,³ and I was so delighted with all I saw of soldiering and the Camp that I hope to avail myself of Lord Winchester's kind invitation, and go to Amport⁴ on Wednesday next for the march past of the whole army, now manœuvring—30,000 men! It will be a grand sight. . . . With renewed thanks for all the trouble you have so kindly taken, and for returning me the forget-me-nots, ever, dearest Lady Hopetoun, most sincerely yours,

MARY ADELAIDE.

P.S.—I am in great hopes I shall very shortly be able to send you the promised crystal locket for the tiny wreath of white heather presented to you by the Prince.

Journal.—*White Lodge, September 18.*—At eleven o'clock I started with Francis for the Mortlake station, whence we trained to Windsor, and drove from there in the Queen's carriage to Cumberland Lodge. I sat with Helena till luncheon-time, when the Van de Weyers and Cardwell arrived. The christening of Helena's beautiful baby took

¹ Theresa Countess of Shrewsbury.

² The Earl of Hopetoun, now Lord Chamberlain.

³ The residence of Mr. Sturt, now Lord Alington.

⁴ Belonging to the Marquis of Winchester.

place in the Park Chapel at four o'clock. I held my little god-daughter Franziska Josepha Louise Augusta Marie Christiana Helena,¹ who behaved beautifully. The Dean of Windsor performed the ceremony. There was a tea and *goutter* for the clergy and neighbours, and I helped to entertain them.

Letter to the Countess of Hopetoun.

White Lodge, October 26, 1872.

. . . Here is at length the promised heart for the knot of white heather! and may it sometimes remind you of me and of the pleasant picnic on the Roaches. . . . Your kind letter from Alton Towers gave me much pleasure, as it brought the cheering news of Hope's satisfactory progress towards recovery, and a good account of yourself. . . . I have since heard of you from the dear Shrewsburys. Of ourselves I can give a very flourishing account. My little journey to Amport, Lord Winchester's, in honour of the march past on the 12th of September, was a great success, and never shall I forget the magnificent *coup d'œil* on Salisbury Plain! It was a sight to make an English heart beat high, I can assure you, and very proud did I feel that day! . . . Ere I conclude, I must tell you how much I admire the taste displayed in the arrangement of the forget-me-nots under the crystal, and the skill with which your fair hands adjusted the Staffordshire knot; and with renewed thanks for the heart. . . .

Letter to Lady Gomm.

White Lodge, November, 1872.

. . . The papers have told you something of our doings and reception in Lancashire, but no words can give a just idea of the enthusiastic loyalty of Lancashire, and the hearty welcome we met with. It had to be witnessed in order to be appreciated. From Lathom, the Skelmersdales' place, we visited Southport and Liverpool; and from Heaton (Lord Wilton's), Manchester. The great feature in the Southport procession was that of the "Guilds," or Trades, each one preceded by its banner, and represented at work on a huge car or truck drawn by splendid dray horses, decked out with flowers and ribbons, the brass harness being richly carved. In some instances, as for example in that of the butchers,

¹ Now Princess Aribert of Anhalt.

the men were mounted, but as a rule those who preceded and followed each car were on foot. The whole thing reminded one of the processions we read of in the time of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth.

Southport bids fair to become a second Brighton or Scarborough, its baths are even now superior to Brill's, and its pier is on a wonderful scale. At Liverpool we had a most touching and gratifying reception, though the visit was intended to be a private one. The morning was fine for the drive through the streets, and for seeing the public buildings, Brown's Library, and St. George's Hall with its splendid organ, such a treat to listen to! But after the grand luncheon in the Town Hall, and a most overpowering burst of loyalty upon our appearing on the balcony overlooking the Exchange, it came on to pour so heavily that our visit to the Docks was quite spoilt, and after going over one of the Cunard steamers (the *Algeria*) in the rain, I had to return with the civil Mayor to the Town Hall, whilst Francis steamed up the Docks in a roughish sea. By way of a rest between these two gala days, we had a grand ball at Lathom, which we kept up till four o'clock, I dancing to any amount. I cannot say how sorry we were when Saturday afternoon came, and we had to bid adieu to our charming host and hostess; however, we found a very pleasant party assembled to meet us at Heaton, and endless objects of interest to visit.

On Sunday we had two beautiful sermons from the Bishop of Winchester; next day we looked over the new prison and very fine Courts of Assize, and Sir James Watt's *monster* warehouse. On the Tuesday I visited the new and only two-thirds finished Exchange, a magnificent building, at the hour of "high change," and saw over 6000 merchants collected together, who gave me a *right royal* and well-nigh overpowering welcome. On the day following we went over Whitworth's iron works and saw steel cast, or rather *poured* in, in a fiery liquid state, and on Thursday lunched with one of Manchester's merchant princes, who has a wonderful collection of pictures, chiefly modern, and beautiful conservatories and orchid houses, upon all of which we feasted our eyes. We returned home on Friday last, highly delighted with all we had seen and done, but not a little tired, to find the darling children in charming looks and most flourishing. Alas! we have as yet had very little quiet, as we were obliged to rush up to town the day after our arrival, to pay our respects to the Queen of Holland, and have since dined at Marlborough House, and the Duchess of Inverness's to meet her. . . .

Letter to Lady Elizabeth Biddulph.

Kensington Palace, January 18, 1873.

. . . We came up to town on the 14th of December, and I should at once have looked you up, but found I could not spare a moment from my shopping and preparations for Christmas. . . . Dear Mama entertained us at dinner on New Year's Day, and on the 3rd I gave a tea to the Kensington Industrial School (girls), and made over our tree to them. On the 6th we went down to the Avelands'¹ at Normanton Park, where Francis had some excellent covert shooting and a day's hunting with the Cottesmore hounds. The Avelands had a very pretty dance in our honour, and I much enjoyed going out with the shooters and attending the meet at Burley-on-Hill, Mr. Finch's fine place, at which I afterwards lunched. Our party was a very pleasant one, though quite small, as the house at Normanton is by no means large; it was made up of the Dowager Lady Huntly² and Grace Gordon,³ the Powerscourts, Winifred Coke,⁴ Lord Gosford and Lord Hinchinbroke; Miss Willoughby and Lords Douglas and Esmé Gordon just came for a night or so. On the 21st we have promised Helena to go to Cumberland Lodge for two nights. Francis hopes to accompany George and Wales to Six-Mile-Bottom on the 27th, and I am to meet him at Sandringham three days later, Alfred escorting me down.

To-day my thoughts have been constantly wandering to Chislehurst, and my heart has ached for the poor Empress, who, I am thankful to see, did not face the last fearful ordeal, as it was at one time reported she would. You cannot have been more shocked and grieved by the sudden death, undergoing tortures of agony, of the poor Emperor Napoleon, than I was, and I am delighted to see that the same feeling pervades all ranks and classes of the nation, who seem to vie with each other in their desire to show respect to *his* memory, who ever proved himself England's fast friend and ally, and sympathy for the bereaved widow and son. Francis went to Chislehurst on Monday, and Colonel Airey has attended the funeral to-day as my representative. I wonder whether Lady Ashburton has come

¹ Lord and Lady Aveland, now Earl and Countess of Ancaster.

² Mother of Lady Aveland.

³ Now Countess of Lonsdale.

⁴ Sister of Lady Powerscourt.

over, and what your accounts are from Chislehurst. I have begged the Empress to see me, whenever she feels equal to the exertion. What a sad contrast it will be to our last cheery visit to Camden Place in '72. . . .

Journal.—Kensington Palace, March 20.— . . . To the Olympic with Alix, the Knollyses, and Oliver!¹ Supped at Marlborough House, then played and sang till past one o'clock. *March 29.*—Foggy morning. At 12.30 to Marlborough House, and drove with Alix and the General in barouche and four to Chiswick to see the boat-race. Day turned out lovely. Cambridge won easy! Shoals of spectators! *April 4.*— . . . At four I took Mama to the dear Duchess of Inverness, who was in her armchair in sitting-room. So cheery. Home soon after six and found the Wales children; I sang and played for them. At half-past eight we went to the Albert Hall to Alfred's Amateur Concert with Santley. We were in Alix's box with her and the suite. They all supped here afterwards, and stayed till one. *April 8.*— . . . At 6.30 to St. Paul's Cathedral to hear Bach's Passion music. Choruses very fine. *Good Friday.*—Francis and I attended church at Kew, and took the sacrament with dear Mama. We peeped into the garden, and sat with her till George came. Home to luncheon. . . . I went to St. Peter's for the evening service, and Mr. Wilkinson² preached most impressively; we sang a litany!

White Lodge, April 21.— . . . To dear little Duchess; tea by her bedside.³ . . . Francis went to Beust's⁴ dinner, and I dined at Kew with Mama. *April 29.*—Down in good time to see the boys riding man-fashion on pony. . . . Arranged charity papers till past two. Mr. Harrison lunched with us, and then I slipped away, leaving Francis to have a confidential chat with him. Finally I had a nice *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Harrison. Chicks tea'd with me; sang with them, and later to Francis's accompaniment. *May 1.*—At a quarter to two to Buckingham Palace, and visited the King and Queen of the Belgians; Louise and Lorne came in. Thence to the Private View of the Royal Academy. All the royalties in

¹ The Honble. Oliver Montagu, son of the seventh Earl of Sandwich, and Colonel commanding the Royal Horse Guards.

² Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, afterwards Bishop of Truro, and now Bishop of St. Andrews.

³ The Duchess of Inverness.

⁴ Count Beust was appointed Austrian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's in 1871.

London were there, *avec leurs suites*. I only took in about a third of the collection, and left at five. *May 2.*— . . . To Kew in clarence, where I found Mama chatting with Mr. Harrison, whom towards two I *enlevéed* in triumph! . . . At five Mama and Geraldo arrived, and after tea we all migrated in a body in two carriages (I with dear Mr. Harrison, chicks with Grandmama) to Professor Owen's,¹ who showed us Egyptian photos of objects of highest antiquity and immense interest. *May 4.*— . . . Started with chicks and Girdie for Kew. Close by Sheen Gate we met their Belgian Majesties, coming to pay us a visit; the Queen got into my carriage, and we drove to Kew, all *en fiocchi* there in the downstairs rooms. Grand coffee and tea! The King arrived later, and afterwards Francis came.

Letter to Lady Holland.

White Lodge, May, 1873.

. . . *Je viens aujourd'hui en suppliante*, as I have been asked by the Ladies' Committee² of the Exhibition of Art Needlework, to be held at the South Kensington Museum this summer, to petition you for one or *more* specimens of old embroidery, in the way of velvet hangings, screens, and embroidered cushions, of *any* date prior to 1800. You have such treasures *de tout genre*, that I have been strongly pressed to beg you to lend some few things in the way of embroidery (Gobelins and lace are excluded) for exhibition, and I the more readily agreed to become the petitioner in this instance, that I felt you would probably have sufficient to be able to spare *quelques objets* for May, June, and July without really missing them. Our *real* object in getting up this Exhibition is to *revive a taste for and improve the taste in* art needlework, some charitable ladies (most of whom are friends of ours) having lately started a School of Art Needlework for the instruction and employment of poor ladies.

Pray let me assure you of my sincere sympathy in the sad and real loss you sustained by the death of poor dear Mr. Henry Greville, as well as in your more recent bereavements.

¹ Afterwards Sir Richard Owen, Conservator of the Hunterian Museum, and later Superintendent of the Natural History Department of the British Museum. He lived at Sheen Cottage, Richmond Park, which was given him for life by the Queen.

² Princess Mary was a member of the Ladies' Committee.

Letter to a Friend.

Reinthal, November, 1873.

. . . We had a very happy and numerous gathering at Rumpenheim, where we stayed seven weeks. On the 8th of October we went on *viâ* Vienna (where we only spent a few hours, and I had the melancholy pleasure of meeting the poor dear Queen of Hanover and her younger daughter Mary for the first time since 1866) to Reinthal, near Grätz, the home of my two sisters-in-law. We were the guests of Princess Claudine, who has a charming villa, in the Swiss cottage style, close to her married sister's place. Here we had the pleasure of at length presenting our trio to their grandpapa. The country all round Grätz is lovely, and reminds one of the Tyrol on a reduced scale, and the walks and drives enchanted me. After ten days we returned to Vienna, leaving the children under the charge of their kind Aunts. For a week we were the guests of Sir Andrew and Lady Buchanan at the British Embassy, and then spent a delightful fortnight with the dear charming Crown Prince of Hanover at the King's house at Penzing, a suburb of Vienna. We devoted nearly all our time to the Exhibition, which to my mind far surpassed any since that of 1851. . . .

Princess Mary took much pleasure in comparing the products and manufactures of the various countries represented at the Vienna Exhibition, and meeting the Assistant Secretary¹ of the British Royal Commission one night at the Embassy, made several inquiries as to the general arrangements. She was anxious to know what provision had been made for the accommodation of the English artisans employed in the Building, and hearing they were housed and boarded in two cottages built for the purpose within the British section, expressed a desire to see the cottages, and to pay the men a visit at their mid-day meal. On the appointed day the Princess went, and was pleased to partake, at the men's dinner-table, of the roast beef and plum-pudding specially provided for the occasion. Before departing she graciously shook hands with each workman. One and all were much impressed with her genial and sympathetic

¹ Mr. Trendell.

kindness, and as she was leaving an old Scotch foreman carpenter called out "God bless our bonnie Princess Mary," an exclamation which was the signal for three ringing cheers.

Letter to a Friend.

Strelitz, January, 1874.

. . . When the Exhibition was hopelessly closed we turned our attention to the sights of dear delightful Vienna, generally spending our evenings with some of the Imperial family, at whose hands we experienced the greatest possible kindness. The Emperor, alas! I only saw once, having on two occasions been out when he amiably called on me. On the 10th of November we went back to Reinthal, and, crossing the Simmering in a piercingly cold white fog, I caught a chill, which finally turning to bronchitis—I was fortunate to have escaped inflammation of the lungs—laid me up till my birthday, on which day I for the first time joined the family circle. Four days later we started for Strelitz, as I had no peace away from Mama, the sad and startling news of whose illness¹ had reached me just when I was most ailing. . . .

As I do not know whether you have learnt any particulars concerning my beloved mother's illness, I will give you some account of it. On the 15th of November she caught a violent chill out driving in an open carriage, and at dinner was suddenly seized with extreme giddiness, coupled with numbness of the limbs, more especially of the left hand, arm, and leg. The head, thank God, was never for a moment affected. As they had no means of carrying her upstairs, and she felt too giddy to attempt walking, she was put to bed in a small passage room on the ground floor, opening out of a greenhouse, and adjoining the library and billiard room. There Mama lay for three weeks, but happily it made a capital sick-room, as she could have plenty of fresh air, and the kitchen was within easy access. It was in this room that I first saw her on Sunday, December 7th, the morning after our arrival here, a trying meeting for both, though we bore up bravely. I found her quite unchanged in face, but paler than usual, and still sadly weak, only able to sit up for an hour or so every day.

Dear Mama's intense happiness at having us and the children, whom she insisted on seeing for a second the very

¹ The Duchess of Cambridge's illness was the result of a paralytic seizure.

first day, again near her was most touching to witness, and oh how gratifying and pleading to one's heart! I was assured that her best night's rest was the one immediately following our arrival, of which she was apprised, although it was thought better for her not to see me until next morning, as we only reached Strelitz late in the evening. On Monday Mama was moved up to her own charming apartment on the first floor, and from that day began visibly to improve. Ever since then I have taken my share of the nursing, and she evidently liked having me about her, as I could amuse her with all my Vienna accounts, and really had much to tell. By degrees we got her on her sofa during the day, then into her sitting-room, and on Christmas Eve we wheeled her into an adjoining room, where stood her lighted tree and table of presents, she having previously given us her Christmas boxes.

This was a grand step in advance and a great joy to us all, though we sadly missed her in the Christmas room, where stood eight huge trees and innumerable tables covered with presents, and which rang with the merry voices of the delighted chicks. On her little pet Franky's birthday dear Mama appeared for the first time in the large drawing-room *en toilette*, and was there when we gave him his presents, only the family assisting. Since then she takes daily and oft-repeated walks up and down the drawing-room, and often goes over to my Aunt's and my sister's apartments, which are on the same floor. At first she required the support of two persons, but she now walks about with the help of one arm only, and quite of late has begun to move about her own room with a stick. She is able to see a few of her old friends, and some of them have tea of an evening in her room; indeed, two nights ago she came over to Augusta's rooms to hear some singing, which she seemed much to enjoy. . . . We can, therefore, but submit and look hopefully forward to returning spring, which will, please God, bring our beloved invalid a return of strength and renewed health.

I really cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Gotz. . . . Mama is devoted to him; he in his turn extolling her wonderful patience and cheerfulness throughout these twelve weeks of illness. Her spirits have, indeed, been something quite extraordinary, and her mind is as bright and active as ever, but she is now beginning to weary of the long, long confinement, and to yearn to be able to shake off the invalid habits and life; and I dread for her, more even than for myself, our approaching departure, which I fear cannot be

delayed beyond the first week in March. The parting from us all will be such a terrible wrench, the more so as it must be weeks, almost months, before we can hope to see her equal to attempting the journey back to England. . . .

The birth of a third son¹ took place at Kensington Palace on the 14th of April, 1874, and Louisa Frazer, writing a few days later, in answer to Mrs. Dalrymple's inquiries, says, "The infant Prince is the finest child you ever saw, finer than either of his brothers, with a quantity of very dark hair, and I fancy a little like the Duke, his father."

Journal.—*Kensington Palace, May 15.*— . . . We dined at 2.30, and I was dressed in my new brown gown by half-past three or so, when Caroline Cust arrived. I waited about with her, Francis, and Greville² in the blue-room, drawing-room, and council-room for the Emperor of Russia,³ who, accompanied by the Grand Duke Alexis⁴ and Alfred came about 5.30—*très amiable*. *May 17.*—At seven o'clock to Chiswick. A dinner of thirteen to meet the Emperor, with whom I afterwards danced a quadrille. We were home before eleven. *May 18.*—I went to Gloucester House to see the table arranged for George's banquet to the Czar. *May 20.*—Started at noon with Francis in barouche for Woolwich, changing horses at Greenwich. We drove over Blackheath, and missing the road to the Artillery Barracks, got wedged in among the crowd of carriages, reaching the mess after all the others had arrived. The Prince Imperial and Christian were my neighbours at luncheon, after which we drove to the Review, I with Alix, Marie,⁵ and Helena. It was a grand sight, quite worthy of *old* England! The *forty*-pounder most imposing! The Artillery went by at a walk, trot, and gallop, and later we saw a delightful charge of cavalry. We all drove from the ground to the station, where the rest got into the special which was waiting for them, and I took leave of the Czar and Alexis and then drove home with Francis.

¹ Prince Alexander Augustus Frederic William Alfred George.

² Colonel Fulke Greville, Equerry to the Duchess of Cambridge.

³ Alexander II.

⁴ Son of the Emperor.

⁵ The Duchess of Edinburgh, now Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, daughter of the Emperor Alexander II. She was married to the Duke of Edinburgh, January 21, 1874.

Cumberland Lodge, June 16.—We reached here last night in time for dinner. . . . At 12.30 we started for Wales's place, Armitage House, and then *en cortège* for the course;¹ I drove with Helena, Arthur, and Christian. It was bitterly cold in the balcony stand, but the racing was good. Had no bets; rather dull. The toilettes were astonishing, and some were very pretty.

Letter to Lady Geraldine Somerset.

Kensington Palace, June 25, 1874.

DEAREST GERALDO,—Thanks ever so many for your kind letter; but now for the further arrangements. You do not tell us whether Mama was *lifted* into the carriage, or got in by *steps* or *platform* (wooden board), all which we must ascertain for the railway authorities here. George suggests Greville's running over to arrange everything *comfortably* for her journey up; but if he is too unwell, please telegraph what is required for getting Mama *into* (and *out*) of railway carriage. I will see to its having a good *broad armchair* seat as first and absolute requirement. Next as to train. A *slow special* is what I should like best, or else an ordinary stopping one, as Mama could not bear the *frightful jolting* of the express. Also, Charing Cross station, which she must come to from Folkestone, is a very public one; but we might try to arrange for her to turn off to Barnes privately, and so avoid all publicity. *There* I will take care to have steps on an inclined platform for her to be helped or carried down, and of course will meet her, George bringing her thus far. Now for the crossing. (Alas! it is blowing fresh.) The *steadiest* Folkestone boat shall be secured, and the Admiralty requested to give orders, that Greville may telegraph for boat as soon as the weather mends. Please answer by telegraph the chief points. Affectionately yours,

MARY ADELAIDE.

Letter to Lady Holland.

Kensington Palace, July 6, 1874.

. . . Despairing of being able to bring you the answer to your *kindest* of letters *de vive voix*, or better said *en personne*, I write a line to say that I trust you will excuse my non-appearance at your party on the 8th, which is the anniversary of my dear Father's death, and I have, therefore, arranged

¹ Ascot.

to spend it at Kew. On the 17th I shall hope to be one of your guests. With regard to dear Mama, I fear I must ask you to defer inviting her to Holland House till later on, when she may possibly feel equal to meeting one or two old friends in your lovely garden. She is better, but still very weak and *angegriffen*. As, however, she regains strength, so she will enjoy the visits of her friends. . . .

Letter to Lady Geraldine Somerset.

Kensington Palace, August 19, 1874.

If you think it will not fidget Mama, I should like to take the chicks down to luncheon at Kew to-morrow, as I, alas! no longer have my *kind* neighbour, the dear little Duchess,¹ to fall back upon; and it would be a great help to the kitchen people to have no luncheon to cook, as they could then get away early. We propose being at Kew by two o'clock. I hope to stay over Friday. How has dear Mama been? My thoughts are perpetually with you all. Tell Mama, with my love, we had a pleasant dinner at Holland House. The Bylandts,² Marian (the peaches and grapes were from Ashridge), Mr. Cheney,³ Count Adlerberg, Count Vanvineux (new Russian and French Secretaries), Wimpffen, and the house party, including la Bülow, Kakoschkin,⁴ and Miss Seymour.⁵ Gertrude Talbot⁶ is to be married to-day in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey. It is a *right* of the Shrewsbury family. Two of her Talbot nieces, Lord Pembroke's youngest sister, and one of the Vesey girls are the bridesmaids. Marian will presently be again in town, and hopes then to see you. Lady Holland stays on another week. I am fearfully busy, but scribble this for Mama's amusement. . . .

Journal.—*Kensington Palace, July 17.*—Louise⁷ called to try a Venetian coiffure on my head, and Freddy brought the fancy dress. We had a grand trying on with Caroline, and when

¹ The Duchess of Inverness died August 1, 1873, in her 84th year, and was buried in the same vault at Kensal Green Cemetery as the Duke of Sussex.

² Count and Countess Bylandt. He was the Netherlands Minister at the Court of St. James's.

³ Mr. Cheney was a great lover of antiquities, and spent much of his time at Rome.

⁴ A Russian Princess.

⁵ Sister of General Sir Francis Seymour.

⁶ Third daughter of the eighteenth Earl of Shrewsbury. She married the thirteenth Earl of Pembroke.

⁷ Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne.

that was over went to Holland House breakfast and heard the Russian women singers. *July 18.*—Alix fetched me in her victoria about one o'clock, and we drove together to Prince's ground to see the *skating* on wheels. Very amusing! *July 21.*—Marian arrived. . . . I again put on the fancy dress, Marian superintending. After she had gone Francis altered and improved, and I had Mrs. Barry in to see me in costume. . . . About five Alix and the boys called for me, and we drove to Kingston House (the Listowels) to see the match at lawn tennis played between Hardwicke and Oliver Montagu. *Most exciting.* Hardwicke won! Dined in haste and was *coifféd*, but not to my satisfaction, and Brand re-did my hair. At ten o'clock we left for Marlborough House, I in my brown satin gown, and Francis in his Vandyke dress, for rehearsal of the quadrilles,—Venetian, Vandyke, and Card. Nearly every one present was *en costume*. After refreshments I went with Alix to her room to arrange her jewels on her dress. *July 22.*—Francis arranged the jewels on my head, and when Régnier arrived he only put the finishing touch to my coiffure, so admirably had Francis done his part. . . . The *tout ensemble* was voted a *great success*, and after showing myself to the establishment, Francis and I left about ten o'clock for Marlborough House, where those who were to take part in the quadrilles assembled in the dining-room. A long delay and then grand polonaise through the rooms! very fine, followed by the quadrilles: (1) *Venetian* (Alix's and mine) and *Vandyke* (Wales's and Francis's); (2) *Card* (Helena's and Louise's); (3) *Fairy tale* (Duchess of Buccleuch's and Arthur's); (4) *Troopers* and *Puritan women* (Lady Folkestone's). The ball was a beautiful sight, and, as a *fête*, *magnificent*! We supped in a splendid monster tent running along the whole front of the house. I danced but little, as I preferred walking and sitting about to see the dresses. Home at five; to bed at six!

Letter to a Friend.

Kensington Palace, August 9, 1875.

. . . My dearest Mother is now, I am thankful to say, fairly well for her, poor darling! We had months and months of terrible anxiety, and the most trying autumn and winter I think I ever spent. . . . The old wonderful power of sleep has returned, and she generally has from eight to nine hours' rest at night. She is carried down to the drawing-room every day about two o'clock, and after her early dinner at

I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.

*H. R. H. The Duchess of Teck,
and Prince Alexander*



three is wheeled into her garden in a delightful chair, and when fine remains out till after seven, sometimes taking a turn in the great gardens, for her chair can either be drawn by hand or a pony. She then goes up to her pretty sitting-room, where she usually spends the evening, though once or twice of late she has had her supper in the dining-room. The first of these occasions was on her birthday, when you may imagine our joy at seeing her once more at the head of her table. We were a party of ten, and yet she remained with us for upwards of an hour. Dear Mama had never dined with us since her return from Germany in June, '74. What she most enjoys is seeing a few friends of an afternoon, and till now she has had daily visitors, but I fear these will soon drop off, as London is rapidly becoming a perfect desert.

I dare say you heard from my cousin Augusta of dear Tante Marie's delightful visit to Mama this spring. The dear old lady, at 79, boldly undertook the journey, and crossed the sea for the sake of her sick sister! and she was rewarded for her devotion and courage, for the good her visit did to my mother is not to be told. It quite roused her, and made her take heart again. Tante Marie arrived from Strelitz on the 19th of April, and stayed on at Kew till the 4th of June. For the first three weeks of her stay I, too, was a guest at Cambridge Cottage, where I had been on a visit ever since Easter, and I can assure you I had my hands full with both the dear old ladies, as Tante Marie was most enterprising—a perfect marvel of activity for her age!—and wanted to see sights and *jouir un peu de Londres*, while poor Mama did not care about being left to herself, and begrudged every hour that she lost of her sister's company. Gussy arrived on the 24th of May and is now at Kew, where she has passed a great deal of her time this summer; but I fear we shall lose her next week, as she talks of going off to her *villegiature* at the Kepp Schloss, a pretty *château* she has taken near Dresden. George started on Monday for Homburg, and although really very well, we are thankful for him to get away, for he has worked harder than ever of late with all the summer campaigning.

And now that you have heard about our dear patient, to whom I of course devote the greater part of my time, I must tell you something of myself and my especial belongings. . . . All last winter, with the exception of a three days' visit in December to old Lady Willoughby, the chicks and I never left the White Lodge, it being within such an easy distance of Kew, and I so much more mistress of my time there than at Kensington Palace. Francis only went away

[illegible]

*H R H. The Dukes of Teck.
and Prince Alexander*



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at intervals to get a little shooting; during the six weeks I spent at Cambridge Cottage this spring he stayed at home to look after the chicks, and we settled in town on the 24th May. I am quite longing to get the children into the country, for the heat has set in in good earnest, and London is becoming unbearable. This is by rights our year for Rumpenheim, but I cannot leave Mama for any length of time, nor do I like to put the sea between us. . . . It is weary, heartachy work to watch the sufferings of one we love, without the power of alleviating them.

My little ones are very flourishing, and great darlings. The boys are said to be as handsome as ever, and No. 3, I think, bids fair to surpass his brothers! He has splendid dark-brown eyes, and is wonderfully like his father, and such a pet! so merry and full of fun and mischief, and *all over* dimples. He is a very large child for sixteen months, but cannot yet run alone. The trio are getting on nicely with their lessons, under the tuition of their daily governesses (each very good in her way), and May and Dolly are really making excellent progress. (Frank is too young to learn very much yet.) May is, I am thankful to say, outgrowing her delicacy, and has greatly improved in looks. She is quick and clever and very musical, and all three promise to be very apt pupils. They understand German, and are getting on well with it, but unluckily the nice Hanoverian governess who has been with them for the last two years fell ill in February, and has had to go to her home for a time to try and pick up her strength; I hope, however, she will be able to return to us by-and-by. The Sunday Scripture lessons are given by "Mama," and a great pleasure to her and the little ones; they really are most attentive, and very ready with their answers to my questions.

On Sunday last we lunched with Wales and Alix, on their way through town from Cowes to Sheffield and Abergeldie, and I thought her lovelier than ever. She is a very great darling, and *I just adore her*. Though I am *quite* in favour of Wales going to India,¹ I grieve for her at the long separation, and wish she could have gone out with him, if only for a part of the time. . . .

Journal.—White Lodge, August 23, Sunday.—After coming back from church, Francis and I put the finishing touch to the rooms, just before the Empress of Austria arrived, in great beauty. We sat in the blue boudoir; the suite, Count

¹ The Prince of Wales started for India on October 11, 1875.

Nopseha and Countess Festetitch, in the drawing-room. The Empress stayed 20 minutes and saw the trio; baby asleep. I thought her very lovely and amiable, but shy.

During the autumn the Duke and Duchess of Teck made their usual round of country-house visits, returning at intervals to White Lodge, which remained their head-quarters up to Christmas-time. In September a few very pleasant days were spent with Lord and Lady Granville at Walmer Castle, where there was a good deal of chaff about the non-arrival of a haunch of venison that Princess Mary had intended to present to her host and hostess, but which did not reach its destination until after the Royal guests had departed. To carry on the fun, and in order that Her Royal Highness should participate in the delicacy, as soon as the missing haunch came to hand, a pie was made and sent on to White Lodge. The incident recalled to Princess Mary the occasion when she played the Queen of Hearts to Lord Granville's Knave in the Extravaganza at Ashridge some eighteen years before, and her letter of thanks affords an example of the Princess's ready wit and keen sense of humour.

White Lodge, September 24, 1875.

MY DEAR LORD GRANVILLE,—Pray do not think me ungrateful for not having ere this thanked you for so kindly sending us a most delicious reminiscence of the *untasted Haunch*! But as the pie did not arrive till a day or so before our departure from Buckhurst, we thought it better *de n'y pas toucher* until our return, and I therefore reserved my thanks till I had had *a finger in it*, and could compliment you and Mr. Bequenot on its skilful concoction and exquisite flavour, savouring of anything but "*Amateur cuisine*"! In short, the pie is a success!—and if the haunch in any way equalled its excellence, it must really have merited the praise so gracefully bestowed upon it.

I enclose a humble imitation of the original far-famed ballad of "Hearts and Tarts," suggested by the advent of the venison pie, and remain ever, my dear Lord Granville, your sincere friend,

MARY ADELAIDE.

P.S.—Key to the better understanding of the allusions in this letter!

FRAGMENTS FROM THE EXTRAVAGANZA OF "HEARTS AND TARTS."

"Spare him the painful indigestion,
Of an uneaten cake!"

"Then join your digits thus,
And kindly try,
Each one to have
Ten fingers in our PIE!!!"

"Nor let a bitter sauce be ever seen
To flavour this, our *Amateur Cuisine*."

[*Enclosure.*]

ORIGINAL STANZA.

The Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day!
The Knave of Hearts,
He stole those tarts,
And took them clean away!

A SEQUEL.

(Suggested by Bequenot's Pie.)

As years went by,
That Knave so sly,
Repented of his deed,
The Queen forgave her naughty
Knave,
With ven'son did him feed!

That skilful man,
At once began
A pasty to prepare,
That should excel
And styled be well
A *Pie beyond compare*.

If *Tarts* I took,
I and my cook,
With *Pie* will make amends!
So spake the Knave,
And forthwith gave
To Bequenot his commands.

The Queen of Hearts
Declared her Tarts,
Were superseded quite,
And ne'er did Pie
So gratify
A royal appetite!

A moral pray
From this my lay
I'd have you take to heart;
With ven'son pie
You may rely
On softening anger'd heart.

Letters to Lady Geraldine Somerset.

Wentworth Woodhouse,¹ November 17, 1875.

. . . We hope to return on Saturday in time to see the dear King² off. This is a *magnificent* place, and the Lawn meet to-day put me somewhat in mind of Badminton, there is just such a grand open expanse in front of the house, and there was a *great gathering*, and a tremendous field! We went out in a barouche and sociable, each driven four-in-hand, and *such* teams! Francis was delighted with his mount (a splendid horse!). To-morrow we go to Sheffield to see some of the works. Mama has, I trust, sent my two volumes on to Strelitz. . . .

Berkeley Castle,³ Gloucestershire, December 2, 1875.

. . . I have to-day heard from the Queen, who requests me to let Mama know that she purposes going to see her on Saturday next, a little after four o'clock, and wishes all my chicks to be there. Please see that there is a fire in the room beyond the large drawing-room for the lady-in-waiting, and keep the chicks *up there* till wanted, in order that they may be *tidy* when sent for. . . . I have written a long letter to Mama, containing an account of the accident,⁴ which of course greatly upset and distressed us all. We did not happily see it, but arrived in time to pick the two poor sufferers up. I was with the Duchess of Manchester when the arm was set (it is broken in two places above the elbow), and never saw greater courage shown. Her gratitude to me for any little service rendered, knows no bounds. She had a good night, but this evening was in great pain, poor thing! We take it by turns to be with her, for she cannot bear being left. We remain here till Monday, and I like place and party. . . .

The Duchess of Cambridge never recovered the use of her left hand, and during the remainder of her life was a confirmed invalid. With a mind so young and active, and all her faculties absolutely unimpaired, the visitation fell upon the Duchess with peculiar severity, yet she submitted

¹ The Earl of Fitzwilliam's place in Yorkshire.

² The King of Hanover.

³ Belonging to Lord Fitz-Hardinge.

⁴ A carriage accident.

bravely, and with true Christian spirit bowed to the Divine will. She was no longer able to occupy her time in embroidering and knitting, and as infirmities increased became more and more dependent upon others, but the great care she received and a strong constitution enabled her to combat successfully for many years the various phases of the distressing malady from which she suffered. In summer Her Royal Highness's chair, a present from the Queen, who was most kind and thoughtful for her aged and stricken relative, was wheeled into the garden, where under the familiar lilac tree the Duchess continued to receive her friends. She displayed the keenest interest in all that was going on in the world, and liked to see old acquaintances, so that in spite of the altered circumstances the little circle at Cambridge Cottage was often a very cheery one. As years passed, and the difficulty of moving from London to Kew became greater, she elected to remain all the year round in her apartments at St. James's Palace.

It would be impossible to over-state the devotion of Princess Mary to her afflicted mother. She went daily to Cambridge Cottage, and later on to St. James's, whither she drove from White Lodge in all weathers. Whatever might be the claims of society or friends, the visit was never postponed, and when away from home even for a short time the Princess wrote each day, chatting to her mother on paper much in the same way as she would have done had they been talking to one another. The children were a never-ending source of joy to their grandmother, who delighted to have them about her. Princess Mary had taught them to sing very prettily together, and the Duchess was particularly fond of a little French song called "Trois Anges." Sometimes they sang "God save the Queen" to her, and a carol was always learnt and rehearsed to sing at St. James's on Christmas Eve. It was touching to see the children on a Sunday afternoon gathered around the invalid's chair, and to hear Grandmama and the little ones sing the hymn "Thy will be done."

Music was a great solace to the Duchess during the long months of weary pain. Signor Licalsi played Italian airs to

her ; and for the last seven years of her life Signor Tosti came almost every evening when in London to sing at St. James's. If, as was sometimes the case, the Duchess's nerves were too unstrung for her to listen to music, Signor Tosti conversed with his Royal patron, and led her to talk to him of the glorious days of Grisi, Mario, and Lablache.

Busy man as he was, the Duke of Cambridge visited his mother every day, and sat with her for an hour or more, often coming a second, and even a third time. Frequently he looked in to say good night after presiding at a public dinner, and before leaving town, always called at St. James's on his way to the station, to bid a last good-bye. The Princess of Wales was most attentive, constantly going over from Marlborough House to sit with the sufferer. The Prince of Wales came and went continually, and whilst on the Continent sent many little tokens of remembrance, bonbons from Paris and violets from the Riviera. He never passed through London without stopping at St. James's, and never returned from abroad without bringing a bouquet of beautiful flowers for his venerable aunt.

The Duchess of Cambridge derived great pleasure from the visit of her nephew the King of Hanover, who, with his family, spent the season of 1876 in England. It was an exceptionally hot summer, and long afternoons were wiled away in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, the blind King sitting beside the Duchess's chair. After the death of His Majesty,¹ Princess Frederica of Hanover stayed some months with her great-aunt, much to the satisfaction of the Duchess, whose favourite niece she was. The Empress Eugénie was often at St. James's, while the Empress of Austria and her son, the Crown Prince Rudolph, did not fail to call upon Her Royal Highness when they were in this country. The Duke of Cambridge brought many military friends to see his mother, and in this way she became acquainted with most of the distinguished Generals of the day.

Among the more regular visitors were Prince and Princess

¹ The King of Hanover died June 12, 1878.

Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Count Beust,¹ Sir Edmund Whitmore,² Sir Beauchamp Walker,³ Count Fortunato, M. and Madame de Bülow, Lady Holland, Lady Cowley, Lady Ebury, Lord William Paulet, and the Marquis of Winchester, who was always regarded by the Duchess as her earliest English acquaintance, because he accompanied the late Duke of Cambridge to Cassel in 1819. Other *habitués* were Sir Charles Wyke, General Sir Martin Dillon,⁴ Sir Charles Murray,⁵ Sir Charles Brownlow,⁶ and Lord Napier of Magdala.

The Duchess was rarely free from pain, but ever patient and appreciative of the attention she received. Writing in 1881 to Mrs. Dalrymple, to express her sympathy during the illness of Lady Napier, Her Royal Highness says—

. . . One word of thanks for your letter with better accounts of your so beloved mother—my excellent friend—may she be spared to you for many years to come, if *without* suffering, but if with pains I cannot wish it, knowing (since *seven* years) how dreadful it is to undergo them—even resigning myself to God's will. Forgive my bad writing, but it is so dark I hardly can see. . . .

Lady Geraldine Somerset tended her Royal mistress devotedly to the end, and was a great comfort to the Duchess in

¹ "When I came to London as Ambassador, . . . I was honoured by a very sympathetic reception from the Duchess [of Cambridge] and her daughters, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and the Duchess of Teck, as well as from the Duke of Cambridge. I always took great pleasure in the conversation of the Duchess of Cambridge, the interest of whose extensive reminiscences was always enhanced by the wit with which she related them. During the latter period of my London mission I could not help admiring this intellectual vivacity in her Royal Highness, who was over eighty years of age" ("Memoirs of Count von Beust," written by himself, vol. ii. p. 312).

² The Duke of Cambridge's Military Secretary.

³ Military *Attaché* at Berlin all through the Prussian and Austrian War, and again during the period of the Franco-Prussian War.

⁴ At one time Aide-de-camp to the Queen, and for five years Assistant Military Secretary to the Duke of Cambridge.

⁵ Second son of the fifth Earl of Dunmore. For some years Master of the Queen's Household, and subsequently employed on various diplomatic missions.

⁶ Aide-de-camp to the Queen, 1869-81, and for many years Assistant Military Secretary at the Horse Guards.

her declining years. Captain Mildmay, who, after the death of the first Duke, became Equerry to the present Duke of Cambridge, and still occupies that position, mentions that, although the Duchess was so great a sufferer, she was always cheerful, and fond of talking of old days. When her dresser died, in 1885, he wrote her a letter of sympathy. She was then 88 years of age, but with her poor weak hand penned the reply: "I am much touched with your sympathetic letter on the death of dear old Freieison. Thank you, dear Mildmay."

Up to the very last year of her life the Duchess of Cambridge was able to give luncheons and to take pleasure in conversing with her guests. She invited a party of *intimes* to dine at St. James's Palace every Christmas Eve, as well as on her birthday and on that of the Duke of Cambridge, often welcoming as many as fourteen friends and relations. After dinner the company went upstairs to the drawing-room, which adjoined the room where the Duchess sat, and in this way she was able to see every one of her guests, two or three going in at a time. The last of these dinners took place on the 26th of March, 1889, the Duke of Cambridge's seventieth birthday.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHANGING YEARS.

1876-1883.

The Empress Eugénie—Princess Mary as a hostess—Friendship for Mr. Disraeli—Letter to Lord Beaconsfield—Post Office Volunteers—The Duke of Teck's kind heart—Illness of Prince Adolphus—Letter to Princess Christian—Engagement of the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz—Mr. Disraeli takes his seat as Lord Beaconsfield—Princess Mary's views on the bringing up of children—Her charity work increases—Death of Owen—Prince Adolphus's ninth birthday—Letter and present from Lord Beaconsfield—Letters to the Duke of Teck from Homburg and Rumpenheim—The King and Queen of the Belgians—Princess Mary champions the cause of Mario—"Peace with Honour"—The young Princes at Hopetoun—Death of Princess Alice—Brand dies—Marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught—Death of the Prince Imperial—Ascot from Cumberland Lodge—Visits to Ragley and Hopetoun—Death of Lord Beaconsfield—First visit to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught—Lord Hopetoun's coming of age—Alphabetical rhyme composed by Princess Mary—Attempt on the Queen's life—Visit to Sandringham—The Duke of Albany's marriage—A Bradlaugh episode—Departure of the Duke of Teck for Egypt—Cetywayo at Holland House—State Opening of the Law Courts—Death of Frazer—Good-bye to Kensington Palace.

DURING the season of 1876, Princess Mary saw much of the Queen of Greece, who was then staying in London, and "taking leave of dear Olga" at Lady Carrington's ball is mentioned with feelings of evident regret. The Journal for this period also notes several meetings between the Duchess of Teck and the Empress Eugénie. In company with Her Royal Highness the Empress and her son went to see the Prince of Wales's Indian presents when they were being exhibited at South Kensington, the Prince himself acting

as cicerone; and, escorted by the Prince Imperial and Lord Sydney, Princess Mary made her appearance at Ascot, having come down from London by train. Mention is made of two *fêtes* in the beautiful gardens at Holland House—one “a pretty party” to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales, the other, “*grande réunion cosmopolitaine*”—and also of an *al-fresco* dinner-party at Chiswick. “I called for Quin,” the Princess writes, “and drove down with him to Chiswick, where, after seeing the flower garden, we dined at eight o’clock, a party of thirty-one, in a tent, and sat out under the trees till 11.30, listening to the Hungarian Band.”

No Royal or distinguished personage came to London without paying a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and many a pleasant gathering took place in the apartments at Kensington Palace, where Princess Mary dispensed the same hospitality as her mother had done at St. James’s and Cambridge Cottage. The Duchess’s great charm of manner, vivacity, and brilliant powers of conversation made her a most attractive hostess, while the knowledge she displayed in matters of state and the social questions of the day caused the historical Council-room to be a favourite *rendezvous* for statesmen and other notable men.

It always gave Her Royal Highness great pleasure to meet Mr. Disraeli. She admired his Imperialism, and had the greatest confidence in his judgment, and she felt that, whatever the issue before the country might be, the honour of England was safe in his hands. The great statesman also liked to converse with Princess Mary, but while appreciating her grasp of political problems, when it came to disclosing cabinet secrets he was not to be charmed into making admissions or telling tales out of school. One evening at dinner, during a crisis in foreign affairs, Princess Mary, who was puzzled at the inaction of the Government, turned to him and said, “What are we waiting for, Mr. Disraeli?” The Prime Minister paused for a moment to take up the *ménu*, and looking at the Princess gravely replied, “Mutton and potatoes, ma’am.”

When Mr. Disraeli was raised to the Peerage, Princess Mary sent him the following letter of congratulation :—

White Lodge, August 12, 1876.

MY DEAR LORD BEACONSFIELD,—How well you kept your secret ! But you must at least let me be among the first to congratulate you on this new mark of Her Majesty's gracious favour, and to tell you how much I rejoice at the acknowledgment thus paid to the faithful services you have rendered to your Queen and country.

The "beacon" will henceforth brighten a new and very different "field"! in which I earnestly trust it may long shine with undiminished lustre; and though I cannot but feel a pang at heart at the loss the Conservative cause must sustain by your withdrawal from its leadership in the House of Commons, I am truly glad for your sake that your labours will in future be thus lightened. Believe me, my dear Lord, your sincere friend and *well wisher*,

MARY ADELAIDE.

Princess Mary was always ready to render assistance to the Volunteer movement, which had been so warmly espoused by her husband, and at the close of the Wimbledon Meeting in August, gave away the prizes to the successful competitors. Not long afterwards the Duke of Teck was gazetted Honorary Colonel of the Post Office Volunteers, and for several years invariably appeared in the uniform of the regiment at *levées* and on other public occasions. He took a personal interest in everything connected with his new command, regularly attending the officers' mess,¹ and frequently joining the battalion in camp at Aldershot. The Duke made a point of being present at the annual inspection, held in Hyde Park on the Queen's birthday, when the Princess often accompanied him. Sometimes she paid a visit to her husband's volunteers during their training, and, unless absent from England, or prevented by an engagement which could not be set aside, always gave away the prizes at the Guildhall, and on these occasions it was the custom of the Lord Mayor to entertain the Duke and Duchess of Teck at the Mansion House.

¹ At Limmer's Hotel.

His keenness for soldiering, and the courtesy and consideration with which he treated every one in the regiment, made the Duke popular with all ranks. An incident which happened at Aldershot, illustrating his kindly nature, should not pass unnoticed. When returning from camp after mess one night he heard a cry for help, and, hurrying to the spot, found that two carts had come into collision, and that one of the drivers was badly hurt. He at once sent for a doctor, and, pending his arrival, did all he could to alleviate the sufferings of the injured man.

This is no isolated instance of the Duke's goodness of heart. He was always the same generous, chivalrous gentleman. "I remember," writes a lady, "being told by a German concert-singer, a plain dowdy woman, who was often invited to sing at great houses and not much noticed by the fine folk, that the Duke of Teck invariably addressed kind words to her, and tried to make her feel less forlorn." One very cold Christmas the Duke, who was busy driving to and from Kensington getting his presents, noticed an old woman, selling apples and nuts, sitting at the gates leading to the Palace. It distressed him to think that she should be exposed to such inclement weather from morning till night, trying to get rid of her little store, and after he had driven home on Christmas Eve he rushed out again immediately, and making his way to the stall, bought up all the apples and nuts, at the same time giving the delighted dame a handsome donation, and bade her go home and enjoy herself.

Letter to the Earl of Beaconsfield.

St. James's Palace, November 18, 1876.

MY DEAR LORD BEACONSFIELD,—I returned from the continent on Monday last, having travelled in hot haste, recalled by most anxious accounts of my dear Mother, who, however, thank God, I found better, as the slight attack of pleurisy, which had so alarmed the doctors, had subsided. Alas! she is still most deplorably weak, but to-day more like herself than I have yet seen her. As I wish to be on the spot, I am staying at St. James's, where I should very much like a visit

from you, provided you have a minute to spare, to-morrow afternoon, any time you may like to name. I had a great mind to call upon you, but feared you might be too busy to admit; although I long to have a word with you! I have been living amongst Russians, but am as *correct* as you can desire. Hoping for a line in reply, ever, my dear Lord Beaconsfield, your sincere friend,

MARY ADELAIDE.

The sad affliction which had fallen upon her beloved parent grieved Princess Mary beyond measure, but, "Thank God," she writes, in a letter alluding to this great trouble, "I have had scarcely any anxiety on the score of the dear children, my rays of light in many a dark hour." When, however, it was least expected, a cloud appeared on the horizon of her domestic happiness, and her mother's heart was filled with sorrow and despair. Soon after the return of the family from abroad, early in November, her eldest boy was laid low with the same dread fever, which but a few years before had so nearly proved fatal in the case of the Prince of Wales.

Journal.—*White Lodge, November 29.*— . . . Jenner pronounced the attack to be *typhoid* fever . . . poor Francis heartbroken. At 10.30 to my room, changed my dress, and then to Dolly to take my share of night work. Wrote journal between feeding whiles; had Wadd¹ up once to give the amount of brandy, and wrote on at intervals till 4.30, when Girdie relieved me. I went to bed after five. *November 30.*— . . . At four o'clock to St. James's with Francis, and found the Queen and Beatrice at tea in Mama's room. Her Majesty *so dear and kind.* . . . Home by nine. My poor darling *looked* worse. I felt wretchedly low.

December 2.—Jenner arrived at 8.30, and to my horror seemed to find dear Dolly much worse; after distressing and alarming me, and ordering a bath, he hurried off without leaving a clue to his whereabouts. The child certainly looked terribly ill. . . . Yaddy Spencer and Gussy arrived. I did not move till I had to go to luncheon. Duncan returned at three, and Wadd departed at eight. I wrote to Gull, and

¹ Drs. Duncan and Wadd of Richmond attended Princess Mary and her family when at White Lodge.

dear Gussy hurried off to hunt him up; then I went back to Dolly, who had rallied somewhat. . . . At six o'clock beloved Gull came and reassured us. He stayed a good hour, and after a parting word with him I arranged about the chicks' removal to Kensington, and then to nursery to see Baby put to bed. . . . I remained with Dolly till 12.30, by which time he had quite rallied. . . .

December 3.—Sunday.— . . . After luncheon I had a Scripture reading of the Psalms, Lessons, Epistle and Gospel with the chicks. At five to Dolly, who was a trifle better and appeared more like himself. With a sad and heavy heart I saw Francis and the children depart for Kensington Palace; it is hard in dark days such as these to be deprived of one's brightest sunshine. . . . *December 4.*— . . . At twelve I went to Dolly for the night with Lucy,¹ and settled down to my writing while Lucy dozed. The patient slept quietly till two o'clock, when we roused and fed him. . . . It was near seven when we called Girdie, and I had some tea and hurried off to bed for two hours.

December 5.—Down by 10.45, and awaited with Caroline the arrival of the dear, kind Queen, who with Beatrice, the Duchess of Roxburgh, and two equerries, came in a down-pour soon after twelve. She was *all* kindness and sympathy. We sat in my blue room, then the Queen went up to poor Dolly, spoke to Duncan and Wadd, inspected my own rooms upstairs and Francis's room, and had another chat before leaving. . . . Left my darling asleep looking quite natural. . . .

December 6.— . . . At 3.30 Gull came and cheered us; the patient *less prostrate* than at his former visit. Thank God! I drove to St. James's and found the children there. Had tea with them and Gussy. Then to Mama, most soft and dear and sympathising. After dinner I saw Wadd and Burfield² settled for their night watch in the sick-room, and left Dolly quietly sleeping. *December 7.*—Night quiet, less prostration. . . . We are getting on to the 21st day, supposing that to be the turning-point, and yet I scarcely dare look hopefully forward, so terrified am I at possibly exaggerating the improvement in our precious child. . . . But if his life is really spared to us, can we ever be grateful enough to our all merciful God and Father—a life devoted to His service could not repay what He has done for us. I can only pray that He will henceforth teach me how best to serve and please Him.

¹ Nurserymaid.

² Housekeeper at White Lodge.

December 11.—Wonderful change this morning after a quiet night. In short, the 21st day has come and the fever seems really to be departing. This is indeed *joyful* news. *God be thanked* for it. Sir William Gull and the other doctors arrived. I went with them to the patient, then waited about to hear the report. It was—"Fever gone, only great weakness left to battle with." The reaction had been almost too sudden. . . . Gull stayed an age, seeing Dolly fed and consulting with the other doctors. My darling looked, oh! so wasted, and was unconscious. . . . *December 13.*—A good night; the doctors were pleased with the improvement. Chicks arrived from Kensington in great force. Walked with May and Caroline and Baby in his perambulator, while Francis took Franky for a ride as far as Ham cross-roads. Day frosty, sunny, and beautiful. At seven I went to Dolly, who was sleeping, and found Duncan there; he was quite satisfied, and said, "The child is getting into smooth water." That night I sat up with Bushnell¹ to watch. . . . *December 15.*—The dear patient had a quiet night, and lisped "Yes" when Duncan asked whether he would like to see sister May. He seemed to recognise Girdie, and patted her face. Thank God for his returning consciousness.

December 19.—Dolly greeted me with "Good morning, Mama." He had had a good night, and was lying on the sofa, very cheery. . . . I drove to Kensington with Caroline and Brand; assisted at Baby's dinner, and after spending two hours and a half there, went to Gloucester House, where George joined us; then to St. James's, and found Beust with Mama. . . . To bed at twelve, dead tired. *December 23.*—I took my work to Dolly's room. He was half sitting up in bed, and looking charming, after a really good night. Soon afterwards Gussy and the two chicks arrived; all three saw the invalid—such a happy meeting!

*Extracts from Letters to Princess Christian of
Schleswig-Holstein.*

White Lodge, December, 1876.

DEAREST, DEAR HELENA,—Do not be angry with me for not having sooner thanked you, as I now do lovingly and with all my heart, for your warm and tender sympathy in our terrible anxiety and agonising suspense, as well as for the fond good wishes on the return of my birthday, which God knows were never more needed than just at that particular

¹ Maid to Lady Caroline Cust.

moment, when the cruel fever had set in in all its intensity. I seem to have lived a *whole lifetime* in these last three anxious weeks, and can scarcely yet realise all that I have gone through.

The illness of our darling boy began with a slight headache on November 20, and he became so feverish that we sent for the doctor, who next day pronounced one lung to be slightly congested. . . . In the absence of Sir William Gull, who was at Blenheim, we sent for Sir William Jenner, who came in the evening, and at once told us that the probabilities were the attack would prove typhoid—an opinion which, alas! the sequel only too fully confirmed. . . . Had it not been for his good constitution and the unremitting care and attention with which he was watched and skilfully tended, we must have lost our precious child. . . . But oh! it was cruelly anxious work, thus watching and waiting, and my heart trembled, and I scarcely dared look hopefully forward; and full of fear, such as none but a mother's heart can know, was I, albeit I implicitly trusted in God's mercy. . . .

White Lodge, January 2, 1877.

. . . During the last ten days Dolly has made such sure and steady progress, that he is really far advanced on the road to recovery. . . . On the 23rd he was first allowed to see his sister and brother again, and yesterday he had his first meeting with Baby, his especial pet. . . . I really cannot say enough in praise of the doctors, who regularly *nursed* our poor child; for four weeks Dr. Wadd slept in the house, and Dr. Duncan used to come twice and sometimes three times a day. Dear Girdie's devotion knew no bounds, and she kept up well in spite of all her nursing and sitting up, to say nothing of her anxiety of mind. . . .

Letter to a Friend.

White Lodge, January 27, 1877.

. . . We had a Christmas-tree for the banished chicks, in the steward's room at Kensington Palace, in the afternoon of Christmas Eve, to which George and Augusta came, and we elders afterwards dined at Gloucester House and finished the evening at St. James's, where Mama gave her presents and received ours.

Did you see in the papers the announcement of the engagement of my nephew Adolphus to the eldest daughter of the Duke of Anhalt? Though it gave us all very great pleasure, we were completely taken by surprise. It appears

that he saw the young lady at Munich about this time last year, on his way to Italy, and rather fancied her; but he only followed up the acquaintance in December last, when he paid my cousins (Mimi and Hilda) of Anhalt a visit at Dessau, where, on the 29th, he proposed and was accepted. I saw Princess Elizabeth of Anhalt at the Vienna Exhibition in '73, when she was only sixteen, and sweetly pretty; we are told she has even improved in looks since then, and is, besides, a very nice girl, and Doppus very much in love! On dear Tante Marie's account, I feel especially rejoiced at this marriage, because, coming as it does after so much sorrow,¹ it will rouse the dear old lady, and give her a new interest in life. Only think of her appearing *en grande toilette* at the *Neujahrscours*, and doing the honours on the 1st, in my sister's absence, and being at the grand banquet of 80 people, on the 21st, to *fêter* her 82nd birthday! She is a living wonder!

Journal.—Kensington Palace, February 8.— . . . I drove to the Horse Guards to see the Queen's Procession to open Parliament, and later on went with Caroline to the House of Lords, where I heard Grey² move and Lord Haddington second the Address; the former very good, but rather too *free and easy*! After Dizzy had taken his seat—I, alas! only saw his second *entrée* in plain clothes—when he was much cheered, Lord Salisbury came in and was also cheered. Then I heard Granville, who was weak and bitter. Derby, good but dry, very statesman-like, however. Argyll . . . preaching revolt in Turkey. Beaconsfield admirable! setting down Argyll and making him ridiculous. Cardwell and Salisbury perfect. The debate lasted till 8.45, when I dropped Caroline and drove home to dinner.

*February 20.—*At five o'clock I called for Louise at Miss Holland's and drove with her to the House of Lords. The Duke of Argyll was speaking, more calmly than on the last occasion, on the Eastern question. Lord Derby answered him very well, touching upon Russian kindling of and participation in the Servian revolt. The Duke of Westminster defended the so-called *Conference* at St. James's Hall. It was past eight, and we, alas! left, to dine with Louise and Lorne, thus losing the splendid after-dinner debate, and Lord Salisbury's and Beaconsfield's fine speeches. I drove back to

¹ The Dowager Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz had recently lost her son, Prince George of Mecklenburg, and her brother, Prince Frederick of Hesse.

² Earl Grey.

Kensington with Louise and Lorne (she having declined Lady Granville's kind proposal to take *pot-luck* with her, to my despair!).

In the bringing up of children the Duchess of Teck did not agree with delegating to nurses and governesses a mother's duties and responsibilities. She was often in and out of the nursery, accompanied her little ones in their walks, joined in their games, sat down with them at their meals, and made a rule of having them with her as much as possible. As they grew older she exercised the same care and personal supervision with regard to their education. A few extracts from the Journal during a week in the spring of 1877 show how much of the Princess's time was passed with her children.

Sunday.—At five o'clock I had May down and read the Psalms and the Lessons to her. Afterwards I gave the children their Scripture reading. *Monday*.—Francis and I joined the chicks at their lunch. . . . Wales's children came in the afternoon, and I went up to the nursery to keep them in order. *Wednesday*.—Heard May her dates and Franky his French reading before lunch, and finally went to the school-room to assist at a grand wedding of the dolls. Tea in the nursery and played at geographical Lotto. Dear old Frazer, who had arrived in her rooms, came to see us. She looked very ill. . . . *Saturday*.—Assisted at chicks' music lesson, and then drove, with May, Baby, and Girdie, to Coombe, where we got out and picked primroses. Frank met us there on horseback.

The Princess was always glad that her children should enjoy themselves to their hearts' content, but at the same time she was careful to avoid any interference with their studies. Thus, in replying to an invitation from Lady Hope-toun, she writes—

. . . Much as I should like to comply with your very kind request, I fear it is impossible for me to send the children to you to-morrow, as they have been out to children's parties two days running this week, and I fear too much dissipation will have a bad effect upon the lessons. Trusting you will forgive and understand my scruples. . . .

H.S.H. PRINCE ADOLPHUS OF TECK AT THE AGE OF 4.

From a portrait by Koberstein.

Mrs. Dalrymple recalls many long and serious conversations with Princess Mary on the same subject. "I remember," she says, "her deep concern during a slight illness of Princess May's, lest she should grow up delicate, and the Duchess's firm resolve that her daughter's childhood should be absolutely free from gaieties and excitement. 'A child has quite enough to do, Ellinor,' said the Princess, 'to learn obedience, and attend to her lessons, and to *grow*, without many parties and late hours, which take the freshness of childhood away, and the brightness and beauty from girlhood—and then children become intolerable. There are too many grown-up children in the present day.'"

Princess Mary was anxious that her children should thoroughly understand the Bible, and when they were at Kensington Mr. Bullock, chaplain at the Palace, and later Mr. Carr-Glyn, the Vicar of Kensington,¹ used to give them Scripture lessons. Mr. Carr-Glyn came twice a week, at ten o'clock, when the Princess, who was always present herself, assembled her little family in the boudoir or school-room. At the close of the lesson she often went through her charity appeals with the Vicar, asking his opinion and begging him to make inquiries into the circumstances of doubtful cases. In order that the children might more fully realise the needs of others, the Princess asked the Vicar to take them with him to visit the poor in their own homes. On one of these expeditions, Her Royal Highness sent a dinner to a destitute family, and gave instructions that the children were to stop and see the poor people eat it, showing at once her practical mind and her goodness of heart. The Duchess took the deepest interest in Kensington, and generally attended the parish church once a month, when it was her custom to receive the Sacrament.²

As time went on the Princess's charity work increased. "I have spent all the morning," she notes, "looking through my drawers and putting straight polling and charity papers,

¹ Now Bishop of Peterborough.

² The residents at Kensington Palace are expected to attend Divine Service at the private chapel attached to the Palace, a custom which Princess Mary always observed.

working hard from four till 8.30. . . . After dinner I sat in the blue-room again, sorting charity papers till past midnight."

On all sides the presence and patronage of the Duchess of Teck were eagerly sought after, and in the course of a few days she contrived, notwithstanding many social engagements, to find time to lay a foundation-stone, open two flower-shows, arranged by working men in different parts of the metropolis, and assist at a function in aid of an Orphan Asylum. On each of these occasions she said a few words of sympathy and encouragement, and her heartiness of manner made it apparent that if the duties were nominal, her interest in the cause was real and her pleasure sincere. The Journal for this year contains many entries of a similar kind, and succeeding one another quickly are the following notes—

Francis and I started in the open shelburne with Libbet, and, picking up Greville at St. James's, drove through the heart of the City to Shadwell in the East End, by the Docks, where I was to open a children's Hospital. The Enfields and all the promoters of the charity received us, and conducted me through a girls' ward, and a boys' ditto, already full! The proceedings began with a prayer by the Bishop of London. . . .

. . . With Lady Gomm to the Royal Cambridge Asylum, where I saw the Matron, and went systematically over the greater part of the building, afterwards visiting between thirty and forty of the widows.

Assisted at the Royal Cambridge Asylum Meeting, Francis in the chair.

Princess Mary was much concerned at the death of Owen, who for so many years occupied the position of steward at Cambridge Cottage. He had been her partner in many a childish escapade, and had proved himself a faithful and devoted servant to the Duchess of Cambridge. When the Princess paid her last visit to the sick-chamber, she stooped over the bed and, with tears in her eyes, kissed the forehead of the dying man, saying gently, "Good-bye, Owen."

Journal.—*White Lodge, April 22.*—Saw dear Owen, who was very bad. *April 26.*—Went to see poor Owen who was lying in his bed asleep; his sister, Mrs. Brand, had just

arrived and was with him. It was the last time I saw the dear old man *alive*. I left Brandie¹ there. *April 28.*—Brand telegraphed to me her dear uncle's death. He died at seven that morning. The end was quite peaceful. He is at rest. . . . Drove up to town, and dropped flowers for hospital at Caroline's; found Mama much upset, as was natural, but not more suffering. I went with Barnett to see poor dear Owen. He was little changed, and wore a placid look. Peace be with him.

Letter from the Earl of Beaconsfield to Prince Adolphus of Teck.

2, Whitehall Gardens, August 18, 1877.

MY DEAR LITTLE PRINCE,—As this is your birthday, I send you a knife, because, at your age, that was the kind of thing I liked to have. When you are a man, I will send you a sword. Your Friend,

BEACONSFIELD.

Letter from Princess Mary to the Earl of Beaconsfield.

Kensington Palace, August 17, 1877.

MY DEAR LORD BEACONSFIELD,—Many thanks for your most kind thought of us and very acceptable *envoi* of grouse. I must also tell you what pleasure your charming present gave our boy, and how proud he is to possess so beautiful a knife and to have so delightful a keepsake from you. He is writing to you himself, but I cannot resist expressing a mother's gratitude for your kindness and most charming letter, which Dolly will always treasure. We start, D.V., on Monday next for Homburg, and shall remain abroad about six weeks. Hoping you will get a little rest, and that *our wishes* may continue to be *realised*, I remain, my dear Lord Beaconsfield, ever your sincere Friend,

MARY ADELAIDE.

Letter from Prince Adolphus of Teck to the Earl of Beaconsfield.

Kensington Palace, August 17, 1877.

DEAR LORD BEACONSFIELD,—I thank you very much for the beautiful knife you sent me, as well as for your nice

¹ Princess Mary's dresser, Brand.

letter. It was very kind of you to remember my birthday. I only wish I could be sure of keeping the knife *ever* as a remembrance of you.

You are very good to promise me a sword when I am a man, and I can promise you in return I will try not to disgrace the giver; but use it like a true Briton! Please to accept the enclosed, and believe me, dear Lord Beaconsfield, ever your grateful little friend,

ADOLPHUS OF TECK.

Acting upon the advice of her physicians, Princess Mary proceeded to Homburg in August, where she was the guest of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and the Duke of Teck went on a visit to the Duchess of Hamilton at Baden, and later on to his cousin, Princess Catherine¹ of Wurtemberg, at her villa on the Lake of Constance. The following letters to her husband give an account of Her Royal Highness's life at the *Bad*.

Letters to the Duke of Teck.

Villa Rosslyn, Homburg, September 1, 1877.

. . . Our drive to the Saalburg was most enjoyable. From the Tyrolese-looking *Wirtschaft*, we had a beautiful view over the plain, with Frankfort in the distance; the remains of the Roman Fort, which we explored, are disappointing, inasmuch as they have within the last few years been in a measure restored, to prevent their crumbling quite away. Very curious indeed are the bottles, or urns, containing the ashes of the Roman soldiers, and the small lamps and tear-bottles which have been excavated and are now arranged in a little mortuary Chapel on the opposite side of the road to the fort, which dates from 11 B.C. We drove back by *König Wilhelm's Weg* (from which one has a splendid view of picturesque Homburg) under the Marmorstein, a fine quartz block of rock, and through the *grossen Tannenwald*, where the trees grow so thickly that it is quite dark and cool, for the sun's rays cannot penetrate. We passed the Gothic *Jagd-Haus* and the gardens and got home by 6.30. At our dinner at the Kur-Saal we numbered eleven: Lady Ventry, Elizabeth

¹ Sister of the late King and mother of the present King of Wurtemberg.

Arthur,¹ the Hennikers,² Manchester³ and son, Dr. Stephens, and Greville, with ourselves making up the party. As the evening was rather chilly I took a turn through the rooms and watched the *Teetotum* game.

Thursday, on my Brunnen walk I was escorted by his Grace and Mr. Smith. It was great fun watching the crowd of drinkers and *promeneurs* being photographed *en masse*, on the steps leading down from the covered walk to the "Elizabeth." General Sir Charles Straubenzee presented to me his pretty *protégée* from Malta and her brother, a Count and Countess Messina, of Calabrian origin. . . . The young lady, in the prettiest manner possible, handed me a basket of roses and tuberose. After breakfast I wrote hard and saw Dietz, who is satisfied that the *Kur* is doing me good and wants me to persevere for four weeks. . . .

On Friday I was at the springs by 7.30, in time for the choral, and was rewarded by hearing our hymn "Nearer, my God, to Thee" most beautifully and thrillingly played. . . . I bought a blue stone heart for May, and after luncheon walked with Heyden⁴ and Greville to the Ludwig and tennis-ground, where I sat for a bit with Lady Ventry, and then we four drove up to the felt-hat manufactory, and saw the process by which the hats are made. Thence on to the Schloss, which we went over. . . . Aunt Elizabeth's⁵ apartments are inhabited by Vicky when here, her little Charlotte having my poor Aunt's bedroom, dressing-room, and boudoir. In these apartments I found numberless English souvenirs. All the prints, miniatures, furniture *à la* Ludwigsburg, inlaid with china plaques and old china (*entre autres* Crown Derby of untold value, and tea and coffee cups like those we had at Kew), were brought to Homburg from Meissenburg, a small Schloss in *Homburgischen*. . . . Home, and dressed in hot haste for a dinner of fourteen at the Kur-Saal. The Duke and Sir James Hannen,⁶ who was most agreeable, and, alas! left yesterday, were my neighbours. Afterwards we sat out till ten o'clock.

¹ Lady Elizabeth Arthur.

² The Dowager Lady Henniker and her daughters, the Honble. Mary and the Honble. Helen Henniker.

³ The Duke of Manchester.

⁴ Fräulein Heyden.

⁵ The late Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg.

⁶ President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Courts of Justice.

September 4.

I have just received your first dear letter, for which a thousand thanks. I am so glad you are enjoying Baden. . . . We started, eight in number, in two carriages for Nauheim, to visit poor dear Wenckstern. Heyden, Winslow,¹ and Dr. Stephens drove with me, while Fritz took the Hennikers and Greville. The day was perfect, a cool breeze tempering the heat of the sun. Our road took us through Friederichsdorf, a little town founded by French Protestants in 1687, and Friedberg, a very old and picturesque town, with a large ancient Schloss, in which the late Grand Duke used to spend a great part of the summer. Friedberg's prosperity as a town was at its height in 1400; its chief street, through which we drove, is quite as wide in parts as the Zeil, and abounds in quaint old houses. Nauheim is barely a quarter of an hour's drive from Friedberg, and on our way we passed under the salt works, or, as they are called, "buildings for graduation," through which the salt springs filter. *En route* some *real* gipsies begged of us.

Wenckstern was on the promenade looking out for us, and directed us to drive to the Kur-Saal, which, with its very fine lofty rooms and terrace sloping down to the grounds below, and by its commanding position, we all decided, puts the Homburg one in the shade. After looking at the rooms, Wenckstern, who is certainly better and *overjoyed* at our visit, took us down through the grounds (the flower-beds just below the terrace are quite beautiful!) to the fountains which supply the baths. One fountain is of a creamy white, the other orange-coloured from the iron it contains. We inspected the very nice baths, which are in a long handsome building, and opposite are two houses, inhabited by the Doctors. Thence we walked on to the Trink-Brunnen, which are some little way off. It was rather warm, and Wenckstern insisted on our driving back to the Kur-Saal in a charming basket-carriage drawn by two ponies. At four we dined in a large room *à nous*, and very merry we were. We had coffee out on the terrace, and watched the few remaining *Kur Gäste* pace up and down. Amongst these I was shown a Princesse Biron, *née* Metgchersky, who was with us at Ischl in 1851, and to whom the Archduke William was very devoted; she is now an old, old woman. . . . We drove back the same way, passing the gipsies, and reached home by nine o'clock, tired out. . . .

Sunday morning I was at the Brunnen by 7.30. I walked

¹ Equerry to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

chiefly with Lady ——, who told me that her sister had just been married (in the *Registry Office*, not by the Church; that Lady —— said would have been sacrilege) to Major ——; and in a distraction drank *four* glasses, without, however, doing myself any harm. As I was returning from church I met Villebois, the dear old squire, who had arrived the night before from Ems. . . . We wandered about the promenade, and by the little lake with the swan. The whole town was *beflagged* in honour of the anniversary of the Sedan, so I carefully avoided the streets. . . . The Dunmores, Cadogans, Lady Ventry, Mr. Coulson, Hennikers, Dr. Stephens, Mr. Gibbs, and Greville dined with us. Lord Cadogan and Stephens, with whom Heyden rather flirted, sat by me. On the perron after dinner I took leave of Lady Kinnoull, Elizabeth Arthur, and niece Blanche Moncrieffe,¹ who were all off to Switzerland by the early train next morning. Monday we had nothing but adieus at the "Elizabeth," and I spent a fortune in roses, to *bunch* my departing friends. . . . Countess Bernstorff and her daughter left yesterday.

On my return home I had a visit from Fraser,² and later on went with Brand to the hat shop, where I bought some hats for myself and May and found the Hennikers and Dr. Stephens, the former trying on, as the latter wished to present each of them with a hat. . . . To my extreme relief Dietz strongly advocated my finishing my cure at Rumpenheim, as Homburg is getting too cold for early drinking at the springs. I have therefore settled to go there on Friday morning. . . . I leave with *real regret*, and the hope of returning earlier, D.V., next year, and the firm resolve to go on with the cure at Rumpenheim, where I hope you will by-and-by join me. . . . I drove to the Kur-Saal, to dine with Mr. Villebois, a party of thirteen. He had collected to meet us, the Huddlestons,³ Fitzroys, Fraser, Greville, Winslow, and the Hennikers (the dear old lady's first *sortie*!), and very *merry* we were, consuming any number of *Vielliebchens*. Now I really must end. With fondest love . . .

MARY ADELAIDE.

Rumpenheim, September 13, 1877.

. . . Many loving grateful thanks for your most welcome and charming letter from Seefeld. I cannot tell you how

¹ Fifth daughter of Sir Thomas Moncrieffe; she married Mr. Charles Murray in 1878.

² Colonel, afterwards General Keith Fraser.

³ Baron and Lady Diana Huddleston.

glad I am to find you are so happy there, and that the life so perfectly suits you. . . . Every word of your delightful volume interested me beyond measure, and I have read and re-read it over and over again. . . . My brother-in-law, Louise (Droning), and Thyra, alas! left us on the 11th, and next day Adelheid; but Freddy and Louisa of Denmark¹ and their two eldest boys arrived the same day to enliven us a little—dear nice little fellows, the eldest with a great look of Eddy.²

And now to the past; I left off at Villebois's dinner to us at Homburg, after which I accepted the *Kur-Direktor's* attention and went up into his box over the large saloon to hear the last part of the concert. A famous French violinist, Sauret, played quite beautifully. He is a wonderful *protégé* of *la Usedom's*. On Wednesday it was very damp and rainy at the Brunnen, but the excitement over the *Vielliebchens*, of which I succeeded in winning *three*, kept us warm and cheery. Fraser gave us breakfast in the cow-shed, but under cover of *einer Laube*. . . . After luncheon who should call but the Duchess of Manchester and her son. She paid me quite a long visit, and was most communicative and full of gossip, and gave us a pressing invitation to Kimbolton. She certainly has energy beyond description, for she intended to remain in Frankfort until Friday night and on the Monday following was to be Christopher Sykes's guest for Doncaster races! I thought her looking very much better. . . . In spite of the wet fog on Thursday I was at the Springs by 7.30, walked a good deal, as it felt very chilly. After breakfast I wrote hard; was interrupted by —, who insisted upon reading me some verses he had written the year before on Miss —! . . .

On Friday morning, *laden* with lovely bouquets of roses and baskets, I drove in a downpour to the station, where Mary,³ Greville, and Villebois and more bouquets awaited me. Consul Kuchen handed us into the carriage at Frankfort and brought me my messenger packet; it was fortunate we were only three in the carriage, as the fourth seat was a mass of flowers, and people must have thought I was a *fêtée prima donna* returning from a brilliant *benefit*! Dear Uncle George received us. . . . I then installed myself *chez moi*, arranged my flowers, and, Brand having arrived, helped her to unpack. We numbered twenty-four at dinner, at which I wore my

¹ Daughter of King Carl XV. of Sweden and Norway, and wife of Prince Frederick, eldest son of the King of Denmark.

² Prince Albert Victor of Wales, afterwards Duke of Clarence.

³ The Honble. Mary Henniker.

black and straw gown and sat next Fritz of Hesse and Boddien. Mary Henniker, whom I presented to all at the *Geburstag Chocolate*,¹ and who was asked to stay dinner, came to my rooms afterwards, and poured out all her gratitude. . . . On Monday (10th) Hermann Weimar came to lunch and we took him about the garden; he was much amused at the interest we all exhibited in a family of poor, wretched, *verwilderte* outcasts from the Odenwald. They had encamped in the open field opposite the iron gate of the *Platanen Allee*, and, the husband having been taken up two days previously for stealing wood in the Tannenwald, they were packed off by the *Bürge-meister* and expedited in their miserable gipsy cart to the frontier, not however before they had been well provided with provisions and money. It was quite an exciting little incident!

The next day after breakfast we all went to the *Gruft*; on the left of the door, as one goes in, stands dear Uncle Fritz's coffin, covered with wreaths and large Hessian and Nassau bows. I blessed his dear memory and thanked him fervently for having remembered me and mine. Then I went to the deliciously pretty palm-house to see the marble tablet put up by the three old sisters. . . .

September 17.

. . . I walked in the garden with Louisa, where we were joined by Fritz, just returned from Jugenheim, whither he had been on a visit to his friend Prince Alexander of Hesse. He brought a very poor account of Alice,² whom, however, he had not seen. Her nerves are still in a most unsatisfactory state, quite upset, and she must take great care of herself and dare not ride. Prince Alexander talks of going to Russia to see his sister.³ . . . I taught the Danish boys "go-bang," and in the evening saw them in their tub, after which they insisted on jumping upon me circus-fashion! Thursday we worked in the gallery, and Louisa brought us up a drawer full of jewels to admire. How envious you would be of her pearls! A necklace of five rows, with a glorious *bouton* snap, this latter the gift of Minny and the Czarewitch; and the Khedive's present, a magnificent pearl and diamond necklace with three pearl drops, which her Dutch grandparents cleverly matched in a brooch. Louisa has chiefly necklaces, but no stomachers, so that she and I

¹ It was the Queen of Denmark's birthday (September 7).

² Princess Alice.

³ The Empress of Russia, wife of Alexander I.

might exchange to our joint benefit. Her Swedish grandmother left her a very pretty parure, in the shape of a wreath of ruby currants and diamond leaves. . . .

Rumpenheim, September 29, 1877.

. . . I am looking forward with intense pleasure to your return on Monday, as I feel terribly lost here without a single individual to enter into my political feelings, and to-day the only one to whom I could at all speak about the war and the Eastern question, Louisa, has departed. For, though with Russian sympathies on Minny's account, she is not blind; but, on the contrary, very fair, and understands me from my point of view. During this last week the weather has become so bitterly cold—at night especially, for we now have constant frosts—that the dear old people began to talk of departure and shutting up the Schloss. Since then we have had bright, warm, sunny days, and as dear Uncle George *ne fait pas mine de faire chauffer chez nous*, we have all *bought* firewood! . . . so that we are quite comfortable, and run no risk of catching cold. Now, adieu, till we meet. . . . I had good accounts from home. George arrived on the 20th, looking well and very cheery: he left on the 24th for Scarborough, to shoot with Lord Londesborough. Fritz is at St. James's. Our chicks tea'd with their Wales cousins last Sunday at Clarence House, as Marlborough House is under repair for drainage. The Waleses left on Tuesday for Abergeldie. Now, God bless you. . . .

MARY ADELAIDE.

A happy day was spent at Darmstadt with Princess Alice, and then Princess Mary and her husband returned to England *viâ* Brussels.

Journal.—*Brussels, October 10.*—We arrived at Brussels at 5 a.m. and, after delay on account of registered luggage, drove to the Hôtel Bellevue. About nine I lay down for a couple of hours; the Queen called and went away for half an hour. I quickly got up and made a hasty toilette; saw the Queen, whom Francis received. She left at twelve, when Mr. Lumley¹ came. Later on I had a visit from the King, and at 3.30 drove with Mr. Lumley round the Bois de la Cambre

¹ British Minister at Brussels, afterwards Lord Seville.

and through the Boulevards. . . . At six o'clock to Laeken in the King's chariot and four, where we dined with their Majesties and Stéphanie.¹ *October 11.*—Spent three hours at the Musée enjoying the pictures by the old and modern masters. Lumley and Charles Arenberg, who joined us there, *m'en faisant les honneurs*. . . . In the afternoon to the Palais Arenburg, which Prince Charles showed us over; good collection of pictures in narrow gallery. Laocoon head said to be by Phidias! . . . We then drove round the new Palais de Justice, new grand street with fine façades, la Bourse, and to the square of the Hôtel de Ville, reaching home after dark. . . .

October 12.—At ten o'clock the Queen called to take me for a drive, and we went to the newly bought *terrain*, where a new park is in course of creation; passed by several new *campagnes*; the ponies *jibbed* up a steep sandy hill. After our return to the Palace the Queen showed me her rooms and we lunched, the King and Francis joining us. We were then shown over the Palace, which has very fine reception rooms. . . . Their Majesties took us to the Musée pre-historique—curious and interesting fossil remains; then drove us back to the Hotel and we took a tender leave of them.

The Duchess of Teck was never so happy as when engaged in some kindly act, and no one worked harder than she did to assist her friends and advance their interests. The individual whom circumstances had placed in need of an intermediary was fortunate indeed if able to boast the friendship of Princess Mary. Hearing that Mario, the once famous singer, was in poor circumstances, she lost no time in using her influence to obtain some provision for his declining years. She had known Mario when, as the Marchese di Candia, he was a familiar figure in London society, and after he adopted the operatic stage as a profession still kept up the acquaintance. This fact, coupled with her passion for music and admiration for Mario's singing, gave the Princess a strong personal interest in the case and doubtless lent additional fervour to the Royal advocacy, which, as the following letters show, was crowned with complete success.

¹ Princess Stéphanie, second daughter of King Leopold II. and Queen Marie Henrietta.

Letters to the Earl of Beaconsfield.

Kensington Palace, March 14, 1878.

MY DEAR LORD BEACONSFIELD,—How can I find words to express my gratitude to you for so kindly taking poor Mario's case into consideration and obtaining the Queen's sanction to so generous and munificent a grant from the Royal Bounty? Your kindness has indeed conferred an inestimable boon upon one of, *dans le temps*, England's favorites, and swelled our fund so immeasurably that I feel quite hopeful of being able, with the help of a concert, to make up the £2000 we want in order to purchase him an annuity. Once more a thousand, thousand thanks. I was so very sorry to find from Francis that you put in a *momentary* appearance at Sir Stafford and Lady Northcote's last night, and departed again without my having set eyes upon you, for I should have so much liked to thank you in person. I suppose you know that Lady Augustus Loftus is in London, having come over to see her poor sister, Lady Eden,¹ who has just become a widow. My mother has seen her, and I hope to do so very shortly. She spends her days chiefly with Lady Eden, who lives at 9, Queen's Gate Place, Kensington. Trusting you will take care of yourself in this *bitter* weather, I remain, my dear Lord Beaconsfield, ever very sincerely yours,

MARY ADELAIDE.

Kensington Palace, April 18, 1878.

DEAR LORD BEACONSFIELD,—I am very anxious to know whether you have succeeded in getting a house at Wimbledon to suit you. Lord Beauchamp's place is just now occupied by Lord Warwick; but I think I know of a cottage on the Warren at Coombe that would do, provided the distance (quite an hour's drive from town) be not too great for you. The air at Coombe, as at Wimbledon, is so reviving and healthy that I cannot but think it must be beneficial to Mr. Corry,² always providing he *turned his back resolutely* upon London, took long daily walks, and only devoted his evenings to you, which would make your "*villeggiatura*" so infinitely more pleasant. Work he must not, but to cheer you during the recess is quite another thing!

¹ Widow of Admiral Sir Charles Eden.

² Mr. Montagu Lowry Corry, now Lord Rowton. He was appointed Private Secretary to Mr. Disraeli in 1866, and, refusing all offers of permanent office, remained with his Chief until he died. Mr. Corry was one of the secretaries to the Special Embassy during the Congress at Berlin in 1878.

H.S.H. PRINCE FRANÇOIS OF TECK AT THE AGE OF 3.

From a portrait by Kobzarov.

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And
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And now to the business part of my letter, no "*job*" *this time*! I am requested by Mr. French,¹ from whom I have received a most amusing and interesting letter, to convey poor Mario's heartfelt thanks for the grant so generously made him. I quote from the letter. "Mario is *so touched* and *grateful* for the Queen's gracious kindness, and would esteem it a great favour if Y.R.H. would express the same to Her Majesty and to Lord Beaconsfield." May I venture to ask if the papers are correct in their statement with regard to Indian native troops being under orders for Malta? With which *indiscreet* question I take my leave, remaining, dear Lord Beaconsfield, your sincere friend,

MARY ADELAIDE.

On Lord Beaconsfield's return from the Congress at Berlin, bringing "Peace with honour," Princess Mary was among the first to offer her congratulations.

Kensington Palace, July 16, 1878.

DEAR LORD BEACONSFIELD,—One line of *heartfelt* welcome on your return, and of sincere congratulation on and rejoicing at the success of your labours, *Herculean* as they must have been! I envy all those who will greet you at the station to-day, and would give much to witness your reception, which I only hope will be worthy of the Minister who has once again caused England's voice to be heard and to prevail in the Councils of Europe.

That your health may not have really suffered is the earnest wish of your sincere friend,

MARY ADELAIDE.

P.S.—I was so grateful for your charming letter, which I *par discretion* did not reply to.

At the close of the season the Duchess again went to Homburg, and the two elder boys, who now had a tutor to superintend their studies, spent the holidays at Hopetoun. This was the first time they had stayed away from home without their mother, and Princess Mary, anxious that her children should not be over-indulged, writes to Lady Hopetoun from the Villa Rosslyn where, as on the last occasion, she was staying with her brother-in-law—

¹ Mr. Percy French.

. . . I know full well that you will take every care of Dolly and Frank, and my only fear is that I am entrusting them to *too kind* and *tender* hands, and that the naughty good-for-nothings stand a very fair chance of being tremendously spoilt! though I think I may rely upon you keeping them in tolerable order, and for my sake not allowing them to get unruly and above themselves. We of course give them over entirely into your charge; the only suggestion I would make is that some work be done of a morning before the expeditions, and that the boys do not as a rule sit up too late. . . .

Her Royal Highness was very fond of Lady Hopetoun and all her family, often alluding to Lord Hopetoun as "my Scotch son." She warmly appreciated the kindness shown to her children, and, writing to their hostess when the visit was over, says, "I must thank you for all your motherly kindness to our boys, who are never tired of talking of their happy *séjour* with you all at 'beloved Hopetoun'—red letter days in their calendar—as well as for your kind and charming journal letters, which kept me so delightfully *au courant* of all their doings."

From Darmstadt, in the first days of November, came the heartrending accounts of the outbreak of diphtheria in the family circle at the Grand Ducal Palace. One after another Princess Alice's dear ones were attacked, and Princess Mary, who just two years before had trembled for the life of her own boy, shared to the full the agonising suspense endured by that fond mother, far away, watching day and night by the bedsides of her children, and destined to see her "little Maysie,"¹ her best-beloved, taken from her. Scarcely had the child been laid to rest, when Princess Alice was seized with the same terrible malady, and within a week she too had passed away.² The Princess who had been the comfort and support of her mother in the bitter days of early widowhood, who had earned a nation's gratitude by nursing the Prince of Wales back to life in 1872, was thus suddenly called home,

¹ Princess May, who died November 16, 1878.

² Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, died December 14, 1878.

and the friendship which had never wavered between the Grand Duchess and Princess Mary was rudely severed by the unsparing hand of death.

Letter to the Countess of Hopetoun.

Kensington Palace, December 17, 1878.

. . . Now again the shadow of a great sorrow has fallen upon us, in which the whole country warmly and touchingly sympathises. Those poor bereaved ones, in that once so *happy* home, are never out of my thoughts, and my *very heart* bleeds for them. God help them! for He alone can! The poor Queen is so sadly shaken, though more composed than I expected, and very resigned I have just been summoned to Windsor to-morrow, to be present at the religious service which the Queen is going to have in the private Chapel of the Castle at the same hour (2.30) as that at which the last sad ceremony at Darmstadt is to take place. I must therefore ask you to put off coming to me till Thursday, when I hope to be able to thank you for your touching sympathy in my sorrow and trial, each day brought more and more painfully home to me. . . .

Letter to the Dowager Countess of Aylesford.

Kensington Palace, January 17, 1879.

MY DEAREST LADY AYLESFORD,—Your dear kind letter of sympathy 'has touched me beyond words, and I should long ere this have thanked you, as I now do with all my heart, had I not been myself so *thoroughly upset* by the shock, and, besides, so overwhelmed with kind expressions of condolence from all sides. . . . The blow has been a very heavy one to the whole family, the wonderful charm of Her we mourn having made Her so peculiarly dear to us all. To me, dearest Alice was ever a specially beloved friend, and I cannot tell you how deeply I have felt her death; indeed, as yet I cannot at all get over it. Next week the dear Queen expects the poor Grand Duke and his motherless children over, and I shall be most thankful for them all when the dreaded, painful first meeting is over. The dear, kind Prince of Wales, who has shown the most touching feeling throughout, is going across to meet and accompany his brother-in-law to Osborne.

I have gone through much sorrow and trial since I last

saw you, for, after a charming five weeks at Homburg, which did me a world of good, but where, alas! my poor dresser contracted the germ of that fatal fever which so pursues us, I lost at Rumpenheim, early in October, of *typhoid* fever, my dear, faithful Brand, who for *twenty* years had served me with the utmost devotion, and whom I think you must remember, as she accompanied me on all my visits. About the same time I nursed May through a sharp attack of gastric fever, which at one moment assumed a very serious aspect, as we feared it might turn to typhoid. Thank God that danger was averted, but the child was very ill, and so weak from the effects of the fever that it was weeks before she recovered her strength. She is now, however (*unberufen*), as bright and as well as possible, and grows *alarmingly tall*! The boys, too, are very flourishing. . . . I must end with every fond good wish for the opening year, which I pray may have many bright days in store for you. Ever your most affectionate

MARY ADELAIDE.

Letter to Miss Ella Taylor.

Kensington Palace, January 27, 1879.

. . . You will not wonder at my leisure for writing having become of late so circumscribed, knowing as you do how useful my beloved Nanny¹ was to me, and how very much she used to take off my hands; indeed, at times the work thus thrown upon me is quite overwhelming, and when first we returned to England, early in October, I had, in addition to everything else, to look through dear Brandie's mass of things and papers and separate mine from hers, a task of oh! *such misery and pain*! and that took days upon days to accomplish; so that you can imagine how sadly this threw me back with my correspondence. . . . She breathed her last at 12.15 on the night of the 3rd to the 4th of October. Alas! half an hour after I had been persuaded to leave her, as they assured me she might continue in that state for hours. I do not believe dear Nanny realised that she was so near her end, or was aware how hopelessly ill she was those last days; indeed, up to the last I still hoped. . . .

¹ Brand.

*Letter to Lady Elizabeth Biddulph.*¹

Kensington Palace, February 25, 1879.

. . . I have brightened up a wee bit of late, feeling cheered by the presence of dear Frederica of Hanover, who has been staying with my mother ever since the 30th of last month, and who will, I hope, pay us a long visit. She comes to us to luncheon nearly every day, and walks with me, and is a most charming companion. But for this one piece of brightness in one's daily life, all is gloom and sadness around! Mr. Biddulph will have felt deeply the death of dear General Peel, and you will have shared his grief, for I well remember your telling me of his kindness to you, and the *bon accueil* you experienced at his hands. Men of his stamp are seldom met with nowadays, and when they pass from us, they are *all the more missed*. To-morrow afternoon I take my little flock to Windsor to see their Hessian cousins. The poor dear Grand Duke has been to see me, and is *rührend in seinem Schmerz*. He is utterly broken hearted, but struggles manfully to bear up. . . . And now I have something to propose to you: will you attend me at the approaching marriage² at Windsor, and gracefully bear my train up the nave of St. George's Chapel? You can wear violet, lilac, or grey, or white, I believe, if more agreeable to you, and we should set each other off to great advantage, so do oblige me if you can. Agneta is in attendance on Helena, and this has induced me to make bold to ask you. Let me know as soon as you have decided, and then come and see me that we may talk matters over. . . .

The tragic death of the Prince Imperial³ greatly distressed Princess Mary, who was much attached to the brave young officer, and took a warm interest in his military career. Just before leaving England, to join the British forces in South Africa, he had come to bid her good-bye, full of enthusiasm, and looking forward eagerly to the approaching campaign. It may be imagined how the Duchess grieved for the sore-stricken mother, so cruelly deprived of her one

¹ Lady Elizabeth Adeane, who was left a widow in 1870, married Mr. Michael Biddulph in 1877.

² The marriage of the Duke of Connaught with Princess Louise Marguerite of Prussia, which took place at Windsor Castle on May 18, 1879.

³ The Prince Imperial was killed in Zululand on June 1, 1879.

hope and consolation in life; and, alluding to the sad event a few days after the news had been received, she writes, "Oh! what a terrible catastrophe this is! and how one's heart bleeds for the poor desolate Empress—so *great* in her sorrow. We were at Chislehurst to-day."

Letters to the Dowager Countess of Aylesford.

White Lodge, May 30, 1880.

. . . The truth is, my time is not my own, for as we are not at present settled in town, we run up to Kensington Palace for a night or two at a time, when engagements crowd upon each other, and I am thus so constantly on the move, and so busy whenever I have a quiet day in the country, which is not often, as we are *très recherchés* and *much visited*! that my correspondence gets sadly neglected, and my friends must think me horribly ungrateful. . . . We shall be in town the greater part of next week; are going, D.V., to Cumberland Lodge on Monday next for Ascot, and after that may possibly settle at Kensington Palace for the rest of the season, though we are at present undecided on that point, as the boys go to school at Sheen every morning, and we do not like to interrupt their schooling, which seems to be working very well, or to leave them here by themselves. . . . This dear place is most enjoyable, and just now looking its loveliest, for I think I never saw the oaks in more beautiful foliage, or their leaves of a more perfect tender green. It is really but natural that we cannot bear to tear ourselves away from it. My dear mother has been quite gay of late, having for the last three weeks had her grandson and lovely granddaughter-in-law, with their darling little girl¹ (a most engaging child of two), staying with her. They left, to our great regret, last night, but the child will remain on for a little bit with my sister, who has been at St. James's since the middle of April, and who quite adores her sweet little granddaughter. . . .

Cumberland Lodge, June 11, 1880.

. . . We came here on Monday, and return to White Lodge to-morrow for Sunday. Our tiny party consists of General Arthur Hardinge, Colonel Maude, and Mr. W. Peel.

¹ The Hereditary Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and Princess Marie.

Rainy skies (though the weather cleared up for the races), black dresses, and no Royal procession up the course, cast a sad gloom over Tuesday's Ascot, but yesterday's bright sun cheered us all and brightened up the scene. This has been a most lovely day, and we have just had the dear Princess of Wales and King of the Hellenes over to tea with quite a large riding party. . . .

Letter to Lady Holland.

Kensington Palace, June 13, 1880.

. . . I cannot tell you how sorry I was on arriving here yesterday from the White Lodge, where we spend a part of every week, to find that I had missed the pleasure of a visit from you. . . Madame de Bülow had already conveyed an intimation concerning the 17th to me, and I now hasten to assure you that we shall (*all six!*) be delighted to put in an appearance at Holland House next Saturday afternoon. . . . I hope to see you to-day at Marlborough House, and later on to dine with you *repeatedly!* Thank God, dear Marian is, I trust and believe, rounding the corner, but I have been simply *wretched* about her, and can so entirely enter into your feelings.

Later on the Duke and Duchess of Teck went on a short visit to Ragley, Lord Hertford's place in Warwickshire, where Prince and Princess Victor of Hohenlohe, Countess Feodore Gleichen, Lord and Lady Spencer, and other mutual friends had been invited to meet the Royal guests. It was a very cheery party, and the Duchess greatly enjoyed the pretty walks and drives in the neighbourhood. On Sunday morning, as was her custom, she attended the parish church, and was following the clergyman's argument closely, when the sermon came to an abrupt termination.

Fearing lest the Vicar might seize the opportunity to deliver a lengthy discourse, one of Lord Hertford's sons had informed him privately that Her Royal Highness never liked a sermon to exceed twenty minutes—a pure invention, of course. The reverend gentleman, oblivious of time in the fervour of his eloquence, was continuing his sermon after the prescribed limit had been reached, when he suddenly

espied Lord — holding out a watch to him, and being reminded of his transgression in this practical manner, lost no time in taking the hint, regardless of the effect on his congregation, and much to the astonishment of Princess Mary.

Letter to the Countess of Hopetoun.

White Lodge, September 9, 1880.

MY DEAREST LADY HOPETOUN,— . . . The delightful visit in prospect is rejoicing all our hearts, *old* as well as *young*; I cannot adequately express my gratitude to you and your dear son for so very kindly taking us all in for a few weeks, and giving us, D.V., a most enchanting autumn holiday. . . . There is one point I wish most particularly to mention, and that is, that though I am anxious you should on no account think it necessary to have anything approaching a party to meet me, yet that I should be miserable, and take myself and belongings home at once, if I thought I was the means of keeping away any members of your own or "Hopie's"¹ family, whom you would otherwise have had at Hopetoun, or any stray men, who may be in the habit of popping in on their way up. Please to make me quite at home by doing as much as possible as you would do were we not with you, and then I shall be supremely happy, and, D.V., vie with the already much-excited and overjoyed chicks in enjoyment of a place and life that must by all accounts be most delightful.

I am myself so full of pleasure at the prospect of the long-wished-for visit, and of once again breathing the refreshing air of Scotland, that I sometimes tremble lest anything should happen to prevent its coming off! I only say this to prove to you, dearest Lady Hopetoun, that I am quite as keen on the subject as the children, who are counting the hours that must intervene between now and the evening of our start, the 20th. I find it will be easiest for us to travel by the evening express, by which means we get off so much more comfortably, avoiding the early start, which must of necessity be a struggle and a rush, and enabling me to get a farewell glimpse of my dear Mother; my only trouble is that the fearfully early hour of our arrival will, alas! put you and your household to much inconvenience, and I wish that I could persuade you to let Lord Hopetoun

¹ Lord Hopetoun.

receive me in your stead at 7 *a.m.* ! and to give me a grand welcome at noon, by which time I shall have rested and made myself presentable ! . . .

I hope you are having the same glorious weather we have enjoyed here for the last month. . . . We have been living as much as possible in the open air, and for days I was able to make the garden my sitting-room, and write my letters (*innumerable!*) out-of-doors. Our life has been a very pleasant one, for we have had weekly visitors from Saturday to Monday or so, have been cultivating our agreeable *voisinage*, had sundry cricket-matches and tea-picnics in Coombe wood. . . . At this moment Caroline Cust and Mr. Glyn, our Vicar, are staying here, and we are just off to Hampton Court; so adieu till, D.V., the 21st, with a heavy load of kisses and love from my young people. Ever your most affectionate

MARY ADELAIDE.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck and their children stayed two months in Scotland, and on her return home the Princess wrote to Lady Hopetoun—

White Lodge, November 16, 1880.

. . . I have telegraphed our safe arrival, but I must add just a line to thank you and dear Hopie, over and over again, with all my heart, for the kindness, attention, and affection (if I may so call it) heaped and lavished upon us during eight of the happiest weeks I ever remember to have spent, the charming recollection of which will always remain with us. The parting was a great wrench, and I could not trust myself to speak just at the last, as you must have seen. Tell dear Hopie his *silent* farewell touched me more than I can express. It spoke volumes, and assured me that with the son, as well as the dear Mother, there will ever be a warm welcome awaiting us at beloved, beautiful Hopetoun ! . . . We arrived here in bright sunshine, but it is blowing a gale and the showers are heavy and frequent, which is not cheering to our depressed spirits. . . . I beg my love to the dear children, and kindest remembrances to *all!* especially to dear Mr. Jem, who, I flatter myself, also misses me a wee bit ! The children, who, though sad, are very fresh and busy unpacking, send much love, and Baby a hug to *Hopie*. Francis kisses your lily white hand, asking to be tenderly remembered to all. . . .

Christmas came and went, and the New Year (1881) was ushered in with much juvenile gaiety at Kensington Palace, but there is little to remark until the month of April, when the serious illness of Lord Beaconsfield greatly alarmed his friends and political followers. Every day Princess Mary called herself to inquire after the aged statesman, seldom leaving without seeing either Lord Rowton or Lord Barington,¹ and hearing the latest particulars as to the condition of the distinguished patient. From the first the Princess felt most anxious as to the result, but after her visit on Easter Sunday, she notes down the encouraging words "Cheering account." The improvement, however, was not maintained, and two days later the Journal records: "Heard of Lord Beaconsfield's death²—quite stunned by it. Poor Queen! poor Country!"

Journal.—Kensington Palace, April 21.—Packed and arranged my music for Bagshot; and at 4.10 I called for Mrs. Bourke.³ Harry met us at Waterloo Station, and I went down with them. We reached Bagshot at six, and had tea in the hall; then the other guests arrived. At dinner we numbered sixteen, Chaplin being my other neighbour. Conversed till after eleven, when I retired and wrote to Francis till two!

Bagshot, April 22.—Breakfasted *chez-moi*. Helena arrived at eleven. With her and Louise Margaret⁴ in shelburne to Aldershot; fetched Arthur from his hut, and drove up on to the race-course (10 miles in all). Good view from hill, day fine, but wind cold, spectators numerous. We lunched with the Royal Engineers, and later I was taken to the Paddock to see Arthur's horse Blarney saddled. It won in a canter. Drove in Artillery waggon (tremendous climb to get into it!) down to the water jump. Had tea with the 82nd (Colonel Walters), saw the end of the races, and home. *April 23.*—At 11.15 I drove with Louise Margaret, Arthur and Florence Chaplin,⁵ to the Aldershot course. The weather

¹ A great friend of Lord Beaconsfield's, and for some years Private Secretary to Lord Derby.

² The Earl of Beaconsfield died April 19, 1881.

³ The Honble. Mrs. Harry Bourke.

⁴ The Duchess of Connaught.

⁵ Mr. Henry Chaplin married, in 1876, Lady Florence Leveson-Gower.

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was warmer, but there were fewer people. Lunched with the Royal Engineers, I sitting between Arthur and Colonel Fitzroy Somerset. Again drove in Artillery waggon to water jump and double jump, and then had tea with Colonel Gunter and 4th Dragoon Guards. On our way home we drove round to inquire for poor young Havelock, who was very bad with brain fever from a fall at a fence. Lysons¹ was my other neighbour at dinner, and afterwards we played Nap till past twelve. *April 24, Sunday.*—To church at eleven. Louise Margaret showed me her room, and after lunch we went to see the camellias, stables, farm, dairy, and garden. . . .

Kensington Palace, April 27.— . . . Called for Gussy and went with her to Mr. Holland's Recitation and Concert in aid of South African Fund at the Baroness Burdett Coutts's. Very good. *April 28.*—Louise Margaret and Mary Egerton² arrived at two sharp to luncheon; at 2.45 I went with them to Buckingham Palace to await Arthur, and then on to the Royal Academy; Gussy and chicks there before us. Fine Exhibition, above the average. Alix and her trio were there; later Louise came. Stayed till 6.45. Home; to Frank for a bit, and then dined at St. James's. *April 29.*— . . . With Mary Thesiger³ to the Albert Hall for Bazaar in aid of Central Office of Society for promoting Female Welfare. I sold at Lady Gertrude Foljambe's stall. Had tea, and walked round till a quarter-past six; then home, dressed, wrote, and at 7.40 drove with Messenger packet to Charing Cross and on to St. James's. George, just returned from Brunswick and Frankfurt, dined too. He told us much, and we had a pleasant evening. *April 30.*—Gussy came after two to take chicks to the Abbey. I fetched Mary, and arrived at Westminster Abbey towards 3.30 to assist at Daisy Maynard's⁴ marriage with Lord Brooke.⁵ Lovely sight. Tea'd at the Rosslyn's; saw grand display of presents and happy pair drive off. To St. James's after six; Gussy, Fritz, Marie Edinburgh, and Alix there in succession. . . . Arranged Village Homes⁶ letters before going to bed.

¹ General Sir Daniel Lysons, then commanding the troops at Aldershot.

² The Honble. Mrs. Egerton, Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Connaught.

³ The Honble. Mary Thesiger, Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Teck.

⁴ Daughter of the Honble. Charles Maynard, who died in 1865. His widow afterwards married the fourth Earl of Rosslyn.

⁵ Now Earl of Warwick.

⁶ Princess Mary's Village Homes at Addlestone.

May 5.— . . . I drove with Gussy in St. James's Park to see the carriages going to the drawing-room, and she dropped me at home. Wrote and dressed for my dinner to the Connaughts, Breadalbanes, Percival,¹ and Mr. Hall,² and at 8.45 went to see *Olivette*—pretty and amusing. Home about eleven, and wrote till three! *May 7.*—Started at 11.40, called for Mary, and to Waterloo station; thence, with George and Stephens, to Sandown; Leo's waggonette met us. 11th Hussars' Steeplechases. Lovely, almost summer's day. Quantities of people. . . . Connaughts arrived later. A grand luncheon was given by the 11th in a very handsomely decorated tent. I sat between Colonel Garnet and Major Balfe. Poor young Gore (Harlech) had a nasty fall after winning first race; Ernest Hamilton³ won a race. Returned as we came, and home by seven. Dined at St. James's, taking May and Baby with me; found the boys there, returned from Greenwich. 63rd Anniversary of dear Mama's wedding-day. Family party, as Geraldo had gone to the play.

May 9.— . . . Drove with Gussy, who called for me, to Kew. We walked in the gardens and pleasure-grounds for an hour; fine, but cold wind and everything very backward. Changes saddened us. We had tea in the little room, and went over the Cottage, then to the churchyard and vault; drove round the green and home by seven. *May 10.*—Up at 9.45, dressed, and walked with Louise and two chicks up Rotten Row, to see the boys ride with Collins;⁴ drove home from Albert Gate, lunched, and arranged the saloon. Committee meeting in dining-room of Workhouse Association at 4.30. We sat till nearly six, and had tea in the little dining-room. When all had left, the chicks rehearsed their German play. Dressed, and to St. James's; we were five at dinner, including George. Afterwards read extracts from Vienna papers about the Crown Prince's⁵ wedding.

September found the Duchess of Teck and her family again at Hopetoun, whither they had gone to assist at the celebration of young Lord Hopetoun's coming of age. Princess

¹ Captain Percival.

² Now Sir Charles Hall, Recorder of London.

³ Lord Ernest Hamilton.

⁴ Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Collins, Comptroller and Equerry to Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne.

⁵ The Archduke Rudolph, Crown Prince of Austria, married Princess Stéphanie of Belgium, May 10, 1881.

Mary greatly enjoyed the bracing air of Scotland, while the outdoor life she led at Hopetoun and the expeditions about the neighbourhood were much to her taste, and she was able to indulge in her favourite amusement of fishing. The coming-of-age festivities lasted fully a week, and her genial presence and kindly manners added greatly to the gaiety and enjoyment of the party.

Journal.—*Hopetoun, September 28.*—Up late after the ball, and helped Lady Hopetoun with Hopie's speech; later on we sat in front of the house watching the tenants arrive, the band of the 42nd playing so well all the time. After a while we migrated to the other steps out of my room, when the guns fired a salute and the tenantry presented an address, to which Hopie responded very well, and every one cheered. At 6.30 came the grand dinner, with 250 of the tenantry, in the ball-room—a fine sight from the dais on which our table stood. The speeches were excellent. It was all over by ten o'clock, and then we had the fireworks and afterwards another ball!

September 30.—After looking at the tables laid for the labourers' and servants' feast of 240 or so, I went off with Carlo¹ to the reservoir to fish. The day was perfect for the sport, so mild and pleasant, and I caught first a small trout, then a good-sized one, quite 2 lbs. ! . . . About ten o'clock we adjourned to the servants' ball, which was given in the ball-room. I stayed till 1.30. *October 1.*—While dressing I looked over Lady Bective's patterns.² Lunched with the rest about 2.30, and then into the garden for children's tea and treat. Salute, feast, merry-go-round, punch, our tea, presents to children, and pig-hunt. I sat down all the latter part of the afternoon, feeling thoroughly done up, and went to bed soon after eleven, leaving the young people dancing in the hall.

October 5.—Started for Pinkie in the large shelburne with Lady Hopetoun, May, Polly Bethell,³ and Francis and Edgar⁴ in the rumble, arriving there about 2.30. It is a charming old house and so interesting. I saw the Abbot's room and Prince Charles Edward's room, with his scarf, gaiter, and pouch given to the Lady Hope of that day after the battle of Preston Pans. The long gallery has a painted ceiling, and there is a ghost room with a secret chamber leading out of it

¹ Colonel Birch Reynardson.

² The Countess of Bective took great interest in the woollen industry.

³ The Honble. Mrs. Bethell.

⁴ Mr., now Sir Edgar Sebright, Bart.

under the roof of the tower, whence a fine view is obtained. After tea we inspected the garden and grounds and the Abbot's kitchen garden, reaching home by eight o'clock. *October 6.*—Francis went off with a large party to Musselburgh and I looked after the children's lessons, going in the afternoon to the seashore with them, our hostess, and the Manners',¹ where we poked about for curiosities and crystals. After dinner I knitted and sang with Lady Hopetoun.

October 15.—I set out on a fishing expedition with Garforth² and Dalison³ to the quarry near the canal; pike nibbled but would not be caught. . . . We were 18 at dinner, French being my neighbour—charming and most amusing. In the evening we had a charade. *October 18.*—Day too lovely! We drove to Port Edgar, crossed the Forth in the *John Bowmont*, and then drove through Inverkeithing and along the high-road to Aberdour and in at the gate of Donnibristle. It was a beautiful drive through the park, and we had a glorious view of the shore and Firth, blue like the Mediterranean. Getting out at Dalgetty Chapel, we explored the ruins, and then drove on to the house, where Mrs. Savage (the house-keeper) received us in a marvellous edifice of a cap! We explored the place and walked by the iron work and ruins through the park to the fine well-kept kitchen garden, and vineries. Then had tea in the house, and drove back to the boat, reaching home about seven.

October 26.— . . . With Lady Hopetoun, May, and Lady A., French, Edgar, and Bethune⁴ to Winchburgh, and thence by train to Stirling. Colonel Beresford of the 91st received us at the station with the Murray carriages, and we drove up to the Castle. After looking over it and admiring the views, we went on to Polmaise, a nice comfortable modern house, and were received by Mrs. Murray, Mrs. and the Miss Townleys. I had a lovely walk by the lake in the woods, with a fine view towards the misty Grampians. *November 5.*—A spring-like day! Drove with Lady Hopetoun and French through Queen's Ferry and along the seashore to Dalmeny.⁵ A lovely drive. Trees, alas! blown down to the number of 120 by the gale. We got out by locked gate, and walked down to Barnbogle, but were refused admittance. However, we forced our way on to the terrace round the house, and reconnoitred the outside, which on nearer approach improves. The moon came out and made it *idealish*. Home by six.

¹ Lady Manners and her daughter.

² Mr. W. H. Garforth of Wiganthorpe.

³ Mr. Charles Dalison.

⁴ Mr. Charles Bethune of Balford.

⁵ The seat of the Earl of Rosebery.

Grand bonfire, which we all went out to see. . . . The children, who came in to dessert, put on animal masks, and we had great fun. Estella and Dorrie¹ baked potatoes in ashes of bonfire after midnight. To bed dead tired.

November 12.—Started about one o'clock in carriage and four with Lady Hopetoun, Lady Lamington, Francis, and French for the Home for Incurables, *viâ* Edinburgh and across the old town. Lady Hope of Pinkie received us, with Dr. Bell from the Infirmary, and a host of doctors and friendly visitors. The matron, a Miss Galloway, is a very pleasing person. We went through the four wards of men and women, and also several small paying rooms, and I distributed bouquets to the 37 patients. The general aspect of the home is most bright and cheerful, and everything beautifully clean. I made a thorough inspection, and at 3.30 we left the building and drove to Belmont,² where the Hopes had asked Lord Elphinstone, Mrs. Dundas, and the Christophersons to meet us. The house is charming, and built in the villa style; the corridor is decorated with frescoes painted by Mrs. Hope, and the china plates, *en masse* on the walls, are also her handiwork. . . . After dinner we had a charade, with all the children in it, and much merriment.

November 13.— . . . Mr. Irving³ and Miss Ellen Terry came out to luncheon, at which he was my neighbour. Miss Terry was quite done up, and rested in the boudoir with Lady Hopetoun and me, interesting us much by her outpourings. . . . We were sixteen at dinner, and afterwards told ghost stories till towards midnight, then a bear fight, farm-yard performance, and, finally, a grand hubbub *chez moi!*

The party broke up a few days later, and as a souvenir of her happy visit, Princess Mary wrote the following alphabetical rhyme, in which she amusingly refers to all who were staying in the house.

A was Alexander,⁴ such a good-looking boy.
 B Polly Bethell, who naught could annoy.
 C was our Charlie,⁵ a proud engineer.
 D Charlie Dalison, beyond all compeer.

¹ Lady Estella and Lady Dorothea Hope, daughters of the Countess of Hopetoun.

² Belonging to Mr. James Hope.

⁴ The Honble. Alexander Willoughby.

³ Now Sir Henry Irving.

⁵ The Honble. Charles Hope.

E was our Edgar, so petted and tall.
 F Master Francis,¹ a favourite with all.
 G were our guardsmen, so helpful and kind.
 H young Lord Hopetoun, a youth to our mind.
 I Isabella,² of whom all stood in fear.
 J nice Aunt Toots,³ whom we voted a dear.
 K our kind hostess, we all love so well.
 L was our Lilly,⁴ whom ill luck befell.
 M Master George,⁵ whom we could not repress.
 N Nina Hope,⁶ who wore such a smart dress.
 O was the oil which they pour'd on the floor.⁷
 P the poor ladies whose gowns we deplore.
 Q Queenie Bective so given to wool.
 R Mr. R. of his grievances full.
 S Mistress Stoddard,⁸ who makes the good jams.
 T were the tenants, who fell on the hams.
 U Uncle Charlie,⁹ our guardian so stern.
 V the Victoria of a giggling turn.
 W our sweet William,¹⁰ so chaffing and chaffed.
 X the example they set when they laughed.
 Y Auntie Yorke,¹¹ *l'ange gardien* as of yore.
 Z were the zanies who ruined the floor.

On March 2, 1882, a man fired at the Queen as she was entering her carriage at Windsor station after travelling down from London, but most providentially no harm resulted from this dastardly attempt upon Her Majesty's life. Replying to Lady Aylesford, who had written expressing her great joy at the safety of the Queen, Princess Mary said—

Kensington Palace, March 4, 1882.

. . . I cannot tell you how much I feel the warmth and heartiness of your dear letter of congratulation on our beloved Queen's most merciful escape from so wicked and horrible an attempt, or how grateful I am. One really can think of little else. It seems as if one could not be thankful enough

¹ Prince Francis of Teck.

² Lady Isabella Hope.

³ Julia, Lady Middleton.

⁴ Lady Tarbat, now Lilian, Countess of Cromartie.

⁵ Mr. George McDonald.

⁶ Lady Hope of Pinkie.

⁷ With a view of preparing the floor for dancing, a carpenter had used oil to make a polished surface.

⁸ Housekeeper.

⁹ Mr. Charles Hope.

¹⁰ Mr. W. H. Garforth.

¹¹ Miss Yorke.

to the Almighty for His wondrous mercy in frustrating the ghastly act and saving that *precious* life, which I pray may long be spared to the nation and us all, for in times such as these it is indeed a blessing, and something to build on, that we have a Queen who lives in the hearts of her people. You will be glad to hear, by all accounts, the dear Queen is *really* none the *worse* for the *short* alarm. I hope you saw in to-day's *Morning Post* the contradiction of the stupid announcement yesterday that her carriage had been halted on its way to the Castle. Nothing of the kind happened; on the contrary, Her Majesty drove at a rapid pace up through the Town to the Castle. . . .

Letter to the Dowager Countess of Aylesford.

Sandringham, April 13, 1882.

. . . We came down here yesterday, and are, I believe, going to stay till Monday. We are a family party of seven, consisting of, in addition to the Prince and Princess, Princess Louise, my brother and sister, and our two selves; and with *la suite*, your son (who was my neighbour at dinner last night), Mr. Charles Hall, and Christopher Sykes, number fifteen. To-day, alas! for us, and especially for my poor sister, who has never been here before (though not for the poor dried-up country), it has rained without ceasing; but in spite of the elements we have been out for two hours this afternoon, lionising Augusta over the garden, cottage, kennel, and stables. This place is looking its prettiest in its bright spring dress, and I am charmed that my sister should make its acquaintance at this season of the year. Weather permitting, we are to make expeditions to Houghton, Lord Cholmondeley's place, now, I hear, for sale, and Castle Rising, where stands the ruined castle in which Edward III. kept his wicked mother, Isabella of France, a prisoner for thirty years.

You will be interested to hear that our dear Mr. Glyn is engaged to Lady Mary Campbell, the Duke of Argyll's sixth daughter.

The Duke of Albany¹ was married to Princess Helen of Waldeck and Pyrmont on April 27, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. As may be supposed, it afforded Princess Mary very great pleasure to assist at the wedding of her godson,

¹ Prince Leopold was created Duke of Albany May 24, 1881.

while the fact that the bride's sister was the wife of the heir to the throne of Wurtemberg, gave the nuptials an additional interest to the Duke of Teck. No record of the event appears to have been kept by Her Royal Highness, but Miss Thesiger, who was in attendance, describes Princess Mary as looking very magnificent as she led off the procession.

Letter to a Friend.

May 30, 1882.

I have just returned from the *two* Houses of Parliament, having been first to the House of Commons to see the Bradlaugh episode, which, though not by any means edifying, was most curious, and has resulted in a *grand* majority against the Government—a *delightful* beginning of the Session! May this augur well for the future.

Bradlaugh spoke very distinctly, and when not carried away by passion, with studied effect, like an actor, his object evidently being to pose as a sort of tribune of the people. The mock humility with which he began to address the House soon gave way to rage, and before he wound up with his grand peroration he had repeatedly shaken his fist at the Opposition.

For some time past the political situation in Egypt had been causing much uneasiness to the authorities at home, and the necessity of British intervention became every day more urgent. At length active measures were decided upon, and Sir Garnet Wolseley¹ was appointed to command the force sent out to quell the rebellion. The Duke of Teck was among the first to volunteer for service, and, attached to the General's Staff, left London on August 5, for the East. The train by which he travelled was timed to leave Euston a few minutes before midnight on Friday the 4th, but, at the request of the Duchess, who did not like the idea of her husband starting on a Friday, it did not move out of the station till after the clock had struck twelve.

Journal.—*Kensington Palace, August 5.*—Saw my dearest Francis off from Euston station at 12.5 a.m. God speed

¹ Now Viscount Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief.

him and bring him safe back! George put me into my carriage, and I drove home with Mary Thesiger. Kissed chicks, and went into Francis's rooms; oh! how empty. To bed at three. Up at eight or so, and wrote at Francis's table all the morning. . . . The evening brought me letters and telegram from Francis. I went to St. James's *sola*; Mama was sympathetic and kind, and much pleased with his letter to her.

White Lodge, August 27.—Dearest Francis's birthday! God bless and shield him, and give him and us all many happier returns of this dear day. The children brought me each a bouquet. . . . We dined a party of eight, including Professor Owen, and had champagne in honour of the day. After dinner the Professor told us about the Egyptian relics of antiquity.

August 31.—Received a letter from Shepstone, and at twelve o'clock we left in two carriages for Holland House, where Cetywayo¹ had just arrived. We went quietly into the room, where I found him sitting with Lady Holland. He has not an unpleasant face, and is a tall large man. The suite are hideous, and much more savage-looking. I shook hands with him, and followed him into the garden, where chicks had a good look at him. We hurried home for the cricket-match, which was spoilt by the rain. . . . In the evening Francis's letter arrived from Alexandria, and I read it aloud to all the children in the blue-room.

Letter to Lady Geraldine Somerset.

White Lodge, September 7, 1882.

. . . The boys are going to spend the day at Brighton, and as I have to meet them on their return, and take them home, I must be in town earlier, and shall *take up* my letter for Ismailia. I have two most interesting letters from Francis to read to dear Mama and you, and should feel much obliged if you will let my Brother know that I shall be at St. James's between 6.30 and eight o'clock, as I feel sure he will like to

¹ Cetywayo was formerly crowned King of the Zulus in 1873 by Sir Theophilus Shepstone, acting in the name of the Queen. Five years later he refused to carry out certain reforms demanded by Sir Bartle Frere, whereupon his country was divided, and Cetywayo himself sent a prisoner to Cape-town. In 1880 he was allowed to return to Zululand, and in August, 1882, he came over on a visit to England, when quarters were retained for him in Melbury Road, Holland Park, where he stayed about three weeks. He died February 8, 1884.

hear the letters, there being so much of the deepest interest in them. Francis was 10 hours under fire! and had most wonderful escapes, a shell passing between his head and that of the Interpreter (Sir Garnet's) who was walking a few yards off him.

Journal.—White Lodge, September 12.—Wrote to Francis all the morning, with slight interruptions. Read the papers, which again announced battle or grand attack as imminent. . . . Gave away the prizes to the Ham Orphan Home. The children sang, and I went over the building and had my tea there. *September 13.*—Started after lunch for the Cambridge Asylum, and distributed vegetables and fruit to 58 women, and to the sick in their rooms, leaving about six for home. Dear Frank, on pony, met us, waving telegram with news of *great victory*, Francis safe, Tel-el-Kebir taken after twenty minutes' assault! The relief was so intense I felt quite upset and went home bewildered. . . . At twelve came a telegram from dearest Francis after entering Tel-el-Kebir (2.50). Thank God. *September 14.*—The post brought me three delightful letters from Francis, and one from Sir Garnet. Papers contained news of surrender of Kafrdowar, advance on Cairo, and rumoured capture of Arabi.

September 15.—While I was dressing I received the Queen's telegram with the grand news of the taking of Cairo, and the unconditional surrender of Arabi; so *war* is at an end! Soon afterwards came a telegram from Alix, asking me to be at Marlborough House by 11.30. . . . I found their Greek Majesties there. Dear Alix much elated at the victory. Then to Hatchards' about books for the wounded, and later on to St. James's, where I wrote to Francis till six o'clock, despatching seven pages, afterwards joining Wales and Greeks in Mama's room. I was not home till ten, when we had supper, and I stayed a while in bird-room with Caroline, talking over the wonderful news and the close of the war.

September 16.— . . . With chicks to kitchen garden¹ (meeting Wilkins by the way, returning from St. Bartholomew's Hospital with rather a better report of his poor sister, who had been run over and badly hurt by an omnibus) and there natted, I too on a ladder, till 6.30.

¹ The kitchen garden was some little distance from the White Lodge.

Letter to Lady Holland.

White Lodge, September 17, 1882.

. . . I may not be able to put in an appearance till later, as it is my post-day for Egypt. What glorious news! and how deeply thankful I am you may imagine! For the last few days before the assault the strain on one's nerves was almost too much for one. Now all is forgotten in the joy of this victory. How admirably has Sir Garnet done his work, the proof we have in the complete collapse of Arabi! Francis telegraphed to me from Tel-el-Kebir; I conclude he is now at Cairo. . . .

Journal.—*White Lodge, September 18.*— . . . Tosti arrived just as I was going out, so I walked with him and Caroline in the garden, and afterwards sang from six o'clock till nearly eight. Professor Owen joined our party at dinner, and we toasted the victorious army in champagne! Tosti and I sang till past twelve o'clock, and I read the papers before going to bed. *September 20.*— . . . Just as we had sat down to supper at 8.30 a mysterious visitor arrived, a poor Miss —, who had been presented to me at Lady —'s, in great distress of mind. First Caroline, then I saw her, and at once recognised her. I talked with her for some time, and promised to do all I could to help her and Lieutenant —, her *fiancé*. She then left, and we returned to our supper.

September 28.—Delightful, longed-for, and long-expected letter from Francis, written after Tel-el-Kebir, and ended at Cairo, arrived. Read it, and re-read it to children. . . . Hermann Weimar, with Ernst and Olga, arrived from the Bingham's place to luncheon. They spoke most kindly of Francis, telling me all the charming things the poor wounded soldiers had said of him, his care and kindness. They left before four, when I went to inspect Frazer's room, who arrived shortly afterwards. *October 3.*—Read the papers with the news that Francis had received the Osmanieh and beautifully described account of the advance on and assault of Tel-el-Kebir.

October 4.—Anniversary of my dearest Brandie's death. Drove with Caroline and the three children, the waggonette following with Dolly, Girdie, Buttie,¹ and Bush, to Brompton Cemetery, where we placed our wreaths and flowers on dear Nanny's grave, and then wandered about, finding many tombs and graves of persons known to us.

¹ Butler, who had succeeded Brand as dresser to Princess Mary.

October 6.—Francis telegraphed his departure on the *Lydian Monarch*. . . . *October 9.*— . . . I went to tea with the Freres at Wressil Lodge. Sir Bartle was away, so his son received us with Lady Frere and three of the daughters. It is a charming house, and there is a very nice garden which we inspected before having tea in the library. Stayed talking most pleasantly till past six o'clock, and then returned home and found Francis's telegram from Malta!

Not long after the Egyptian campaign had closed, the Queen opened the new Law Courts in person. Both the Duke and Duchess of Teck were present at the ceremony, which was conducted with all the importance attending a State pageant, and from the heartiness of the reception that greeted them as they drove along the Strand and passed up to the main entrance, it was evident that Princess Mary and her husband were established favourites with the British public.

In the spring of 1883 Louisa Frazer died. She was taken seriously ill during her visit to White Lodge in the previous autumn, and though lingering on through the winter months, never actually rallied, and breathed her last on March 28, to the inexpressible grief of her royal mistress. Writing to Lady Aylesford, after the sad event, Princess Mary says—

White Lodge, May 9, 1883.

DEAREST JANE,— . . . My ten days' stay at Sandringham, whither May accompanied me, and where Francis joined us, was a refreshing change after the sad scenes I had just previously gone through. . . . I lost my dear, faithful old dresser, Frazer, who came to me when I was only *eight*, and had always remained with me, more or less, ever since. She had been down here on a visit ever since last September, and I had the comfort of nursing her to the very last. Her loss is, of course, too, an *irreparable one*, as nothing can ever equal her *love* for and *entire devotion* to me, and she was so bound up with my young life that it seems like my last link with the past gone for ever.

My visit to the dear Queen I quite enjoyed; she was kindness itself, and seemed to like having me with her, and I hear has since said that I had cheered her and

THE MORNING ROOM AT KENSINGTON PALACE, WITH BEDROOM BEYOND.

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done her good. I found her better in every way than I had expected, though still carried and wheeled about, and at times very depressed. I am myself rather low, having very much to try me, and at present am looking in vain for the silver lining to the dark cloud, though I keep as brave a heart as I can. The children are my comfort and blessing, and I have capital accounts (*unberufen*) of the dear boys, who returned to school on the 21st. . . . Your very loving

MARY ADELAIDE.

It was not often that Princess Mary gave way to depression. Her bright and cheery spirit was always ready to face the ups-and-downs of life, and whatever her difficulties she bore herself bravely before the world. But the sacrifice the Princess was now called upon to make was a heavy one. She was about to give up the apartments at Kensington Palace, so intimately associated with her happy married life—a step rendered obligatory by increasing demands upon her limited income. In a letter written from Cumberland Lodge, where the Duchess was again the guest of Prince and Princess Christian, for Ascot, she expresses her feelings at being obliged to say good-bye for ever to the old Palace, which in 1867 she had entered as a happy bride.

Cumberland Lodge, June 6, 1883.

. . . I am enjoying the rest and beauty of this place, and this glorious weather. I think I never remember finer for Ascot. We have a very pleasant party of fourteen in the house. . . . I do my best to keep up my spirits and make myself pleasant; for, alas! a great trial is before me. On Saturday next we are going up from here to Kensington Palace to wind up there, and break up the beautiful, happy home, that has sheltered us for the last *sixteen* years, and in which all our children were born. You can guess the wrench it will be to us. . . .

About the middle of September the Duke and Duchess of Teck left England with their family, and for the next year and a half resided abroad, spending most of their time at Florence.

CHAPTER XVII.

FLORENCE.

1883-1885.

Seefeld—St. Gothard Railway—Milan—Dinner with the King and Queen of Italy—Arrival at Florence—Florentine society—Church of Santa Croce—The Villa Petraia—Monastery of La Certosa—A convent school—Visiting the workhouse—A porcelain manufactory—Ball at the Prefetto's—Ouida—A flower *Corso* and *Bal masque*—Illness of the Duke of Teck—Military review on the King's birthday—Artists' *mi-carême fête*—Death of Prince Leopold—The Villa Cedri—The Duc and Duchesse de Chartres—Church of Santa Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi—Lord Radstock and Canon Wilberforce—Medici Chapel—Waldensian Schools—A picnic at La Vincigliata—Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin—Lady Crawford's villa—Palazzo Torrigiani—Villa Castagnolo—At the Uffizzi—Round the studios—The Pitti Gallery—Corpus Domini procession—Arrival at the Hôtel Sonnenberg—Letter to Mr. Peter Wells—Expeditions to the Rutli and Schöneck—Meeting with the Duchess of Augustenburg—Lucerne revisited—Sunrise on the Rigi—Hôtel Bad Horn—Return to Florence—Evening party at the Cedri—Day at Pistoja—Accademia delle Belle Arti—Dante's birthplace—Leaving Florence—Arrival in London—Return to White Lodge.

THE first few weeks abroad were pleasantly spent at Seefeld, making excursions and seeing many old friends. Princess Mary greatly benefited by the change of scene and entire rest, so needful after her recent anxiety and stress of mind; and on the 18th of October, in the best of spirits, the little party, consisting of the Duke and Duchess of Teck,¹ Princess May and Prince Alexander—Prince Adolphus and Prince Francis having returned to their studies in England some

¹ Travelling as the Count and Countess de Hohenstein.

days before—took a tender leave of “dear, kind Catherine,” and started for Florence *viâ* Lucerne and Milan.

Journal.—October 18, 1883.—Off towards two o'clock, and along the Lake of Constance by dear Seefeld, Horn, Aborn, to Romanshorn, where, in hot haste, we changed carriages; thence through pretty, smiling, well-cultivated country to Zürich, where we had again to make a change. After a wait of half an hour we continued our journey, ascending the Utliberg to Zug, but it soon became too dark to see anything. We reached Lucerne at 7.30, and drove to the Hôtel Schweizerhof, where I had tea and wrote to Vicky.

October 20.— . . . Left Lucerne¹ at ten o'clock in a very nice compartment with open balcony, on which Francis and the children spent nearly all the day, and I a fair amount. The weather was divine, the scenery grand and beautiful beyond all words! The train took us inland by Kussnacht, and round by Lake Zug and the beautifully situated town of Schwyz at the foot of the Mythen; thence to Brunnen, where we began to skirt the Lake of Lucerne, and on through innumerable tunnels to Flüelen.

Leaving the Lake, the line winds through the Reussthal by Altorf, Erstfeld—where the engine for the ascent is attached—the village of Amstag, with the ruin Zwing-Uri, across a wonderful bridge, with a glorious peep into the Maderaner Thal! and through tunnel after tunnel, along galleries and over bridges. The valley narrows to Gurnellen, whence the line ascends through three long curving tunnels to the heights of Göschenen, winding round and round Wasen, where the white church stands out on a point, and comes twelve times into view! This is perhaps the grandest and most striking part of the route. At Göschenen a halt was made for dinner, but we could not tear ourselves away from the balcony, which we shared with a pleasant Russian,² a German and his wife, and two English women with whom we fraternised over the scenery. . . . We entered the wonderful St. Gothard Tunnel, a triumph of engineering art; the dense smoke from the two engines obliged us to keep the door and windows closed, but after a while it grew so insufferably hot and stuffy that we opened a crack of the door and let in a little cold air, which was most refreshing.

¹ During her stay at Lucerne Princess Mary revisited the places she had seen in 1859.

² Prince Wolkonsky.

Coming out of the tunnel we found ourselves in the Tessin Valley; we crossed and recrossed the river, foaming and tossing in wild cascades, the vegetation still Alpine, but as one proceeds, everything assumes an Italian character. Spanish chestnuts, mulberries, and walnut trees, creeping vines (arbour-like), and Indian corn replace the fir trees; and the wooden *châlets* and houses disappear. On we went through the valley of Faido and by the picturesque town of that name, the capital of Levantina, through the Biascina ravine and a succession of tunnels down to Giornico. Then came Biasca, with its lovely waterfall; Bellinzona, the seat of the government of the Canton Tessin, where one gets a peep of the Lago Maggiore; and after passing through the rather long Monte Cenese tunnel, we reached Taverne and Lugano. Here, exhausted nature claimed attention and food, and as it was growing dusk we succumbed and ate, but watched the descent to the shores of the lake, which we crossed by Melide, and then on and on to Chiasso frontier station, where Italy is entered. Custom House officials most civil! Thence to Como with its Lake, which we could just discover in the darkness, and by Monza, the King's summer residence, to Milan, where we arrived about eight o'clock, and, to our dismay, were received by an official, the Chief of Police.

Milan, October 21.— . . . With the children to the Cathedral for High Mass, Francis joining us a little later with Dattari.¹ The exterior, all white marble, is very grand and imposing, the supporting columns being magnificent. The light was dim, partly owing to the dull rainy day, and partly to the pictures hung in the centre aisle. At first we were seated in the nave, where the music sounds well, but one sees very indistinctly the high altar; after we had seen the procession of priests with the Bishop march round the inside of the Cathedral, we were taken up to a loggia in the chancel, whence we could see the celebration of Mass. At the conclusion of the ceremony we went down into the subterranean Chapel of San Carlo Borromeo, containing the tomb of the Saint. When the fine silver sarcophagus is lifted off, the body of the Cardinal Archbishop in his robes of office is seen, the brown face like a mummy. A splendid Cross in large emeralds and diamonds, the gift of Maria Theresa, hangs over his hands. In the afternoon we drove, despite the rain, through the streets and along the canals that intersect them, round the public gardens, by Cavour's fine statue and Princess Clothilde's palace, skirting the Arena, to the

¹ The Courier.

Piazza d'Armi, or drilling-ground, in front of the ancient Castello, now a barrack, and the Arc della Pace, a white marble triumphal arch, its reliefs commemorating old Napoleon's passage over the Simplon, through which Napoleon III. and Victor Emmanuel marched in triumph after Solferino!

October 22.—The King's aide-de-camp, Count Gianotti, came to invite us to dine at Monza. . . . After he had gone, Francis and I went to the Brera Gallery. Beautiful indeed is Raphael's "Sposalizio," or espousals of the Virgin and Joseph! . . . There are several fine paintings by Rembrandt, Paolo Veronese, Rubens, and van Dyck, and many curious pictures by very ancient masters—Crivelli, Luini, and others. From there we drove to the Refectory of the suppressed monastery of Santa Maria delle Grazie, once used as a stable, to see Leonardo da Vinci's fresco of "The Last Supper," painted in oils on the wall before 1499. Alas! much damaged; conception very grand, fine, and touching. At the opposite end of the refectory is a fresco of the "Crucifixion," by Donato Montorfano, done about the same time, but far better preserved. . . . After luncheon I started off again with the children, and ascended to the roof of the cathedral, where we had a fine view over Milan—Alps and Apennines rather hazy. The ornamentation of the roof is rich in carving and statues, of which there are over 2000. All the points of the decorations are carved to represent fruit and flowers. We explored the oldest of the small Gothic towers, through which one ascends to the grand Tower (494 steps in height), and then came down the 200 and odd steps we had gone up, and drove to the Arena—a kind of circus. In itself, the Arena is most disappointing—simply a vast enclosure, capable of seating 30,000 spectators on its stone and grass steps. It was constructed by Napoleon I. As it was too late to go to the Cemetery, we drove about old Milan.

I rested for a while, then dressed in red and black gown for the dinner, and about seven Francis and I reached the station, where one of the King's gentlemen, Marchese Borea, received us, and took us to the special train. We entered the royal saloon, which was handsomely fitted up (the train consisted of the whole suite of carriages in which their Majesties always travel), and in 20 minutes reached Monza, where the King met us, and drove with us to the Palace just outside the town. We passed up a flight of steps and through a grand hall to a vestibule, or large *Saal*, in which we found

the Queen—handsome and very pleasing—and all the company assembled. The Queen presented to me the nine ladies, and the King three of the gentlemen. The Prince of Naples, a nice little fellow of fourteen, appeared for a few minutes before dinner, which was served in an adjoining large room. I sat between the King and Ministro della Casa, Conte Visone, and got on very pleasantly. . . . Afterwards we adjourned to a small saloon, and I sat on a sofa talking to the Queen till summoned to depart. She embraced me repeatedly at parting. The King again took us to the station, and we travelled back with Borea, getting to the Hotel by eleven.

October 23.—Sir Evelyn Wood, who was *en route* for Egypt, assisted at our *déjeuner à la fourchette*, and at eleven o'clock we resumed our journey, the first portion of which was very flat and monotonous—hedges of trees along the line, chiefly acacias, for the most part, shutting out the view. The country seemed cut up in fields, intersected by ditches. Immediately after crossing the Po we reached Piacenza. Further on, along the ancient Roman road Via Emilia, we passed Castel Guelfo, and after crossing the Taro by Marie Louise's fine bridge, arrived at Parma—a splendid town. Then on to Modena, the country becoming open, and much prettier—vines cover the trees and creep along the ground. *Préfets* complimented us at all the principal stations. Two got into the carriage! We reached Bologna, beautifully situated at the foot of the Apennines, about 4.30. Thence we turned to the south-west, and, skirting the slopes of the Monte della Guardia, with its fine Pilgrimage Church, della Madonna di San Luca, rising behind Bologna, and crossing the Reno, traversed a succession of tunnels, and crossed the Apennines, the highest point reached being Pracchia. Alas! it soon grew too dark to see anything. . . . We arrived at Florence about 9.20 or so, and were received by Mr. Colnaghi,¹ our consul. Drove to the Private Hôtel Paoli, on the Lung' Arno.

Letter to Lady Geraldine Somerset.

Firenze!!! October 25, 1883.

. . . Here we are at last, safely arrived, and fairly comfortably settled on the second floor in a pension, or Private Hotel, on the Arno, much patronised by English families, as

¹ Now Sir Dominic Colnaghi.

it is considered to be in a very healthy situation, and boasts certain English comforts. . Paoli, the proprietor, was servant to Sir James Hudson,¹ through whom we heard of this Pension, and acted as courier to the Villebois' when they were at Baden, and gave us that pretty *fête* at the Favorite Schloss. This part of Florence somewhat reminds me of Frankfort—that portion of it, I mean, which lies by the Maine. The Arno is just now at its worst, very narrow and poor, and quite brown in colour, so that I am not enchanted with the view from my windows, though they look to the Michael Angelo Piazza up on the hill opposite; but the view from the drawing-room on the Apennines over the brown roofs is very fine.

We have as yet not begun sight-seeing here, as we are all rather knocked up with *les derniers jours*, but have had two charming drives up to the Michael Angelo Piazza and Bello Sguardo, from which spots one has a splendid view of this city with her wealth of palaces, churches, and towers; and through Florence itself, so as to *nous orienter un peu*. The buildings are wonderfully beautiful certainly, and I am longing to explore them. . . . Yesterday the very civil Prefetto General Corti called, and who did we discover but Mimi (*incog.* as Countess Engern), Tilla, and Hilda! *Alle drei ganz unverändert*, with whom we have just been spending a nice *gemüthlichen Abend chez nous*. I hope they are going to stay on a few days. A thousand loves to dearest Mama, to whom please read all that can interest her. . . .

A well-known resident in Florence, referring to the Duke and Duchess's visit to Italy, writes—

The various circles of Florentine society vied with each other in their desire to make the Duchess of Teck's stay pleasant and agreeable. It was, of course, a great pleasure to the English residents to have Princess Mary amongst them, and her kindness of heart and personal charm endeared her to all who had the privilege of being presented to her. She was everywhere received as a Royal Princess, the claims of etiquette being only relaxed by Her Royal Highness's gracious simplicity and cordiality of manner, which her tranquil dignity never permitted to be misunderstood. The Duchess attended the concerts at the Philharmonic Society, and was often seen at the Opera and theatre, when the King's box was placed at her disposal. I can truly say that I doubly

¹ Sometime our Ambassador at Turin.

enjoyed a play when Her Royal Highness was gracious enough to ask me to accompany her, for she so genuinely entered into the spirit of the performance. She thoroughly enjoyed any amusement, and it was a real pleasure to see her at a party, she always looked so bright and happy. Both the Duke and Duchess went a good deal into society, and many entertainments were given in honour of the Royal visitors.

I remember meeting them at the private theatricals given by the Duc de Dino in the Palazzo Renuccini, where all the great people of Florence were gathered together, also at the Corsini Palace and at the entertainments given at the historic Palazzo Riccardi by the *Péfet*. Other hosts and hostesses similarly honoured were: the Count and Countess de Talleyrand, Countess de Perchenstein, Marquis Montagliari, Mr. and Mrs. Colnaghi, Mr. and Mrs. George Maquay, and Mr. and Mrs. Horace Tharp, while the Duchess often looked in at Mr. and Mrs. Rumbold's weekly musical evenings. The ball at the British Consulate was, I believe, the first formal dance that Princess May ever attended. The Duke of Teck made himself very popular and was a great favourite at the Florence Club, an Anglo-American association, of which later on he became the Honorary President. The Duchess was always ready to promote charitable objects, and presided over many public functions. Among these I can best recall the presentation of certificates of the St. John's Ambulance Association, the distribution of prizes to the members of a Society founded by the Miss Horners for promoting kindness to animals among children, and a meeting connected with the Florence branch of the Italian Society for the protection of animals. Her Royal Highness and family attended the services at Holy Trinity Church regularly, and occupied the old pew of the British Legation.

To a temperament such as Princess Mary's, susceptible alike to the beautiful in art and nature, the Italian city could scarcely be otherwise than a source of continuous delight. The inexhaustible treasures, the lovely scenery of the surrounding country, and the fragrant flowers compensated in a measure for the lengthened absence from her English home, and she was ever discovering something new to add to her already rich store of artistic knowledge. Churches, palaces, and picture-galleries were visited again and again with the same eagerness of spirit and freshness of mind,

while many an occasional hour was pleasantly spent at various studios, watching the artists and sculptors at their work.

Journal.—*Hôtel Paoli, October 25.*—Had a visit from the charming old Duc de Dino and Mr. and Mrs. Colnaghi, and towards four we drove in a landau and pair with chicks up to Bello Sguardo. . . . The road skirts large orchards with *olive* trees, the *berries* on them! fig trees and vines! We made our way into the garden of a Villa on the summit—a delightful bit of garden with lemon trees, heavenly jessamine, verbena, and heliotrope. . . . *October 26.*—We went to see the beautiful church of Santa Croce. As it was not open when we arrived, our humble, poorly clad, but intelligent and most beautiful Italian-speaking young guide (alas! a strong republican) took us round the cloisters, with monuments all along the walls. . . . The Cappella of the Pazzi we were not shown, but its handsome portal, with arch and cupola and charming frieze of angels' heads by Donatello, struck me much. We entered the church by the door from the cloisters; it was, alas! much spoilt by the frescoes and once painted roof having been *whitewashed*. These are now being carefully restored by a chemical process. Santa Croce contains many memories of Italy's great men. . . . The modern monument of Princess Sophia Czartoryska by Bartolini is quite beautiful! . . . I spent over an hour and a half there most enjoyably, and then drove to the Cascine, Florence's Bois de Boulogne—the fashionable drive along the Arno, but at present very empty. Home by six, and found our rooms much improved by Francis's arrangement.

October 27.— . . . In the afternoon we drove out to the Villa Petraia, the King's residence, and were at once admitted. It stands on a steep hill with gardens sloping down from the terrace on which the villa is situated. The view over Florence across the plain was gloriously beautiful in the setting sun. The house has a large centre hall, reminding one of Mentmore,¹ only with frescoes, into which the windows of the upper rooms look down; one large drawing-room *au premier* has fine Gobelins on raspberry ground. The suite of three reception-rooms is ready for use, even to the *candles*! We were shown over poor Victor Emmanuel's apartments. *October 28.*— . . . To the Cascine with Mimi, Hilda, and Tilla, and on to the Piazzone, where the band was playing, to

¹ Lord Rosebery's Buckinghamshire seat.

which the small amount of *beau monde* at present in Florence were listening in their carriages. . . . Tilla insisted on walking by the Arno under a *Platanen-Allee*, because she said it reminded her of Rumpenheim! but it was so *triste* that Mimi rebelled, and we drove back to the Piazzone, where we found Livingstone's equipage with sixteen horses drawn up; after the music had finished we saw the American get under way and drive his team round the Piazzone.

October 29.— . . . Called for the cousins, and drove by the Porta Alla Croce to the remains of the Monastery of San Salvi (order of Vallombrosa). We got out at the Church, but there was nothing to be seen, so, guided by wretched-looking children, we found our way to the former refectory, on one wall of which is a beautifully-coloured fresco of the Last Supper, by Andrea del Sarto. . . . Back to the Boboli Gardens, which we entered on foot from the Via Romana. A polite gardener took us in tow, and after showing us a winter greenhouse, piloted us along a broad walk to an island, laid out as a flower-garden, in the centre of which stands a fountain with a statue of Oceanus by Giovanni da Bologna; thence we passed up a steep broad avenue, adorned with statues, and made our way to the broad grass terrace at the top of the hill above the Palazzo Pitti. Grand view over all Florence, the Pitti at our feet; just caught the last rays of the setting sun!

October 30.— . . . Prefetto and Madame Corti (la Prefetta) called for me in their shelburne, and we drove to the Porta Romana up a hill by the new English Cemetery, between picturesque kitchen gardens and low walls to the Monastery of La Certosa, which stands on an eminence, clothed in cypresses, olive trees, and vines. After crossing the brook Ema, we entered a gateway and ascended the very steep hill up to the Certosa, where Padre Rota and two other monks received us. First of all we visited the church, and looked at the lovely stucco ornamentations; then, wending our way down some rather steep stairs, we came to a subterranean chapel or crypt containing the tombs of the Acciajuoli. . . . On ascending again we entered the church with fine pavement and altar in marble and mosaic; carved stalls, handsome frames, and frescoed roof by Pocetti; the sacristy is panelled in lovely olive wood. We next passed into the cloisters, with rare, beautiful old stained-glass windows by Giovanni da Udine; and Chapter House, containing a very fine monument of Bishop Buonafide, and two or three good pictures, notably the "Crucifixion" by

Albertinelli. . . . As the monastery has been suppressed, there are only about seven old monks left in it. . . . Padre Rota took us into his own spacious apartment, with a good view from the balcony, and regaled us with delicious chartreuse, alkermes, and almond cakes, all made at the monastery. I tried to speak my best Italian; the old Fathers were most kind and hospitable. They showed us the apartment, but scantily furnished, occupied by Pope Pius VII., when he was here, and the Spezeria, or pharmacie, where they sell their Chartreuse medicines and perfumes. Finally we went to the refectory with handsome pulpit, from which one of them reads to the others during Sundays and *fête*-day dinners, the only days on which their rules permit the monks to dine together. It was growing dusk when we took leave, and we returned by the same road, passing on our way in a narrow street a funeral in preparation; the body lying on an open bier (no coffin) was surrounded by white-robed and hooded men, their faces, all but the eyes, concealed by the white hoods, carrying torches. A weird and ghastly-looking spectacle, which greatly impressed and quite haunted us.

November 1.— . . . We got out of the carriage at the steps leading up to San Miniato, and walked to the lower terrace of the cemetery to see the floral decorations of the tombs—poor in that part—and had to push our way, as the place was very full. We ascended to the cemetery with the crowd (most orderly, chiefly peasants), but did not attempt passing along the barriers to get into the open part, so only saw few good wreaths and flowers. Descended very easily by a side entrance, the gateway of old fortifications, and drove along the Viale dei Colli to the Villa Poggio Imperiale, a fine, palatial building; it is now a large school for young ladies, not accessible, but believing I had a *permesso* I rather forced my way in! Found in the salons we passed through many relations visiting the girls. A civil *sous-gouvernante* received us, but, the *Directrice* being out, she could only show us the rather stiff convent-like garden encircled by walls into which the school and classrooms looked (saw many little faces at one window), the governesses' and *Directrice's* sitting-rooms, the large dining-room or hall, laid out for supper for the 70 odd inmates, and a very fine salon, only used on grand occasions and sometimes of an evening for music or dancing, the walls of which are handsomely decorated. Just as we were leaving the *Directrice* returned, but it was getting too late and dark

for the Chapel, so I departed, promising to return. Drove back by fine dark avenue of cypresses to Porta Romana and home. . . . After eight to the Opera House (Pagliano); not finding private entrance to King's box, had to go in by the public one. . . . The Duc de Dino, Colnaghi, Prince Wolkonsky—whom Dino kindly brought up and re-presented to me, he having been our St. Gothard travelling companion, with whom Alge made such great friends—and the Prefetto visited us.

November 5.— . . . Towards two o'clock with Francis and Gutmann¹ to the Uffizzi, where Commendatore Donati and the Directors received us. . . . Home by 4.30, and took May for drive; we went to the waiting-hall at the station to see La Beppa, the old flower-woman, and back through the streets, making many little purchases. *November 11.*— . . . Started with Francis and the children by the Via Nuova for the Villa Spence, Fiesole. Received there by the Spence family. It is a charming old Medici Villa, fitted up by a Lady Orford, aunt to Horace Walpole, in 1779. We looked all over it, and then had tea on the covered verandah in full view of a glorious sunset over the mountains of Carrara. The day had been lovely, only much colder, in spite of bright warm sun and deep blue sky. Home, passing the Crawford² Villa Palmieri. *November 13.* . . . Dressed for the tea at the Colnaghis', whither Francis and I drove at five. All the leading English here were presented to me; we were a party of 35. Colnaghi apartment very high up; walls made very nice by fine old prints. . . . We spent the evening with the Taylors in their pretty little apartment. Lady Caroline Ricketts³ and her four daughters were there; I played round games with the chicks and the young ladies. Later we had some music, and Mr. Philip Currie⁴ came in, to whom I talked till nearly eleven. . . .

November 16.— . . . Miss Susan Horner arrived a little before two o'clock, and soon afterwards I drove with her, May, and Gutmann to the Cloisters of the Recollets, or barefooted monks (now suppressed), in the Via Cavour—charming little court, with beautiful frescoes in *grisaille* by Andrea del Sarto and Franciabigio, representing the history

¹ Fräulein Gutmann, Princess May's German governess.

² The Villa Palmieri was occupied by the Earl and Countess of Crawford.

³ Sir Cornwallis Ricketts married secondly Lady Caroline Pelham Clinton, daughter of the fourth Duke of Newcastle.

⁴ Now Lord Currie, our Ambassador at Rome.

of John the Baptist; the allegorical figures of Love and Faith are wonderfully fine. Afterwards to the Church of Santissima Annunciata. Round anterior court are frescoes by Andrea del Sarto and other masters; the "Nativity of the Virgin Mary" is a magnificent work! . . . This Church is the most fashionable in Florence, and has a fine organ. The ceiling is richly gilt, and the walls are beautifully decorated. In the Cappella della Vergine Annunziata (shrine chapel) is a *lovely* head of the Saviour, by Andrea del Sarto. It was too dark in the Church to see much, but two Peruginos were pointed out to me, and the Chapel behind the Choir, with Crucifix and bronze reliefs by Giovanni da Bologna, who is buried under the Altar. Over the door leading to the Cloisters is one of Andrea del Sarto's *chef-d'œuvres*, a fresco representing the Holy Family, Joseph resting on a sack of flour (hence the name "Madonna del Sacco"), painted in 1525. Magnificent! We then crossed the Piazza, and entered Spedale degli Innocenti (Foundling Hospital), with a splendid relieve over the door leading to the Church, by Andrea della Robbia; the "Annunciation," with wreath of Cherubs' heads, quite beautiful! Above the High Altar, in an otherwise uninteresting church, is a wonderful picture by Domenico Ghirlandajo (alas! recently restored and too glaring in colour) of the Adoration of the Magi, to see which I had to wind myself up a narrow staircase! We drove slowly round the Piazza, to look at Andrea della Robbia's *bambini* in swaddling clothes, in the medallions between the arches of the Spedale, and the statue of the Grand Duke Ferdinand I.; then dropped kind Miss Horner, who had proved herself an admirable cicerone, at a friend's Palazzo, and drove on to Porta San Gallo, and up the Via Bolognese towards the Villa Martini, to look at the garden and view. . . .

November 17.— . . . After nine, we adjourned to the Rumbolds' small party, at which the Spanish students played, sang, and danced. Many presentations—several Italian, and a few Russian and American ladies, and a number of gentlemen. Deuzi, the Neapolitan Tosti, sang to us—not much voice, but charming method and compositions. It ended in a dance, but we left soon after midnight.

November 18.— . . . At 2.30 we started for the Vincigliata. View glorious in the sunshine. Wolkonsky drove with me and the chicks, Francis following with Major Light. We only passed through Fiesole and drove on, rounding the steep hill and descending by a winding road on the other side to the Vincigliata, a ruined castle, purchased and rebuilt by a Mr.

Temple Leader, as nearly as possible in the style of the period—a very early date. The castle was besieged and taken by Sir John Hawkwood at the head of his free lances, fighting for the Pisan Republic. We explored the chambers as best we could in the fading light by the help of a solitary candle. Some things are old: many modern copies, but well imitated. I scrambled up a narrow winding tower, and had a glorious view of the deep red sunset from the battlements. The courts are admirable reproductions. We left about five, and drove slowly down the road to Florence, taking Wolkonsky home with us to dinner. He stayed late, talking about Russia, his family, and the late Emperor's. *Most interesting.* A really delightful evening!

November 21.—Took the children to the Pitti Palace entrance to Boboli Gardens, and, ascending by the Amphitheatre, explored that part of them. Having climbed up to the Abbondanza, we went on to the Belvedere, where one gets a fine view over Florence and the mountain range. It was a perfect day—sunny, though cold in the shade. Before getting into the carriage again I looked in at the quaint grotto, and then drove to the Cascine, but met the people coming away, as it was getting very cold. . . . At nine we all went to a private theatre in the Palazzo Rinuccini, for a concert in aid of poor Spanish students, and afterwards to a tea and *soirée* in the neighbouring apartment (charming) of the Duc di Dino.

November 22.—I walked with Wolkonsky and Francis to the Workhouse, close by where Commendatore Peri, the Director, received us, and took us all over it. It is a wonderful institution, and has 700 inmates: the men and women are, for the most part, very old, or maimed, and the children (from three to eighteen) mostly orphans. Wonderfully clean for Italy, well aired and well kept. The girls learn weaving, sewing, and knitting, and in the workshops the boys are taught wood-carving, upholstering, casting in iron, and carriage-building; some of the old men are similarly employed. Children up to twelve years old are sent to school, but after that age they attend evening classes in the workhouse, which was Peri's creation. We did not leave till 4.30, and drove to the English Club, which Francis and Major Light took me over. It is charmingly situated, looking on the Arno.

November 26.— . . . Philip Currie lunched with us, and I saw him afterwards in my room. . . . I went with the Prefetto and Madame Corti, Francis, and the children to the Marchese Ginori's Porcelain Manufactory, where Marchese

Ginori and his brother-in-law, Marchese Torrigiani, received us. We first visited the Museum, which contains a fine collection of specimens from the commencement (1735) till the present date; then saw the warehouses, in which the china of every kind is set out. The Faience vases and dishes I thought especially fine. We witnessed the process of manufacture from the *very beginning*! Then we looked over the sculpture workshops, where the reliefs after della Robbia are made, the Museum, with all the copies in statues and vases, and, finally, made our way to the *ateliers*, where the first-rate artists paint the china. A Frenchman, who was painting some lovely cups, and the Italian who is at the head of *les ateliers*, and had painted some *chef-d'œuvres* in the way of Faience dishes and vases, especially interested us, as also did a new process of printing on china (green fern leaves). We were very thankful for the tea offered us in another Museum below. . . . The Cortis took me home, their coachman driving capitally along the narrow road, *encombrés* with many carts and a horrid tramway.

November 27.—My birthday! May God grant me a happy, peaceful year, free from cares, rich in blessings, and spare all my dear ones. Up before eight, but hindered in my dressing by letters, telegrams, and flowers! At twelve I received my presents in the drawing-room; chocolate *lunch* directly afterwards, and at one went with the children and Gutmann to the Duomo, meeting Sir James Hudson. The Cathedral was opened for me. Interior grand, solemn, severe in its simplicity. . . . The stained-glass windows, though small in proportion to the size of the building, are chiefly old and very fine. . . . We only had time just to walk round, as we had to be home to receive my congratulatory visitors. From 2.30 I had quite a *levée*, and my lovely flowers—baskets, cushion, and bouquets of all dimensions—were much admired. . . . We had a very cheery little dinner, and in the evening the William Rumbolds and Colnaghi ladies came, and we had some music. The Rumbolds and I sang, and, finally, Wolkonsky played a valse, and we *all* danced away till about twelve or so, when the party broke up. *Very nice day!*

November 29.— . . . Sky glorious—of a glowing crimson and gold! East wind high and bitterly cold. . . . In the afternoon I received the Commandant, Lieut.-General Bertole Viale, and later his aide-de-camp, Count Blanco. . . . About seven Francis and I set out to the Tharps' villa, La Colombaia, up at Bello Sguardo, quite half an hour's climb

up a steep paved narrow road. The villa is *charming*, Italian and English things mixed, arranged with English and true artistic taste. Dinner *exquis!* We were a party of ten; the Duc de Dino sat on my right. The drawing-room and dining-room are quite pictures. Evening most pleasant.

December 1.—Made the Marchese Medici's acquaintance. . . . The Prefetto gave a dinner in our honour at the Palazzo Riccardi. Several of the guests were presented to me, and we sat down twenty-eight to dinner, I between the host and Talleyrand. The rooms are very fine and were well-lighted; splendid Gobelins. In the evening there was a small party with *quelques présentations*, and instrumental music, which was very good. Finally *la jeunesse* danced on the carpet, I too, with the Préfet. *December 20.*— . . . Settled for Christmas Tree to be in dining-room. . . . Dined at the Talleyrands' a party of twelve; music in the evening. *December 23.*— . . . About ten in the evening the dear boys arrived with Francis in great force and looking so handsome. We assisted at their supper.¹

February 7, 1884.— . . . At eleven o'clock to the Prefettura Ball, where I stayed till three. Beautiful *fête*. Eisner-Franchetti duel was the general talk. *February 13.*—We drove to Scandicci, a small town, and, after a delightful *giro* up and round a hill, took the road immediately under Ouida's Villa, and getting out by a river, now almost dry, we gathered wild flowers (green Christmas-roses). Ouida passed us in her pony-carriage, dressed all in drab. . . . *February 23.*— . . . After dinner I went with May and Mrs. Monson to the Peruzzis' for the Fry-Torrigiani *scritta*, or signing of the marriage contract. The reception was at Mrs. Grigg's—the grandmother's—fine apartment; once the British Legation. Grand affair! Numbers of well-dressed ladies, and a great sprinkling of Americans. *February 26.*—Francis, May, and I started in our sociable, Miss Light following with Alge in her victoria, for the Cascine, where there was to be a flower *corso*. Great fun! Five brakes, each drawn by four horses ridden by postillions, filled with gentlemen of the Italian Club throwing bouquets and bonbons. We received perfect showers of them. There were three lines of carriages moving at a foot's pace. The day was warm and heavenly, and we all *thoroughly enjoyed it*. . . . We drove along the Lung' Arno to

¹ The Journal breaks off here.

show off our flowers, and to Miss Light's to tea. . . . Home with two baskets (one a *clothes-basket*) full of bouquets. . . . About eleven o'clock with Francis and chicks to the Veglione, or masked ball, at the Pergola; the two Colnaghi brothers met us, and the Monsons were in the *loge de service*. The gentlemen as a rule were not masked, but wore evening dress. We had several male visitors, but only one domino. At first the place looked empty, though many boxes were occupied, but it gradually filled and *s'anima!* We descended to Miss Light's box to supper, when it became much more amusing. The scene was a very pretty one when the lighted supper tables appeared in the different boxes. The masks and others spoke to us from the floor of the theatre. . . .

March 1.—About three I started with chicks and Edgar¹ to the Villa Buturlin for children's *bal costumé*. Some very pretty children there, and the dance *très animé*, especially towards the end, but my first *entrée* was shy work, as I knew so few of the guests. The children enjoyed themselves immensely. *March 5.*— . . . Francis awakened with numbness in the left side, and could not move his arm, and only with difficulty his leg; he is evidently in a highly nervous state. . . . I sent for Dr. Baldwin,² who arrived soon afterwards; he believes it to be the result of a sunstroke, and Francis is to be kept in bed very quiet. . . . Dr. Meyer, the oculist, whom Baldwin had summoned, arrived later: he seemed to think it serious, a warning, but anticipated perfect recovery, though slow—a thing of weeks. *March 6.*—Baldwin quite satisfied. . . . I took Francis a bunch of lovely flowers (lilacs), and found Edgar reading to him. . . .

March 13.—As I was dressing in walked Francis. I could hardly believe my eyes. What a joy and blessing! for which God be thanked. I started with the children and Edgar for Petraia. The day was quite like summer, all the almond and early fruit trees being out. We wandered about the garden, a *mass* of wild and other flowers all over the banks and in the borders. Gathered away to our hearts' content. Then went over the villa; the Gobelins had been taken away *pro tem.* for use at the Quirinal. . . . We climbed up winding steps to the Italian oak, in which King Victor Emmanuel used often to dine. Then had our *cold* tea in the lower garden before driving back; the *crepusculo*

¹ Mr. Edgar Sebright had been appointed Equerry to the Duchess of Teck.

² Dr. Baldwin was a well-known American physician practising at Florence. He acted as medical attendant to the Duke and Duchess of Teck and family during their stay in Italy.

burning red! Altogether a most enjoyable and successful expedition.

March 14.—The King's birthday! Up at eight; guns had been firing away. . . . We drove to the open space in the Cascine, where the review was to be held. A perfect summer's day—a spot quite made for it, the distant hills forming a lovely background. General Bocca commanded. At eleven o'clock sharp General Bertole Viale and his staff galloped on to the ground. The General first saluted me, then rode down the line, and the march-past followed. The corps of cadets, engineers, and Bersaglieri went by the best, the two last-named marched past a second time in double time, the Bers. almost at a run. The cavalry and artillery trotted by. Oh! what a contrast between these troops and *ours*, and how we missed the *dear red!* It made us feel more *home-sick* than ever.

March 20.—Francis walked about the passages and into his sitting-room for the first time since his illness. Hurrah! . . . I dressed in grey satin and wheatears for the Artists' *mi-carême fête* at their club, Circolo Artistico, to which at ten o'clock the Monsons, Colnaghis, and Edgar accompanied May and me. The rooms were most artistically decorated by the artists themselves. The grand centre room had sun and moon transparencies, and was hung with stuffs. One represented a street in a market, another a kind of bower, a third was done with pallets, etc. The refreshment-room had heads painted on its walls. There were also an ice-cavern, a spring room with fruit-trees in blossom and a flight of birds, a Japanese room, and a railway smoking compartment *per i fumatori*. Altogether most original and clever. After going round, I sat down in the centre room with Mesdames Ginori, Torrigiani, and Panciatichi, and watched the most amusing scene. There were a few costumes, and a procession bearing on a ladder a gilt shell, and an artist dressed up as an old woman, who showered flowers and cards over us.

March 28.—I took a short drive up the Lung' Arno as the day was so lovely, but returned home soon after six. . . . In the middle of dinner Gutmann brought me a telegram Mrs. Kennard had received from her husband, with the awful, terrible news that dearest Leo had *died suddenly that day*. The shock half killed me. I tried to compose myself, and about nine went to Francis; but he noticed that something was wrong, and kept questioning me, then Gasperi,¹ so at last I put him off with some excuse and went to bed. I

¹ Signor Gasperi, a friend of the Duke of Teck's.

sat up awaiting a possible telegram; but none arrived, so I too retired. *March 29.*—Colnaghi came early and confirmed the terrible tidings of Leo's death at Cannes, and I went to Francis to tell him the awful truth. . . . He found relief in tears. I could settle to nothing, I was too utterly wretched. Dr. Baldwin came towards five; but Francis had given up his proposed *déménagement* to Villa Stibbert,¹ not feeling equal to the move. . . . Had telegrams from the poor dear Queen and Claremont. *March 30.*— . . . Francis started with Dr. Baldwin for Villa Stibbert, having walked wonderfully well down the staircase. I drove over with May later on, and found him most comfortably lodged, having borne the drive capitally, and walked to the armoury and back.

It had been Princess Mary's intention to take a villa early in the year, but the task of finding a suitable residence proved more difficult than was anticipated, while the illness of the Duke of Teck caused the projected move from the Hôtel Paoli to be still further postponed. Towards the end of March, the Journal records, "I went over the rooms of Miss Light's Villa (I Cedri) with a view to our occupation. It promises to make a charming spring abode for us . . . the garden full of wild violets, and all the bushes and flowers coming out." A few days later the final arrangements were made, and on the 3rd of April the Duchess established herself at her new abode, where she was soon afterwards joined by the Duke, whose health had much benefited by his stay at the Villa Stibbert.

I Cedri is situated at Bagno a Ripoli, on the left bank of the Arno, some three miles outside the Porta San Nicolo, to the east of Florence. Cedar-trees, as the name implies, form a feature of the garden, which is very prettily laid out, and beyond are olive-groves, and open country studded here and there with picturesque farmhouses. A large centre hall, containing a few good frescoes, is the main apartment of the house, and around it runs a gallery, upon which Princess Mary's sitting-room opened. The villa dates back to the fifteenth century, when it belonged to the Laroni family, but since that time it has changed hands repeatedly, and about

¹ The villa belonged to Mr. Stibbert, a well-known collector of armour.

sixty years ago was purchased by an ancestor of the present owner.¹ During the occupation of the Duke and Duchess



A CORNER OF THE HALL AT 1 CEDRI.

(From a drawing by Sir Thomas Dick-Lauder, Bart.)

of Teck the villa belonged to Miss Bianca Light, who by mutual arrangement retained her own apartments.

Princess Mary enjoyed being able to receive her friends

¹ Mrs. Light, widow of Major Light.

once more in her own house, and on Sunday afternoons many Florentines drove out to pay their respects at I Cedri.

The Duchess of Teck was a delightful hostess [writes a lady at that time residing in Florence], and during her stay at I Cedri entertained in the most charming and hospitable manner. At Christmas there were special festivities, and a tree was given, when no one was forgotten. Many a pleasant hour have I spent with our dear Princess, and it was delightful to see her with her children. She was so devoted to them, and they adored their mother. Besides the Princess's unfailing kindness, I was struck by her genial good nature and sympathy with every one with whom she was brought into contact, either in joy or sorrow. Of course the life at Florence was very different to the life the Princess had led in England, but she bore all the little annoyances so bravely and never complained. She was one of the best and noblest of women, a true and loyal friend, and this I can say from my own personal experience. When Her Royal Highness returned to England she never forgot her Florentine friends. *All* were made welcome at the White Lodge.

Journal.—*I Cedri, April 16.*— . . . After looking in upon May and Madame Zucchelli,¹ who came for the first time, I wrote till 12.30, when we had luncheon. . . . Princess Gortschakoff and Wolkonsky arrived about four, and after their departure I drove with May into Florence and called on the Chartreses² at their hotel; we found them at dinner in the general dining-room with their children preparatory to starting for Venice. They seemed *delighted* to see us, and at our coming. . . . *April 17.*—Up early and assisted at May's music lesson, playing and singing a little myself. . . . In the afternoon Mrs. Purves came with Daisy and Alix³ and paid us such a nice long visit. We wandered about the garden for some time picking flowers, and before they left I showed them over the house. . . . *April 21.*— . . . Soon after lunch Alice Shaw Stewart⁴ arrived, followed later by Alethea Lawley⁵ and Miss Carton. We went down to the hall to

¹ Princess May's Italian mistress.

² The Duc and Duchesse de Chartres.

³ Daughters of Mrs. Purves.

⁴ Lady Alice Shaw Stewart, daughter of the Marquis of Bath and wife of Mr. Shaw Stewart.

⁵ The Honble. Alethea Lawley, daughter of the second Lord Wenlock; she married, in 1890, Cavaliere Professore Taddeo Wiel, Principal of the Marciano Library, Venice.

tea, and were joined by dear Lady Alfred and Amy Paget. It felt like *home* in dear old England! When all had left, Bianca took us a charming ramble down one of her *poderi* to show us the view across the Arno, to the picturesque mill, and back by a very pretty farmhouse with a wall and kind of vine-covered *pergola*. We hurried home to arrange the table for our little dinner-party, and gathered some heartsease and other flowers. . . .

April 23.—We drove into Florence and went to the church of Santa Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi, at the entrance to which Miss Susan Horner and Bianca met us. The church is, comparatively speaking, modern; . . . we passed through a side chapel and by a narrow passage into the convent, one of the few *very strict* convents left, and can only be seen by a *permesso* obtained from the Pope. We were admitted through a small door by the Mother Superior, who with two other nuns were the only sisters we were allowed to see. In the large chapel under the altar lies the body of the Saint Maria Maddalena in a splendid black and gold robe, covered with votive offerings, some of precious stones in a large glass casket; the face, though black, is wonderfully preserved, and reminded me of dear Lady A. and Queen Elizabeth's portraits! In a second chapel, now no longer used, there are two beautiful old glass windows—alas! they are walled up—the work of the Sistercian monks, who inhabited this place before the nuns.

In the third chapel there is a very handsome casket with two statues of cherubs holding torches standing in front of it, the gift of Elise Baciochi, old Napoleon's sister and so-called Queen of Etruria. It contains the remains, rather weird-looking, of another and more ancient saint, Maria Bagnesia, also in a fine black and gold robe. We passed through long passages, full of wax *bambini* under glass . . . to the refectory (where all was set out for the next meal), kitchen, and quaint garden. Then upstairs to the cells, beautifully clean, with immaculate sheets and hangings, but contained for washing purposes only a small *basin* and *pitcher*, baths being *forbidden*, unless ordered for health! We looked down into several courts converted into kitchen gardens; saw the work-room and specimens of the sisters' beautiful church embroidery and lace work, and finally the novices' day room.

On our way home through the town we heard the sad news that, while getting some spikes of lilac flowers from the Pawlonia tree for us, the poor gardener had fallen down and

broken his leg, so we drove to the hospital Santa Maria Nuova to enquire after him, and found it was but too true. From there we went to Madame de Talleyrand's, whose day "at home" it was, so visitors kept coming in. Circello recited to us the monologue of the "Chirurgien du roi qui s'amuse" admirably well. After taking leave of Countess Talleyrand we called on her sister, Madame de Perchenstein, next door, and then looked in at Benckendorff's apartment to see his beautiful *aquarel* paintings, quite like oils. He is a real artist! He gave me a lovely sleeping cherub, the born image of Frank at three, with a look of Dolly and his golden hair!

April 27, Sunday.—With May and Alge to church, passing Lord Radstock on the way. We had a magnificent and most awakening sermon from Canon Basil Wilberforce. . . . After lunch we had some music and singing till the arrival of the Duc de Dino and Sir James Lacaita,¹ when we adjourned to the garden. Then arrived in quick succession Alice Shaw Stewart with her husband, Lady Adela Larking² and her boy Reggie, Mr. Lambert, Tharp, Peter Wells,³ Webber, and Miss Alcock. We had tea in the hall, and after our visitors had departed, Francis, the children, and I walked up through the pretty lanes as far as San Piero a Ripoli.

April 28.—Just before twelve Lord Radstock and Canon Wilberforce arrived, and had lunch with me in the garden. Later on Madame Flori and Lady Caroline Ricketts with Constance came, and we sat out by the pond, where we were presently joined by Sir Robert and Lady Lloyd Lindsay⁴ and Lord and Lady Windsor. After they had gone Francis took his first drive with the children and me.

April 29.—In the afternoon we drove into Florence, and went on to the Medici Chapel. Passing through the crypt, where most of the Medici family are buried, we ascended to

¹ At one time Legal Adviser to the British Legation at Naples, and becoming on that account an object of suspicion to the Neapolitan Government, was arrested and imprisoned. Owing to the representations made by Sir William Temple, Mr. Lacaita was released, and Mr. Gladstone, who had made his acquaintance when at Naples in 1850-1, subsequently employed him on a mission to the Ionian Islands, rewarding him for his services with a Knighthood.

² Lady-of-the-Bedchamber to the Duchess of Connaught.

³ Mr. Peter Wells, who for many years had spent the winter months at Florence, knew Princess Mary as a girl, and his wife, a daughter of Sir Wroth Lethbridge, went to her first ball at Cambridge House, when it was occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge. She died in 1850.

⁴ Now Lord and Lady Wantage.

the chapel, which is covered by a painted dome and beautifully decorated with inlaid marble and mosaics in stone (the Wolsey Chapel at Windsor is evidently copied from this). Six sarcophagi, in as many niches, contain the bones of six of the early Grand Dukes, two being surmounted by gilt-bronze statues. We then visited the new Sacristy, built by Michael Angelo as a Mausoleum for the house of Medici; but only Giuliano and Lorenzo are buried here. Their marble monuments, with the statues representing day and night, dawn and evening, were never quite finished by Michael Angelo, but are very grand and fine, and so indeed is the whole edifice, both as regards its architecture and sculpture. We then went on to the church of San Lorenzo: simple and grand. . . . From there we drove to the Palazzo Salviati, in which are the Waldensian schools. . . . We were taken into a verandah opening on a large garden, to see the schoolchildren, and heard them sing, then ascended to a large *sala* on the first floor, where the Bazaar in aid of the Schools was being held. After making some purchases, we went to the Colnaghis' to tea, where we had some music and singing, and met Lady Windsor, Wolkonsky, and Mr. Marzials. *April 30.*—Soon after two I started with May and Zucchelli for Florence, to assist at a meeting or conference at the Scotch clergyman's (Mr. McDougall's), at which Canon Wilberforce gave a very stirring address, and we sang some hymns. . . . Soon after our return home Lord Radstock and Canon and Mrs. Wilberforce came, and we had a delightful talk after tea up in my room.

May 1.—A heavenly day for our picnic! Soon after 11.30 I started with Francis and the children for the Vincigliata, Tharp and Major Light following us. The Colnaghis, with Miss Shaw and Marzials, Bianca, and Miss Alcock, had already arrived, but the Windsors, Shaw Stewarts, Wolkonsky, Benckendorff, Wells, and Stibbert came after us. Whilst waiting, some of us clambered up and walked round the inner wall along the parapet. About two o'clock we sat down to our picnic-luncheon, to which nearly all had contributed something (we the meat and strawberries), in the large dining-room. Wolkonsky and Windsor were my neighbours, and we had a right merry meal, with plenty of good cheer. We then went all over the Castle, I ascending even to the very tip-top of the tower! Stibbert did showman. The view was glorious. At 5.30 we started on our return, and drove through Mr. Temple Leader's grounds, getting out by a stone quarry and going down to a delightful pool with

boat and bathing-house—a most enchanting spot. Home about 7.30, after a perfect expedition, which all seemed to enjoy.

May 2.—The dear Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin came alone about noon, and quite *en surprise*. He lunched with us. . . . At three Lord Lytton arrived with Lady Orford, and I received them in the garden. Afterwards Mr. Synge called (he once lunched with us at Kensington Palace, when in attendance on the King of the Sandwich Islands); consequently it was past five before we were able to start for the Villa Palmieri. . . . Lady Crawford with her daughters, Mabel and Jane Lindsay, Mary Wood¹ and Anne Lyon,² and son-in-law Frank Lyon, whose acquaintance I at length made, received us. We had a delicious Scotch tea in the fine hall, and then Lady Crawford took us into the garden, which is a perfect picture!—English taste combined with Italian vegetation. The drawing-room opens out upon a kind of terrace garden, with sunk beds full of azaleas and flowers, and below this the grounds are laid out with beds and trellises, filled and covered with the most glorious roses of every shade and hue. It was like fairyland! . . .

May 3.— . . . We had tea in the garden, and after my visitors had departed I joined the Lawn Tennis players. I played with Bianca against Alge and Jones,³ and *served very well*! . . . Dressed for our dinner of fourteen at 7.30. The Grand Duke and his Equerry Gundlach, the Windsors, Benckendorff, Wells, and Marzials, in addition to the seven in the house. After sitting in the hall we migrated upstairs and had some music; Wolkonsky, who could not dine, came in the evening, and accompanied Benckendorff, Marzials, and *zu guter letzt* me! The dear Grand Duke departed about 11.30, but Wolkonsky stayed on, and I sang till past midnight. He wrote out a Russian song for me, and I tried it over with him before he left. *May 6.*—We all drove to the Cascine, and from the centre drive watched the races. Saw Madame Flori come on the ground in her barouche, driven four-in-hand. The day was perfect, but the sport rather poor, though we saw Andrina (winner of the Italian Derby at Rome) win, and there was some excitement over the last race, which proved a dead-heat! The *coup d'œil* was very pretty, and we had many *beaux* to talk to us. . . . All was over about 6.30, but we pulled up at the large open

¹ Wife of the Honble. Frederick Wood.

² Wife of the Honble. Francis Bowes Lyon.

³ Now Mr. Thaddens.

space at the entrance to the Cascine in order to see the smart equipages go by and saw several well-turned-out barouches. . . .

May 8.— . . . At 7.15 I drove with Francis to Florence to dine with Countess Perchenstein—his first dinner since his illness—to meet the Grand Duke, who took me in, Alfieri being my other neighbour. Very pleasant. Some Neapolitan singers sang during dinner, and in the evening Buonomici played and Beklemichelo sang charmingly, but a Russian *prima donna* somewhat deafened us, though her lower notes were very fine. A charming party, and the house quite delightful. The music was in the Talleyrands' large room, which the sisters have the use of. Francis was none the worse for the evening. *May 10.*—Lord Radstock paid me a most kind parting visit, staying till 12.30. After luncheon the dear Duc de Chartres was announced, and, before he left, he came up to my room. . . .

May 11.— . . . Mrs. Colnaghi arrived soon after five, followed by the William Rumbolds, Labanoffs, Campbells of Blythswood,¹ and others. I received them in the hall, and then we went out and established ourselves, first by the pond, and afterwards under the cedar tree, where my tea was spread after some delay, Bianca having hers by the Lawn Tennis ground for her *rival* party! My guests included, besides those already mentioned, Madame Panciatici, Flori and her sister, Perchenstein and daughter, Lady Orford, the Rams, Boo Leslie, Tchihatcheff, Circillo *et père*, Wells, and Sherson; together with Bianca's friends we numbered forty-three in all. Francis went into Florence to dine with the Grand Duke, and we four ladies (Bianca and I in *tea-gowns*, smart ones!) dined at eight. A most cheery *hen* dinner with champagne. We sat in the hall afterwards, and just as we were meditating bed, who should arrive but the beloved, charming Grand Duke, with Francis. . . . My blue tea-gown was much appreciated, especially by the Grand Duke.

May 16.— . . . To Palazzo Torrigiani, where the old Marchesa with her three daughters-in-law—Giulia, Christina, and Princesse Scilla—and Prince Scilla received us. After a short siesta they showed me the pictures, which are not in the Gallery,² but distributed over a number of small drawing-rooms. A few are very fine, and one famous Raphael, the Virgin and Child, is quite beautiful. There are several

¹ Now Lord and Lady Blythswood.

² The Gallery, which is on the ground floor, is shown to the public.

Cassoni pictures, very ancient and curious! (painted on wood for the *side panels* of chests), some fine undraped figures, and a beautiful *Hoblema*. . . . After looking at the fine old china we were taken to the dining-room, in which our tea was set out on the long family dinner-table! The grandchildren appeared. . . . *May 18.*— . . . After four I went down to receive dear old Alfred Montgomery and Emily Dyke;¹ the Windsors also arrived, and we adjourned to the hall for tea. . . . *May 23.*—Directly after breakfast we went to the farmhouse in the *poderi* to watch May paint with Verwloet; Zucchelli joined us and Tommasso protected us! Devoured brown cherries brought by peasants.

May 26.—Dearest May's 17th birthday! God bless her with all happiness. . . . *May 28.*— . . . With Francis and the children to Castagnolo near Signa, Stufa's villa inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. Ross. Drove *viâ* Florence, Lung' Arno, Guicciardini, Porta San Frediano, and the dusty high-road and steam tramway. We turned off near a bridge along a country road, and up a little hill to the villa, a long rambling one-storied house covered with creepers, possessing a charming garden—Italian, with green lawns, and a dash of English everywhere—an aviary, and orchid houses. In a word, delightful! Marchese Stufa, Peter Wells, Miss Brownrigg, and Sir James Lacaita were there. . . . We dined, and in the evening went out in the garden, and Mrs. Ross sang to her guitar. Most enjoyable. *May 30.*— . . . After nine we went downstairs, as Bianca's guests were beginning to arrive. We were a party of twenty-five in all, and sat out in front of the house. Some of the girls played to us on their mandolines and guitars. *June 4.*— . . . After seven we all walked, Francis included, through the *poderi* to our beloved farm, and saw the cherries for the market spread out on tables and heaped in baskets, and the family supper of artichokes in oil simmering on the fire. . . . *June 9.*— . . . On our return from Florence we found the hall *delightfully* metamorphosed by Francis into quite a sitting-room. Cottage piano a wonderful addition.

June 10.— . . . Had a visit from the dear Cortis, she to take leave, he having finally resigned, alas!² *June 11.*— . . . I spent the afternoon at the Uffizzi, where Rigoni and Gherardini did the honours. The two salons of the painters (ancient and modern) most interesting! Many very beautiful and some curious portraits; but the day was showery and

¹ Lady Emily Hart-Dyke, daughter of the seventh Earl of Sandwich.

² General Corti was succeeded by Signor Gadda.

the light not good. . . . The seventeen statues of the ancient group of Niobe delighted me, some very grand and fine. Niobe herself, with her youngest daughter, I think especially beautiful. We left at six. . . . *June 12.*—Francis gave me a magnificent bouquet in honour of the day—the 19th anniversary of our wedding-day. . . . At the Maison Cluny I got two dabs for dear Francis, who was charmed with my little gifts. *June 14.*— . . . We left I Cedri about 6.30 for the Villa Capponi (Marchesa Incontri's), a very fine house, overlooking Florence, with gardens sloping down. The Marchesa, her son, Prince Galitzine, and two nieces received us, and we found there the Duc de Dino, Ulivieri and Frescobaldi. We sat in the garden till supper was announced at eight. Countess Platoff, the two Placcis, and M. de Halport made up a party of eleven. After supper many more guests dropped in, and we had some singing. It was most pleasant. . . .

June 16.— . . . In the town we met Gasperi, who drove with us to Chelazzi's studio to see his flower painting on mirrors; then to Ussi's studio, where we saw a number of interesting sketches made in Egypt and Morocco, and a fine historical picture of the Medici epoch, on which he is at work. . . . Called for May, and home in the rain. . . . After dinner I sat in Francis's room, talking about dear Lord Beaconsfield till bedtime. *June 17.*—Took May to the Uffizzi, and were received by Rigoni and Nerino Ferri; after showing May the Venetian School, Ferri pointed out to us the wonderful drawings by ancient masters, which are arranged in three rooms. Those by Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, and Andrea del Sarto I especially admired. We then went on the roof of the Loggia dei Lanzi, and looked at the Palazzo Vecchio and on the Piazza della Signoria, visiting *en passant* the sala de Niobe (for May) and the Galleria Ferroni.

June 23.— . . . I drove in the *tail* of a thunderstorm with the chicks and Zucchelli to the Palazzo Riccardi (the Prefettura), visiting the chapel of the Medici and a suite of large rooms used as council rooms, one with fine tapestry; also a beautiful gallery with painted ceiling and richly gilt cupboards, that once contained the Medici collection of coins. Francis joined us about five, and hurried us round the court below. *June 24.*— . . . In very doubtful weather we all went to dine with Mr. Wells; the *Citta* was *en fête* in honour of San Giovanni, and grand preparations were in progress for fireworks and illuminations on the Ponte la Caraja. During our cheery dinner of eight

it came on to pour with rain, and all the fireworks had to be put off, so at dessert we played "pass the ring," and, the Tharp girls and Edith Vaughan having joined us, we adjourned to the drawing-room and played "forfeits" and other games till eleven, when we started for home.

June 25.— . . . With Francis and children to Uffizzi; there met by Gasperi and received by Rigoni, and *en surprise* Ginori. Through the passage across Ponte Vecchio to the Pitti Palace. At the entrance Rigoni handed us over to Pieracini, who took us through a corridor with splendid porphyry vase into the Salon of the Iliad, where the famous picture-gallery commences, and we visited *five saloons* very carefully. Titians! Raphaels! Andrea del Sartos! Van Dycks! Rubenses!—gloriously beautiful! Quite beyond everything. *Tore* myself away about seven. Home and dressed for our dinner of eleven—Ginoris, Rumbolds, Dino, Stufa, and Wells. . . .

June 27.—The Duchess of Madrid and Lambert arrived just as we were starting for Florence; I sat with her in the hall for a little while, then took her in my carriage, with May, to the Palazzo Pitti. . . . We were first shown the Gabinetto degli Argenti; cups or tazze and flagon by Benvenuto Cellino, a fine silver-gilt service of tazze, and a beautiful crucifix! Then were taken to three very fine vaulted and painted halls, or rooms on the ground-floor, with busts and statues. Next upstairs to the State apartments—Empire furniture and decoration. In the chapel-room is a heavenly "Madonna and Child" by Carlo Dolce. We saw the Queen's suite, and spent some time looking at the lovely embroidered silk hangings on the walls in the dressing-room opening on a terrace, from the corner of which there is a glorious view, the finest, I think, we have yet seen in Florence. The King's apartment is very handsome, and the waiting-hall splendidly painted in frescoes. . . . Finally into the Saloon of Venus, with Titian's gloriously beautiful "Bella di Tiziano." Pieracini again did the honours. Home after 7.30, to find Wells, with Stufa and Marzials, already arrived, and Count Carlo Alessandri waiting to pay his respects. . . . In the evening I tried over Marzials's new songs, and he sang them to me, and finally I sang.

June 28.— . . . Paid another visit to the Palazzo Pitti with the children. Pieracini showed us over the series of smaller rooms that run at the back of those we had already seen. In the Saloon of the Education of Jupiter there is a lovely "Madonna del Granduca" by Raphael, and fine "Martyrdom

of St. Andrew" by Carlo Dolce; and in the Sala della Stufa two fine bronze statues of Cain and Abel after Dupré. In the Sala d' Ulysse I was most struck by Rubens's splendid portrait of the Duke of Buckingham, Bordone's of Pope Paul III., and two landscapes by Salvator Rosa; in the Saloon of Prometheus, by Susterman's portrait of Cosimo III. as a child; in the Galleria Pocetti, by Canova's bust of Napoleon; in the Saloon of Justice, by the portrait of Chanoine Ricasoli by Susterman, and Sir Peter Lely's "Oliver Cromwell." In the Saloon of Flora I liked best Van Dyck's "Flight into Egypt;" and in the Sala dei Putti the wonderful fruit and flower pictures by Ruysch. . . .

June 29.— . . . To Bagno a Ripoli, all decorated, illuminated, and *en fête*, and along the crowded high-road to meet the Corpus Domini procession that passed up from our parish church of Piero a Ripoli to Bagno. It consisted of a large Crucifix and the Host borne by priests, preceded by girls in *barège* and women in smart black silk gowns, with trailing skirts; boys and men carrying lighted torches, and preceded and followed by bands. We then drove on to Florence and over the Ponte delle Grazie, and by the back streets to the English Club to see the San Giovanni Festa fireworks (postponed) on the Ponte la Carraia—very good; scene and surroundings magic. The night too heavenly with half moon! Display wound up with St. Peter's colonnade and the fountain illuminated, and bouquet of rockets and shower of gold. Drove round by lighted Battistero, beautiful Duomo, the dome and cupola all illuminated, and Campanile and Piazza della Signoria, and over the Ponte Vecchio to the Bossis' house. . . .

July 2.— . . . We left the beloved *I Cedri* after dinner, and drove to the station, where we found quite a gathering of friends to see us off, some with bonbons and bouquets. . . .

July 3.—Arrived at Flüelen, where we left the train and took the steamboat to Treib. On landing we found a carriage—such a funny one, with a hood to the box—and pair in readiness to take us to the Hôtel Sonnenberg. The road winds up between green fields and woods, with here and there a wooden house and one or two humble *pensions*; and after a drive of an hour and a half at a foot's pace, we reached Sonnenberg, and were at once shown our apartments in the front house on the first-floor, with a rather shaky balcony and a lovely view down upon greenish blue lake, the opposite hills, and snow-capped mountains beyond.

Letter to Mr. Wells.

Hôtel Sonnenberg, Saalisberg, July 7, 1884.

MY DEAR MR. WELLS,—The proverb says: "A friend in need is a friend indeed!" and I am going to put your friendship for us to a *very severe* test by asking you the favour of proving yourself our "friend in need." The fact is, poor Francis feels very lonely. . . . Now, this place has many advantages; the air is delicious and the heat quite bearable, while the rooms, though, with the exception of our three-windowed sitting-room and two of our bedrooms, small, are very clean, and the beds, food, and service good. It therefore seems to me that if I can only get some society for Francis we should do wisely and well to remain here. In my dilemma I bethought myself of you, as I think you told me you had no fixed plans for this summer, having given up England! Could you take a *frisk* up here for a fortnight or so? The journey is quite easy, and we reached this place in less than twenty-two hours from the time we bade you all good-bye.

As to the life we lead; it is easy, and might with a few friends be pleasant enough. We breakfast *chez nous*, dine at one o'clock, and sup at 7.30 with the *table d'hôte*, though *bien entendu* at a separate table, at which you would of course also be, in a window quite by ourselves. There are lovely walks about here, and woods for shade, and expeditions for those so inclined, and a terrace under our windows sheltered from the sun by a trellis of interwoven plantain trees, on which one sits after supper listening to a band that plays up here several times a week. *Voilà les attractions!* Can you resist such a tempting picture? The doctor here has commenced on Francis a course of rubbing and *Heil-Gymnastic*, from which he hopes a very good result, and Francis is certainly already able to move his poor left arm better, though it gives him at times considerable pain. . . . I remain, my dear Mr. Wells, ever very sincerely yours,

MARY ADELAIDE.

Journal.—Hôtel Sonnenberg, July 9.—We settled ourselves at the balcony door of our sitting-room and watched the storm, which happily raged round and not over us, and read till it was time to dress for supper; after which, as the music played for dancing in a ground-floor room of the large house, the chicks and I returned to the sitting-room, and I read to May until interrupted by Francis coming in. July 10.—At

H. L. H. Princess May.
From a portrait by G. Dickerson in 1872
at Cambridge Cottage

3.30 we began to prepare for our expedition down to the Rütli with Dr. Koellner and his nice lady-like wife, who was presented to me by Francis. The clouds looked threatening, but Francis was bent on going, so we started. The zigzag paths were very stony and pretty steep, but with a stout stick and the doctor's help I got on capitally. As we neared the Rütli, we heard thunder rumbling in the distance, and this so quickened our steps that we reached the Pförster-haus before the rain had had time to do more than descend in its first big, heavy drops. The lake had become quite agitated, and the steamer could not land, so, after two fruitless attempts, the captain steamed on to Brunnen. We took refuge in the pretty parlour of the Pförster-haus, watching the elements while we refreshed ourselves with coffee and wine. The storm passed over behind Sonnenberg, but the rain fell in torrents for a while, then apparently ceased; so we sallied out to explore the Rütli, but had not gone very far before it came down again in buckets. We sheltered ourselves as best we could under a tree, and waited till the rain had somewhat abated, then walked down to the stone decorated with medallions, bas-relief heads of, and an inscription to, the poet and composer who had *besungen* the Rütli. . . . It was now time to hurry down to go on the steamer, which a little before seven called for the anxiously waiting passengers. The boat was very crowded where shelter was to be found, and we had to stand for some time before seats could be procured. Touched at Brunnen and landed at Treib, whence we drove up to Sonnenberg. . . .

July 12.—Francis presented to me Signor Corrodi, the painter from Rome, his wife, and dear pretty little girl; we sat out with them on the terrace listening to the band and chatting most pleasantly. I discovered that Corrodi has given lessons in painting to Alix and Adelheid Nassau, has stayed at Königstein, and knows a host of my belongings. . . . The afternoon was lovely, only too hot. Started at five, Corrodi accompanying us, and Dr. Koellner acting as our guide, and walked along the high-road to Schöneck, then up a very steep stony path, till we reached most delicious *grüne Matten*; further on again, a steep, stony climb, but in the shade of a wood, took us up to the Oberschwandalm. We turned back and retraced our steps, and on our way down rested by the so-called Gletscherfeld, a spot with pieces of rock and large stones, some hollowed out, scattered over it, while our *beaux* gathered delicious large wild strawberries and bilberries for us. On reaching

H. V. H. Princess May.
From a portrait by G. Hetherington in 1872
at Cambridge Cottage.

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the high-road Frau Koellner and I got into an empty carriage, which was returning from Schöneck, and drove home, picking up May *en route*. At the door of the Hotel, who should we see but Arcangelo?¹ and before I could recover from my delighted surprise, dear Peter Wells had rushed down and was kissing my hand! having at once followed us at *my bidding*. I took him off to meet Francis and Bibi,² who were enchanted.

July 20.— . . . After our mid-day dinner we started for Emmetten, passed a small Seelisberger See, and turned into a lovely green valley, through which we drove. Emmetten is a picturesque village. . . . Walked along a charming path, up *grünen Matten* to the *Schlucht*, and by the side of a wooded precipice through a gorge, gathering wild flowers as we went. Between the trees one has a lovely view of the lake and Gersau. On emerging from the wood, in which we bought of peasant children wild raspberries, the beautiful lake, with Beckenried, Buochs, the Rigi, and bounded by the Burgenstock, lay at our feet. A beautiful panorama! I much enjoyed Wells's appreciation of it. The view from Schöneck is delightful, but the place is too much shut in. We had coffee and raspberries on a roofed verandah, then walked about a little and up and down the plantain-grown terraces. . . . After supper we adjourned to the ladies' salon, and were treated to a poor dear, middle-aged English lady's rather weak performance on the guitar, she singing to it! . . . Finally we migrated to our sitting-room, taking the Corrodis with us and Herr Heuermann, a Hanoverian, who accompanied exceedingly well; Madame Corrodi sang charmingly, and *à la fin* I also sang. Separated at 10.30, and to bed.

July 26.—In the afternoon we (Francis, chicks, Wells, and I) went out, and had only gone a little way when I was accosted by a lady I did not at first sight recognise—Ada Hohenlohe, Duchess of Augustenburg, who, with her Lady, von Krach, had come over from Axenstein, where she is staying, to make an expedition; it is years and years since we met in our youthful days, and she has much aged. Ada wanted to go up to the Kenzli, so we all scrambled up the stony path behind the Hotel for some way, until Francis and Wells pronounced it too bad walking in the damp for the descent; so we bade her good-bye, and turned back and walked on the Schöneck high-road as far as the houses above the Lake and back. Home towards six to find Ada had gone. . . .

¹ Mr. Wells's servant.

² Prince Alexander.

July 30.—We started at 10.15 for Treib, I with Wells and Bibi, and May with the dressers, in two *einspanner*; our grey horse went like the wind. Delightful trip to Lucerne, and the day perfect. On arriving we walked to the Hôtel Schwann close by, where we had an excellent dinner in the *table d'hôte* room. Then drove to the Kapell-Brücke, a covered bridge depicting events in the history of Switzerland, which we traversed on foot; thence to the Mühlen-Brücke, also covered, and with pictures representing the dance of death, most weird and quaint. Here Jones fell in with us, and after seeing the Rath-haus, a very picturesque building, we returned to the Hotel to pick up Francis, and all went together to Hof or Stiftskirche and heard the beautiful organ, the storm and prayer too divinely played, also Austrian hymn. The *vox humana* sounded like angels' voices. One felt quite uplifted. The fine church itself is spoiled by the white-washed ceiling, walls, and pillars, and gilt altars, but the iron-work and carving in the choir, and the chief altar are very fine. We walked round the churchyard to see the peeps of the lake and mountains through the arcades that bound it, and then had to hurry back to catch the boat, which steamed off just before six.

August 1.—We took the afternoon boat and landed at Vitznau, where we hurried into the train which was waiting. The journey up was very pleasant, but the pace slow; the views of the rocks and lake glorious and most picturesque. Our glimpse of Rigi Kalt-bad did not enchant me. Arrived at the summit, we climbed up to the Hôtel Schreiber, where we secured a nice apartment, though *frightfully dear*, and then ascended to the tip-top of the Rigi for the sunset. Alas! it was very misty over Lucerne and Zürich, which was invisible; but the view of our lake and the snow mountains of the Bernese Oberland, Mönch, Eiger, Jungfrau, and Silberhorn, was clear and superb. The air was fresh and keen. There was quite a little fair of tables, at which every kind of Swiss and Alpine thing was being sold, and several tourists were awaiting the sunset, which, owing to the mist, was not as fine as we had hoped. The sun itself, however, went down gorgeously, like a huge *blood-orange*—all red and gold! Alas! there was scarcely any *Alpen glühen*. At eight we went in, and to the *table d'hôte* to dinner, but the heat and stuffiness of the room were quite suffocating. When with some difficulty we got a window opened, another waiter insisted on shutting it, so we hurried away in wrath before the dinner was over and sat on

our balcony, enjoying the lovely view over the snow hills in the moonlight till after 9.30, when we separated. May and I, who had our sleeping-quarters in two recesses on either side of our sitting-room, then retired to bed, both having to *do* for ourselves. I did not undress, but lay down on the bed, and had some sleep.

August 2.—At 3.30 a.m. Mr. Wells knocked at our door, and up we got, hurriedly dressed, and *wrapped ourselves up*. As soon as the horn sounded we turned out in the keen morning air, and climbed up to the tip-top; but the sun *se fit bien attendre*, and only after a long while peeped out from behind a huge bank of clouds. The Bernese Alps were, however, again most gracious, and in full view, and we could distinguish the lake of Zürich. It certainly is a magnificent panorama, and yet we did not feel the sight was worth all the fatigue, trouble, and expense. The wind was blowing very fresh, and we had to move about to keep ourselves warm. All the people turned out, many in very funny get-ups, but only one man in a blanket! Most of the females had their *heads enveloped*. We returned to the Hotel, and had breakfast up in our sitting-room . . . then packed our few things, and took the 6.30 train down the mountain, I settling myself in a seat by open side of car. The view was beautiful; but, unluckily, I sat behind a man who smoked the whole time quite nasty cigars, so that when we reached Vitznau I felt very squeamish, and could only sit down on a bench near the landing-place and keep quiet. Feeling better, I went with the rest to look into a very pretty shop, at which we made some purchases; at 8.40 the boat picked us up, and landed us at Treib an hour later. . . . Heard by telegraph that the dear boys had started that morning.

August 3, Sunday.— . . . With the chicks at 11.15 to service. Good sermon. . . . To sitting-room, and wrote journal, anxiously hoping that the boys would arrive by the midday boat, which they did, to our inexpressible joy. We were all waiting dinner, when we heard the carriage and a shout, "*It is them!*" and we rushed to the window, and then downstairs. Oh! it was happiness! Quite overpowering. Both looked so well and handsome, and are so grown—dear Dolly out of all knowledge, and is as tall as Frank. They just tidied themselves the least bit, and then we all went down to dinner; I sat between the boys and felt very proud and elated. . . . Later on we walked down to the cyclamen haunt for the boys to gather some; we sat

about in the wood, and were very merry, till past seven. . . .
August 5.—Left dear Sonnenberg *tres à regret* at 10.15, and took the steamer to Lucerne. Day perfect! . . . While kind Mr. Wells accompanied Dolly and Frank to see the diorama, lion, Gletscherfeld, bridges, and Rath-haus, I went with May and Alge to get some carved wooden things. Such a tempting shop! . . . Returned to the Schwann to pick up Francis and the rest; and then to the station to catch the four train. Passed Zugersee, and had a last fine view of the Rigi; we were a very cheery party. . . . We reached Horn about ten, where Willy Wurtemberg and Röeder met us. May and I drove to the Hôtel Bad Horn on the lake, the rest walking. It is not a very grand house, but we have managed to make ourselves fairly comfortable.

Hôtel Bad Horn, August 6.—Drove to Seefeld with May in the afternoon, Francis and the boys having walked over in the morning. We found the Duke of Parma and Comtesse de Bardi with dear Catherine, who was looking very well, Willy and darling Aeffchen,¹ who is much grown, and as sweet-looking and pretty as ever. After the others had left, May and I sat on with Catherine for a while, and then drove back *viâ* Maria Halden, but the Duchess of Hamilton was out, and home by Goldach and the fields. We felt very shy, as our stupid coachman had got some *cabbages* he had fetched on the box! . . . From the terrace by the pier we watched the boys fish, and later I went out in the boat with Francis, May, and Frank; but the lake got very rough, and we had to keep in shore all the time. We supped at eight out on the balcony and sat out afterwards in the lovely moonlight.

After leaving Horn, short visits were paid to Grätz, Rheinthal, Gmünden,² and Venice; but of these no record was kept, and late in November the Duke and Duchess of Teck with Princess May and Prince Alexander returned to Florence, again occupying the Villa Cedri, to the delight of their many Florentine friends.³

Journal.—*I Cedri, April 2, 1885.*—Drove to San Spirito with May after lunch, Francis and Alge following; a beautiful

¹ Princess Pauline of Wurtemberg, now Princess of Wied.

² A *château* belonging to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland.

³ For the next few months the entries in the Journal are of the briefest description. The daily life at the Villa Cedri, however, differed little from that lived by Her Royal Highness and Family during the earlier occupation.

church with marble altar and railing, and wonderful bronze vases. . . . Then on to San Lorenzo, meeting the Duchess of Northumberland by the gate of the Baptistery, and to the Duomo, where we climbed up a pitch-dark staircase and ladder to the gallery over the high altar; saw the Archbishop's entry, and after a sermon, of which we heard not even a *sound*, and seeing him washing the feet of thirty old men (the ceremony, as usual, did not impress me), we inspected the Sepulchre and departed. . . . *April 4.*—On our return from Bigallo we found Khedive Ismail with his son and gentleman already arrived. I joined them in Francis's room. *Très aimable!* *April 7.*— . . . Hid the Easter eggs in the garden, Hitroff¹ helping us, and shortly afterwards the dear Brookes² and Blanche Maynard³ were announced. Such joy at the meeting!

April 14.—Dear Alge's birthday! The darling boy came over before I was up, and I told him that the journey to England with Francis was given up for the present. Hurrah! . . . Arranged drawing-room as supper-room, moving all the things into my room. Francis had already done the hall, the same as he did last spring. Then drove to town with May to order a cottage piano for the hall, and called at Doney's for dishes and bonbons. . . . At half-past eight our twenty-six guests began to arrive, and we started games in the hall; at 9.30 we went to supper, nineteen in the drawing-room, and twelve in the dining-room (chiefly young people), I sitting between Carlo Torrigiani and Lord Colin Campbell. After supper we again played games, and were very merry and quite sorry to break up, which we did about 12.30. *April 16.*— . . . To tea with the Duchess of Northumberland, and afterwards to Countess Pandolfini, who received us in a kind of gallery, with large glass doors opening upon the garden, in which they had just dined. We took a tender leave of Hitroff, everybody sitting down *à la Russe* before he went off with Pandolfini, and ourselves departed about seven. . . . After supper Francis played the piano in the hall, and I patiences.

May 7.—We lunched with Sir Thomas Dick-Lauder in his charming little house, which is fitted up in perfect taste and with such pretty and good old things. At four o'clock we went on to Palazzo Alessandri, where we were met by the children, and received by Carlo Alessandri's elder

¹ A Russian gentleman staying at Florence.

² Lord and Lady Brooke.

³ Now Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox.

brother; the sculpture in the entrance is by Michael Angelo, and there are some fine old pictures; magnificent velvet and cloth-of-gold hangings; state bedrooms perfectly gorgeous; Venetian glass chandeliers, mirrors, oriental china, all quite beautiful. . . . Then we drove up and down the Cascine, meeting Lady Wolseley and Frances.¹

May 8.—Off with Francis, May, and Alge, Peter and Sir Thomas accompanying us by the 10.40 train to Pistoja, where M. Matteini met us and took us to the cathedral, which the priest showed us over. Magnificent silver altar in the side chapel of St. James's, and a splendid collection of treasures; the Madonna by Lorenzo Credi is a very fine picture. . . . We walked across the Piazza, which reminded me of the Signoria, to the Batistero, and on to the Palazzo Pretoria, containing the Courts of Justice, a beautiful old building of the 14th century. Thence through the narrow streets of the town to the Church of St. Andrea, with a round face in stone, outer pillars, and a beautiful pulpit by Giovanni Pisano. We drove by the Ospedale del Ceppo, with a wonderful frieze of reliefs in terra cotta, out of the gate of the town, and through a fertile country, passing the Duke of Lucca's villa to Celle, the Matteinis' beautiful place, once a Medici Villa. Here Madame Matteini received us, and with her were the Count and Countess Gheradesca (she *née* Fisher, an American). The rooms are charming and comfortably fitted up, and the view from the front window and terrace over the plain is grand and beautiful. *Déjeuner dinatoire* at two o'clock, and later Madame Matteini drove me in a small pony-trap through the charming grounds to the lake on which the others, who had walked, were being rowed; up the hill to the chickens, turkeys, and *mouflons* below the Cascade, which was turned on in our honour, and to the pheasantry and aviary, then walked down to the rose gardens, lemon trees, and wine-butts. . . . At seven we had a high tea, and returned to Florence by train. Celle was illuminated with Bengal lights.

May 9.—Heard that poor Campbell's² child was dangerously ill. . . . Drove with May to inquire, and found poor little Ronald dying, and screaming with pain. Scene most heartrending! The priest was there. . . . Too distressing.

May 10.—The poor child died at 8 a.m. We drove over, but Campbell was out, and she was resting, so would not get out of the carriage, and only saw kind May Ram. . . .

¹ The Honble. Frances Wolseley.

² Mr. Campbell was tutor to Prince Alexander.

May 11.— . . . To the poor Campbells with May to take a wreath and a cross. Their darling child looked like a pale sleeping cherub, happy and at rest! in the midst of flowers. It left us quite a happy impression. The poor mother was wonderfully calm, but we broke down now and then. Stayed with them a while.

May 12.— . . . With May to *Accademia delle Belle Arti*, where Gasperi met us, and we inspected leisurely the Hall of Ancient pictures, for the most part by unknown artists; very curious, but not pretty. At the end of the vestibule stands Michael Angelo's "David" under a glass dome, surrounded by casts and photographs of all the master's great works; but fine as is the "David," I do not care for it very much. Then into the large hall, where are some grand pictures. . . . Recrossing the vestibule, we entered a suite of four small rooms, the first containing the famous "Last Judgment," by Fra Angelico. . . . Left at 5.30. . . . In the evening I went to Bianca's room for a chat, and finally talked over household plans with Adams¹ *chez moi*, going to bed dead tired about two o'clock. *May 13.*— . . . Many friends came in the afternoon; I joined them in the garden, and we sat out under the cedar tree. By seven they had all departed, and I began to dress for our dinner of ten—Bianca, Mrs. Tevis, Stufa, Peter, Sir Thomas Dick-Lauder, and Pinsuti. Afterwards I sang and Pinsuti played. . . .

May 15.— . . . After a hurried lunch I drove with May to town, and met Miss Horner at Dante's house, in which he was born this very day 620 years ago! There are only two rooms left of the original house, and in the front one I was shown the first edition of his works, also the finer of the more recent editions and the commentaries on them, the wreath fitted on his skull at his centenary, and some of his ashes. We then visited the tiny church of San Martino close by, in which Dante was married to Gemma Donati, and after looking at the curious old frescoes representing the life of St. Martin, went on to Il Bargello,² over which the rather shy director, M. Campani, showed me *très en détail*.

May 18.— . . . To Palazzo Riccardi to pay a farewell visit to the Gaddas. . . .

The Duchess of Teck much enjoyed her sojourn at Florence, and was very sorry to leave the Villa Cedri, with its many pleasant associations, but the return to White Lodge could

¹ Steward.

² The residence of the Podestà, or Chief Magistrate of Florence.

no longer be delayed. Princess May had entered upon her eighteenth year, and the Duchess was naturally anxious that her daughter should take her place in society. The stay in Florence had been utilised in a great measure for educational purposes, and while the young Princess was making practical acquaintance with the fine arts under her mother's able guidance, she was at the same time going through the ordinary schoolroom routine, with the advantage of being able to study in a foreign country amidst home surroundings.

Letter from the Duke of Teck to Mr. Wells.

Alford House, Prince's Gate, May 29, 1885.

MY DEAR PETER,—The crowd at the station, the many friends who had come to bid us good-bye, prevented my being able to shake hands with you when our train steamed away. . . . The journey was most fatiguing, and the day's rest at Paris an untold boon. . . . Nothing could have been kinder than our reception by one and all. The Duchess of Cambridge, you will be glad to hear, is marvellously well, indeed I cannot see any change since we left her. Yesterday I went to White Lodge, which looks lovely, and in such a neat and cared-for state that it is quite a delight to see it; lilacs in flower, seringas not quite out, rhododendrons just coming into bloom, in fact a second spring for us. I have just received a most kind letter from the Prince of Wales, who only arrived yesterday, but have not seen him yet.

We hope to stay a little time in town, and indeed it does one good to see every one smile their greeting from carriages and footpath, and waving their hands. It is a regular pilgrimage to Princess Mary's door, and hundreds of persons have been to write their names down here. . . . Everything that is kind to Bianca and all our dear friends. I remain, yours sincerely,

TECK.

Advantage was taken of the day's rest in Paris to pay a visit to the Louvre, and Princess May, writing to a friend the day after the family arrived in London, says—

I admired the Rubenses and some of the Murillos immensely. The rooms are beautiful. . . . We lunched with Lord Lyons,

who was kindness itself, and had tea with Hitroff; the Loftuses, Villierses, Talleyrand, Duchesse de Mouchy, Madame de Pourtalés, and others were there to meet us; such a charming tiny apartment. We left Paris at eight, and our crossing was so so, rather a swell. Edgar Sebright met us at Dover, and we reached London about seven, to find the dear boys waiting for us at the station. They are so grown, Frank much taller than Mama. . . . I am so glad to be in London again.

For the remainder of the London season the Duchess of Teck occupied a house in Chester Square, and it was during this short stay in Belgravia that Princess May made her first appearance in London society. All gaiety, however, was unexpectedly put an end to by the death of Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg.

Letter to the Marchioness of Salisbury.

10, Chester Square, July 5, 1885.

MY DEAREST LADY SALISBURY,—Alas! our pleasant dinner on Wednesday, and the dance on Friday for poor May, are over for us! for my Father-in-law died quite suddenly on Saturday night without illness or warning of any kind! It is a great shock to us, as you can imagine, and I dread the effect of the journey to Vienna for Francis, in this intense heat, and only hope the Doctor will forbid his going.

I myself am laid up with a strained knee, and Paget threatens me with nearly a fortnight's imprisonment. Too tiresome just now! Do come and see me some afternoon this week, and tell me how things are going on. . . .

Ever affectionately yours,

MARY ADELAIDE.

Her mourning prevented Princess Mary from attending the wedding of Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, which took place at Whippingham Church on the 23rd of July, and at the end of the month the Duke and Duchess of Teck settled down once more at White Lodge.

Letter to the Marchioness of Salisbury.

White Lodge, August 8, 1885.

MY DEAREST LADY SALISBURY,— . . . As my business, so to call it, is with Lord Salisbury, I had not the heart to drag you up from the country, much as I should have liked a chat with you, but when you return from France, I shall hope to see you. Meanwhile I have written to his Lordship and proposed to call on him at his own time. . . . We are all so happy at being in our beloved home again and once more united, and I really think the Duke is better for the rest and quiet of this place. At any rate he is recovering his spirits, and finds pleasant occupation in making room for and arranging our Kensington furniture and things. . . .

Ever yours very affectionately,

MARY ADELAIDE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LIFE AT WHITE LODGE.

1885-1889.

Princess May's Confirmation—The Duchess of Teck's concern for the careers of her sons—Visits to Lady Tankerville and Sir William Armstrong—Letter of sympathy to Lady Dunraven—The Queen's Jubilee—Princess Mary's reception by the people—Children's *fête* in Hyde Park—Letter to Mr. Peter Wells—Death of Lady Marian Alford—Prince Adolphus gazetted to the 17th Lancers—Princess Mary's constancy—Visit to Madame de Falbe—Letter to the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz—Fishing at Luton Hoo—Prince Adolphus's departure for India—Visit to Dunraven Castle—Death of the Duchess of Cambridge—Funeral at Kew—Letters to Lady Salisbury and the Dowager Lady Aylesford on the death of the Duchess of Cambridge—Death of Lady Holland—Home Life at White Lodge—Religious views—Favourite hymns—Reading aloud—Interest in the parish—Kindly acts about the neighbourhood—Princess Mary's consideration for her servants—The Duke of Teck's kind heart—Adventures in the fog—Kitchen garden and farmyard—Picnics in Coombe Wood—Christmas at White Lodge—Little friends—Princess Mary "At Home"—Love of music—Favoured artists—Fondness for the drama—Sir Henry Irving's tribute—Lady Bancroft's recollections.

THE Confirmation of Princess May by the Bishop of St. Albans¹ took place in August, 1885, and Mr. Carr Glyn, who prepared her for the sacred ceremony, was impressed by the deep religious feeling she evinced during his course of instruction. The time spent abroad had done much to expand her ideas; she had become more self-reliant, and her many natural gifts began to show themselves in her daily life and occupations. The young Princess inherited much of her

¹ The Rt. Rev. T. L. Claughton, D.D.

parents' taste for art, and possessed the same powers of intuition which contributed in no small measure to her mother's great popularity.

Princess Mary was very proud of her three boys, and her thoughts constantly turned to their careers and how they would acquit themselves in after-life. In due time each was sent to a public school—Prince Adolphus going to Wellington, Prince Francis to Wellington and afterwards to Cheltenham, and Prince Alexander to Eton. "The Duchess of Teck often talked to me about her boys," says the Bishop of Peterborough, "sometimes with tears in her eyes—her devotion to them was very great." On another occasion she said to Mrs. Dalrymple, speaking with much earnestness, "I pray they may each of them in turn grow up a credit to us all, and be thorough English boys; they are so as yet, thank God." It had ever been Princess Mary's wish that her sons should be soldiers, and as one after the other they entered the army her motherly heart rejoiced to see that wish fulfilled. One day the Princess was making some purchases at a well-known shop in the West End of London. Ascertaining from one of the partners in the firm, who was serving Her Royal Highness, that he had boys at school, she began talking about her own sons, remarking, "No one knows what we parents have to go through with all these examinations."

In the spring of 1886 Princess May went to her first drawing-room, and during the season attended the two public State functions of the year, being present with her parents when the Prince of Wales laid the foundation-stone of the Tower Bridge, and also at the opening of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition by the Queen, which took place a fortnight later. The autumn was spent in visiting friends. "We much enjoyed our three weeks' trip," writes the Duchess on October 30, "and have come back to White Lodge greatly refreshed by the change, and filled with the interesting memories of all we have seen. From Rufford (Mr. Savile's) we went over to Welbeck and Thoresby (the Manverses') and Hardwicke (Lord Hartington's); and the Tankervilles took

us to Ford Castle and Alnwick. On our way back we stayed with Sir William Armstrong¹ at Cragside, a wonderfully picturesque place, almost entirely his own creation."

Letter to the Countess of Tankerville.

Cragside, October 11, 1886.

DEAREST DEAR OLIVIA,—There is just half an hour to spare before dinner, and I cannot better employ it than in trying to thank you and dear "Binny"² for all your kindness to me and mine during our delightful stay at dear Chillingham!—a never-to-be-forgotten fortnight of peace and restful happiness, which May and I feel will be blessed to us both. I was quite upset at leaving, and could not trust myself to say half the nice things I had in my heart and on my lips; but I know you will understand, and take the will for the deed. I was more than sorry to depart, and wish myself back again at Chillingham. Alas! the rain never ceased, but rather increased, so there was no question of opening the carriage, and the beauty of the drive was lost upon us, or nearly so, tho' May and I kept peering out of the window. There was one lovely part, where the road winds along the side of a steep hill, with wooded sides above and below one, which must be beautiful in sunshine. . . . At the bridge of Alne we found a closed shelburne and pair, into which Francis, Peter,³ and I got, and a sociable for the three juveniles, awaiting us, and we were driven here across the moorland quite crimson in places, at a round pace. How well the house stands, and what a picturesque view from it!

Sir William and Lady Armstrong were at the door to receive us, and took us into the library, where, in the large bay window, all the guests were assembled and presented to us. . . . We were presently joined by Sir George and Lady Trevelyan, who are a great addition to the party. Tea over, Sir William took us to see our rooms. May and I and my dresser are delightfully lodged up in a corner, all to ourselves! with two huge baths and hot and cold water taps in different parts of the rooms. I have a splendid view from my large window. Sir William initiated me into the mysteries of turning the electric light on and off, which sheds a charming light from one centre drop, or jet, over the whole room—a good-sized one. Here I must end, as the post is

¹ Now Lord Armstrong.

² The Earl of Tankerville.

³ Mr. Wells.

going; but I will try and write again to-morrow. With much love from all, Lord B.¹ included, to you and dear Lord Tankerville. Ever your very affectionate,

MARY ADELAIDE.

December found the Duke and Duchess and Princess May at Ashridge, where a large party had been invited to meet the Royal guests, including Lady Salisbury, Lord and Lady Pembroke, and Lady Lytton and her daughter. Then came a few days at Windsor, where the Prince of Bulgaria was on a visit to Her Majesty, and the year ended with a short visit to Hatfield—"really quite the nicest house I have ever stayed in," writes Princess May. "The house is beautiful, and everything so well arranged. We were a party of forty. . . . The ball was delightful, and we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly."

Letter to Mrs. Alexander.

White Lodge, January 22, 1887.

. . . . You cannot think the pleasure it was to me to hear from you again after quite an age of silence, and though your dear Adelaide's far too high praise of very unworthy me made me blush, I must own to feeling not a little pleased and flattered at finding myself held in such kindly remembrance and goodly estimation. We have now no London home, but should you ever be staying in town, and not mind the drive, I should so like a visit from you and Adelaide, and be so delighted to introduce to you my *grown* and *growing-up* children! now, alas! again dispersed, for my eldest son is working hard with a crammer for his Sandhurst examination, while No. 2 (who is *six* feet two inches!) has returned to Cheltenham to prepare for his Preliminary Examination at the end of March, and No. 3 has gone back to school at Farnborough. Happily we have our May-flower to brighten the house, who is a delightful companion to me, and without whom life would indeed seem dreary. I know that you will be interested to hear that my dear mother, though now in her 90th year! is fairly well, and has thus far borne the cold of this exceptionally severe winter better than one had dared to hope. Mama has grown very deaf,

¹ Lord Bennet, eldest surviving son of the Earl and Countess of Tankerville.

and her memory as regards recent and everyday occurrences begins to fail her, but in other respects she is a perfect marvel, and she quite enjoys seeing her friends and hearing all that is going on in the political and social world. . . .

Princess Mary saw much of her near neighbours, Lord and Lady Dunraven, who for many years have occupied Kenry House, near Coombe. Lady Dunraven is a daughter of Lord Charles Kerr, whose family was so intimately associated with Princess Mary's early life, and on the death of Lady Charles the Duchess wrote the following touching letter of sympathy to her bereaved friend:—

White Lodge, 1887.

MY POOR DEAR FLORENCE,—I cannot tell you how truly grieved and shocked I am at the *sad, sad* tidings May brought us last evening, and how deeply I feel for you and yours in this great sorrow. Your dearest mother was so *much* with you that you will miss her terribly, especially in all the *quieter* seasons of your life, and this must make the trial and *Her* loss all the harder to bear. I pray that God will give you strength to say, "Thy will be done," and comfort you with the bright hope of Her present *peace* and *rest* and *perfect* happiness and of *reunion* beyond the grave, of which the resurrection of our blessed Lord is the sign and seal. Francis unites with me in warmest, kindest, truest sympathy, and I am *ever*, my dearest Florence, your loving friend,

MARY ADELAIDE.

The year 1887 was a memorable one, for it marked the fiftieth anniversary of the Queen's accession to the Throne. There was much rejoicing throughout the country, and the auspicious occasion was celebrated by many and various functions, all more or less of an exceptionally brilliant character. No one entered more thoroughly into the spirit of the times than did Princess Mary, and it is an open secret that she did much to promote and encourage the loyal feeling that prevailed on all sides. The enthusiastic manner in which the Queen was received when she opened the People's Palace in May afforded a striking proof of the love and veneration felt for Her Majesty at the East End of London. Scarcely

less hearty and none the less affectionate was the reception given to the Duchess of Teck, who, together with the Duke of Cambridge and Princess May, were the first members of the Royal Family to arrive on the scene. The Duchess took the greatest possible interest in the different charity appeals and Jubilee Memorials set on foot in and about the metropolis, and Princess May performed an equally arduous if less prominent part in aiding these expressions of loyalty and goodwill towards the Sovereign from a grateful people, collecting for the Children's Jubilee Tribute alone a sum of £200.

Representatives of all nations and from every part of the Queen's dominions came to London in June to offer Her Majesty the congratulations of two hemispheres; and on the appointed day the historic Jubilee procession wended its way to Westminster Abbey, where a Thanksgiving Service was held in the presence of the most illustrious company that had assembled within the walls of the sacred edifice since the day of the Queen's coronation. Princess Mary, attended by an escort of Life Guards, was accorded an ovation all along the route. "The next procession," says a writer of the time, "was disappointing, as the carriages were closed; but when it was seen that the third carriage contained the Duchess of Teck, the silence which till then had prevailed was at once broken, and cheer after cheer was raised."

A friend remarked to the Duchess afterwards upon the very cordial greeting Her Royal Highness had met with from the people, whereupon she replied, a sweet smile lighting up her beautiful face, "Yes, dear, as one of the old Royal Family the kind public always give me a warm welcome, and I am very proud of it, but let me say that had the Duke been in the carriage beside me the cheering and welcome would have been still greater." Towards the close of the afternoon the aged Duchess of Cambridge wrote a letter to the Queen, asking how Her Majesty had borne the fatigues of the day. The reply came at once, "Very tired, but very happy."

An incident thoroughly characteristic of Princess Mary's

kind heart and great love for children occurred during the Jubilee Treat initiated and arranged by Mr. Edward ¹ Lawson for the school-children of London in Hyde Park. The story is told by Lady Bancroft, who says—

I was assisting with others in a sort of uniform apron, and stood close to the Duchess of Teck when the Queen drove up and remained some minutes while presentations were being made to Her Majesty. A poor little child was behind a number of people, and could see nothing, so the kind Princess took her by the hand and held her in front, in order that she might have a good view of the Queen. The child's look of gratitude was beautiful to see, and afterwards I heard the little one say, when we were handing the tea round, "I love that kind lady; she gave me the Queen in her carriage to look at." I repeated to Her Royal Highness some years afterwards what the child had said, and she laughed and cried with that pathetic break in her voice which was so characteristic of her when touched with emotion.

Letter to Mr. Wells.

White Lodge, December 31, 1887.

. . . We were grievously disappointed at finding you had left St. Moritz. Into us poor used up mortals! the air certainly infused *new life*, and we have felt the benefit of it ever since, indeed I do not know how ever I could have got through all the work of the past three months without St. Moritz's restoring power. May and I left those high regions with extreme regret, which even the dismal weather (cold, steady downpour of rain!) of the last three days of our Engadine *séjour* scarcely lessened. Our ten days' visit to the lovely lakes we most thoroughly enjoyed, though the time was far too short for all there is to see, and after that delightful glimpse of delightful Italy (for both Cadenabbia and Baveno are so truly Italian!) we felt quite broken-hearted at having to turn our back on Milan, Venice (whither Louise "Chester"² was bound), and above all dearly loved Firenze and you and dear Bianca, and our steps homewards. We had a horrible tossing between Calais and Dover, but the warmest of welcomes, both from Frank, who met us at Dover, and Francis

¹ Now Sir Edward Lawson, Bart.

² Princess Louise, who was travelling as Lady Louise Chester.

here, and we had evidently been very much missed! which was highly gratifying to our feelings!

There was much to be done on our return—dear Alge to be packed off to school, and later on visited, and our cheery holiday time to be made up for, and before we could look up and about us, lo and behold! the 17th of October had arrived, and we were off to Eaton, the Duke of Westminster's, Tatton Park, the Egertons', Sir Humphrey de Trafford's place at the very entrance to the Manchester Exhibition, and Weston, the Bradfords'. Eaton is a very grand place, and everything in and about it—the stables, gardens, racing establishment and stud—are on a scale of princely, almost regal magnificence! . . . the library is beautiful (the *most perfect* room of its kind and size I know) and chapel lovely. . . . The suites of visitors' rooms are charming, exquisitely fitted up, and so comfortable. The exterior of the house resembles a French *château*.

One day the Duke took us all into Manchester in a special train, to see the Exhibition, which I visited in all five times, giving up most of my time to the wonderful collection of pictures, which England can *indeed* be *proud* of. It contained, as you probably know, works of all the most eminent British artists of the Queen's reign, thus *excluding* Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, etc.; but, notwithstanding this, the Exhibition was a *splendid* one, and I would not for worlds have missed it. Agnew,¹ the great picture dealer, who acted as my cicerone, and greatly praised my judgment of and criticism upon the different pictures, assured me I had looked at *every* single picture, and there were *thousands* of them! so you see I worked pretty hard. Chester is an exceedingly pretty old town, and we visited it repeatedly during our week's stay with the dear kind Westminsters, and attended two functions—a prize-giving to the Cheese makers and a Temperance Bazaar—in both of which I figured as chief performer! and a very interesting lecture by Sir John Lubbock. At Eaton we had a most agreeable party. Our other four visits to the Exhibition were paid on our way to and from Tatton and from Trafford Park, such a fine place, and the house has quite recently been done up and furnished; but, alas! far too near Manchester smoke and factories.

We hurried home on the 1st of November to keep a long-promised Bazaar engagement, for which the Barrington Footes, and Sydney Greville,² Lord Warwick's youngest son,

¹ Mr. now Sir William Agnew, Bart.

² Now Equerry to the Prince of Wales.

came to stay with us. The Bazaar, which was in aid of the building a vicarage for Petersham, and held at Beccleuch Villa, now the property of kind Sir Whittaker Ellis, was a great success in every way, and realised £250. I spent a very happy birthday, surrounded by all our dear chicks, and fairly overwhelmed with lovely presents, flowers, letters, and telegrams. After the morning service, the three dear elder children and I took the Sacrament, and thus blessedly and happily inaugurated my new-born year. On our return from church I received my presents, which were tastefully arranged by Francis in the Green Corridor. Sir George Arthur, Arthur Walsh,¹ and Koziobrodzki came to luncheon, and others in the afternoon. We all (six) dined at St. James's, where we met my brother, Emily Mitford,² Tosti, and Greville, and had a very cheery evening. Dearest Mama, who gave me a most lovely ring (a turquoise set round with diamonds), was at her best and all kindness. She is fairly well on the whole, indeed a marvel considering her great age. After my birthday, my time was divided between acknowledgments of kindnesses bestowed, Christmas shopping, and preparations and Guild work (the winding up of the distribution, the despatching of sacks, and so on), with a Bazaar at Twickenham, in aid of a Cottage Hospital, as a diversion!

Frank, who went to Alge's school at Farnborough for the week during which his examination at Aldershot lasted, came home on the 7th of December in very good heart as to the result; but it was not till the 17th, on which day we went down to Sandhurst for the inspection of the Cadets by my brother, that we heard he had passed. I think he has done so *well*, for his marks number 6111! and Dolly has passed out with 1770, so that I take congratulation on the success of both our boys. It is pleasant to hear that Dolly was a great favourite at Sandhurst, and I only hope Frank, who enters early next month, will be equally popular. I had the pleasure of seeing Dolly ride at Sandhurst. . . . He is going into the 17th Lancers, but not, I believe, immediately (I think he is to have the next vacancy but one), and in the interim is to spend some months at Stuttgart as Willy of Wurtemberg's guest, there to perfect himself in German, and pursue other studies. Willy has been more than kind about it, and seems quite to look forward to having Dolly under his roof and care, jokingly calling him "his

¹ The Honble. Arthur Walsh, eldest son of Lord Ormathwaite.

² The Honble. Mrs. Mitford, daughter of the late Lord Egerton of Tatton.

adopted son!" Francis talks of taking Dolly to Stuttgart early next month, after Frank has gone to Sandhurst; but has settled nothing as yet, and I dare say it will, after all, end in the boy's going by himself. I have still very much to say, but must reserve it for another time, as I wish to despatch this volume by Mrs. Howard of Greystoke, who starts early to-morrow.

With a thousand tender messages from all my belongings, and all good wishes for 1888, and many a glad new year to come, rich in blessings for you, I am ever, dear Peter, your affectionate friend,

MARY ADELAIDE.

Letter to a Friend.

White Lodge, February 23, 1888.

. . . Just a fortnight ago I had a great sorrow in the loss, to me irreparable, of one of my oldest, truest, most devoted, and attached friends, dearest Lady Marian Alford, whose death too was rather sudden, so that it gave me a great shock. Her sister-in-law, Lady Caroline Cust, who was quite devoted to her, is now with me, and I try to be a comfort to her, poor dear thing. . . .

*Journal.—White Lodge, March 30, 1888, Good Friday.—*To St. James's, and took the Sacrament with Mama, dear Alix, George, Frank, and May, the Sub-Dean¹ officiating. Bade good-bye to Freddy and Louisa at Marlborough House. . . . *March 31.—*Walked to church to see the Easter Decorations, and then visited a sick child. *Easter Sunday, April 1.—*Went to Church and stayed Sacrament with the children; afterwards drove to St. James's, where we lunched.

*April 2.—*Looked on at the Mortlake sports, and gave prizes away in rain. *April 4.—*Drove to Sandown Military Steeple Chases; in the second race every rider came down, happily no bad falls. Mr. Owen jumped on to another horse, caught his own, and won the race. Lunched there—very pleasant. *April 6.—*May, Frank, Alge, and I started at one o'clock for King's Cross, *en route* to Normanton, which was reached soon after six. Sebright with us. Only family party and Lady A.

*Normanton, April 7.—*We drove to the meet two miles beyond Uppingham; they found at once, and we saw the

¹ The Rev. Edgar Sheppard, private Chaplain to the Duchess of Cambridge, and Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal.

fox cross the fields, and the hounds in full cry. Home to lunch. Francis arrived about six o'clock, also Lady Lily Milles, Mr. Leigh, and Mr. Magniac. *April 9.*—In huge carriage, holding nine, to Melton Steeplechases (13 miles). Wind bitter. Very well attended from Melton and surroundings. Bay Middleton won two races. Had tea with the Noels of Oakham, and home in pouring rain. *April 10.*—Made an excursion to Ketton, and saw Mr. Hopwood's beautiful peach and flower houses and Alderney cows. Went to *tableaux* and acting at Uppingham and visited Uppingham School. Dolly gazetted to 17th Lancers.

Constancy was not the least noticeable of Princess Mary's many beautiful qualities. She never forgot any one—high, low, rich or poor—while the slightest act of kindness was remembered. As years went on, and the number of her acquaintances increased, the Princess still contrived to find time to see, and write to friends of early days. Even the old people about Kew did not pass from her memory. "The Royal carriage," says the daughter of an aged inhabitant, "never went by our gate without Her Royal Highness looking to see if my father was in the garden or at the window, and a gracious cordial greeting was invariably given."

When visiting country-houses the Duchess of Teck always interested herself in the cottagers on the estate, and if she came a second time would often say to her hostess, "Now, do tell me how Mrs. —— is?" referring by name to some poor person in the village. "May dear, there's Mr. ——" was a frequent remark of Her Royal Highness's when, driving with her daughter through the streets of London, she recognised among the passers-by a familiar face. But it was not only that the Princess remembered faces, she was able to recall the circumstances under which she had met people, and recollected all about each individual. As a natural result she had something to say to every one, and the personal touch this wonderful gift of memory imparted to her conversation, charmed and gratified those with whom she was brought into contact. Whether her friends were absent or present, Princess Mary's affection remained the

same. To Mrs. Dalrymple, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, she writes—

White Lodge, May 3, 1888.

MY DEAREST ELLINOR,—This is joy indeed! To know you are in London and to hope for a sight of your dear face, after such years of separation! . . . On Monday I shall (D.V.) be in town, and could go to you about 4.30; or would you prefer meeting me at St. James's at 3.15—bringing, if possible, your May with you? A line in reply to this sent to St. James's Palace, by hand this evening before eight would greatly oblige one who will ever be, so long as there is breath in her body, your affectionate old friend,

MARY ADELAIDE.

“I never change to my friends,” the Princess remarked to Miss Draper, who thought she was forgotten because Her Royal Highness had not written for some time. “Even to those who afterwards proved themselves not altogether worthy of her regard,” says a late member of the household at White Lodge, “Princess Mary's kindness of disposition rarely allowed her to show outwardly that her feelings had undergone a change. It was only to any one who knew the Princess well that a slight restraint in her manner towards such persons was apparent.”

Letters to Lady Geraldine Somerset.

Luton Hoo, August 7, 1888.

. . . Faithful to my promise I hasten to send you all our news, so that after reading the letter to dearest Mama you may despatch it by to-day's messenger to Augusta. . . . I took leave of dear George at the War Office, and was at St. Pancras in good time for the 5.43 train. There was no crowd at the station, but on the way down we saw any number of holiday-makers, all, poor things, with umbrellas, alas! Your nephew Willy Walsh, Sidney Greville, and Sebright travelled down with us. At Chiltern Green, Falbe met us, looking wonderfully better, and the rain not being much, we elected to be driven to Luton Hoo in the sociable, though with the hood up. The air was delightful, and the country is looking its freshest, greenest, and prettiest, but

Madame de Falbe complains of having no flowers in her garden, and of her roses being quite over—all blown away by a gale! We found here Colonel Byng and his two daughters, Lady Howe and her eldest girl Evelyn, Mrs. Owen Williams and her second step-son Ifah Williams, and Count Reventlow, attached to the Legation, in addition to Falbe's sister and daughter. . . .

Luton Hoo, August 8, 1888.

. . . We were a party of nineteen at dinner, and Ifah Williams was my other neighbour. We got on capitally, after I discovered that it was he who, at ten years old, when he had *crushed* his little finger, kept himself from screaming, or making any noise, on his poor mother's account, who was dying at the time. You may remember the circumstance, for the Owen Williamses at that time occupied the Warwicks' present house in Stable Yard. The boy was playing in the garden, in front of his poor mother's windows, and in swinging round a huge flower-pot shut his finger in under the pot. Two joints were amputated, the tip of the finger being utterly crushed, and, poor fellow, he now has a tiny stump on his right hand. He has a ranch in Texas, which does not pay, but which afforded us much ground for conversation. In the evening I played at whist with Lady Howe, Falbe, and Colonel Byng, while the young people danced away to a capital organ turned by one of the footmen. Falbe's boy has inherited his father's taste and talent for dancing. He has greatly improved, and has grown such a nice boy! while little Willy, the youngest, is everybody's pet! Yesterday was a real summer's day! such a treat! The young men played at lawn-tennis in front of the portico, the maidens strolled about, and we sat out and in the drawing-room till luncheon-time. Dolly arrives this evening! Tenderest love to my dearest Mother. . . .

Letter to the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

Luton Hoo, August 10, 1888.

MY OWN DEAREST GUSSY,— . . . I take up my story from Tuesday afternoon (7th), at which I think I broke off. After our charming country drive we stopped and got out at the lake, and there fished with great success, catching perch and roach, while Francis caught pike from a boat, and the young people went on the water. We had tea in the boat-house, and were

joined by two new-comers—Alfred Montgomery and Seymour Wynne Finch. The evening was so lovely that we were loth to leave our sport and go home, with the result that dinner was very late indeed! Whist and dancing filled the evening. Poor Lady Howe went off to bed, not feeling well, and never reappeared downstairs during the visit. Next morning I was up at eight, and wrote one letter for Sidney Greville to take to London, whither he is going by the 9.30 train to assist at his brother Alwyn's¹ wedding, at which, alas! the gout prevented poor Eddy from being present; and another for Finch to leave at St. James's—so that I did not go down before noon or so. The weather was simply perfection, and we were all photographed in the garden in tasty groups and summer attire.

In the afternoon Madame de Falbe and I went for a drive, and called to inquire after the poor widow of the unfortunate Colonel Sowerby, who was gored to death by a favourite Egyptian stag, which he kept in an enclosure, not far from his house. I fancy it was just after you left that all the papers were full of the ghastly catastrophe. The Falbes knew the Sowerbys well. On our way there we took a roundabout route, which *aboutit* on the further side of the town of Luton, all new to me, and then ascended a steep hill, driving on some way through a nice village to the Sowerbys' place, which lies high, the park being all broken ground, with any number of enclosures for the pet animals the poor man loved to collect. A servant, who looked very woe-begone, and no wonder! gave us some particulars.

It appears that the friend to whom the Colonel was showing the savage animal, when he saw the unfortunate man on the ground, drew a knife to stab the brute, but was prevented by the victim, who called out that he knew he could master the stag, and would not have him killed. The creature was ultimately lifted over the paling by five men, who had rushed, alas! too late, to the rescue, and finally shot two hours after his poor master had breathed his last, which he did as they carried him into the house. We drove back by the lake, and after tea in the boat-house, fished with fair success. We had again a most lovely sunset! and a late dinner, after which young Baillie Cochrane, Lord Lamington's son, who had missed his train, turned up. . . .

Thursday was a grey day, and as it looked rather like

¹ The Honble. Alwyne Greville, extra Equerry to Prince Albert Victor of Wales.

rain we betook ourselves at once to the lake, this time to a platform on the opposite shore, *vis-à-vis* to the boat-house, and were rewarded by a *grand catch* ! . . . Friday morning was *intensely hot*, almost the hottest day of the year, in spite of which all the young people, chaperoned by Colonel Byng, went off in a brake to see the kennels, which are just outside the park, and well-nigh got sunstrokes ! . . . In the afternoon Madame de Falbe, Lord Sandwich, who arrived yesterday, and I, followed in a second sociable by Mrs. Williams, Byng, and Greville, made an expedition to St. Albans (a pretty drive of eight or ten miles) to see the progress in the restoration of its fine old cathedral, on which Lord Grimthorpe spends £10,000 annually in his extraordinary love for church architecture !—with him quite a hobby and craze. We went first to a straw hat and basket shop, the proprietor of which is most loyal, where I met with a very charming reception, the work-girls turning out and strewing bunches of flowers in my path, while the head man's grandchild presented me with oh ! such a pretty basket of plaited straw, filled with the *loveliest* flowers and *sweetest tuberoses*. . . .

The Duchess of Teck was a very keen fisherwoman, and used to spend many hours fishing on the Luton Hoo lake. One who was often present on these occasions recalls the following amusing dialogue :—

Princess Mary. How many fish have I caught, Tom ?

Tom (the Fisherman). Ten, your Royal Highness.

Princess Mary. And how many has Madame caught ?

Tom. Six, your Royal Highness.

Princess Mary. Ah ! that's good. Now, Tom, put a very nice worm on my hook, because I want to catch a very large fish.

In October, 1888, Prince Adolphus joined his regiment at Lucknow. The parting with her eldest boy was a severe trial to Princess Mary, and in a letter to Lady Dunraven, after bidding him good-bye, Her Royal Highness gives expression to her feelings of distress :—

White Lodge, September 17, 1888.

. . . To-day my poor heart is *very full* and *sad*, for at 7.20 *this morning* we bade adieu to our dear precious boy, for probably at the *very least two* years, and saw him depart for

far distant lands! It was an *awful moment*, but we all bore up bravely for his sake, as he, poor darling fellow! evidently felt the parting terribly, and dreaded being still more upset by our tears. I am now writing on my pretty verandah, trying to distract my thoughts and to throw myself into work, to keep myself from dwelling on our sad farewell. I have committed my darling Dolly into his heavenly Father's hands, and feel he is indeed safe in such keeping. Our boy went off to Canterbury, whence he goes with the drafts from the depôt to-morrow morning to Portsmouth, where Frank and some friends will meet him and see him on board H.M.S. *Crocodile*, which is to sail for Bombay on Wednesday. . . .

Letter to Prince Adolphus of Teck.

Dunraven Castle, September 23, 1888.

. . . We returned home in time for me to write to Lord Cross by the evening's post, and after dinner I worked away in the blue-room and den, putting away papers and writing to you till 4 a.m., when I crept into bed and actually got *three* hours' sleep! I was up again at seven, and we got off in capital time to catch the 10.20 from Paddington. The train was a delightfully quick one, and we travelled in a very comfortable saloon, so that the journey was accomplished in a most luxurious manner. Our first stoppage was Reading. (Maidenhead and Cliveden looked so pretty in the warm sunlight, for it was quite a summer's day!) How very picturesque a town Bath is! I made out the Officers' Daughters' School, perched on the top of the steep hill that rises out of the town, having once, years ago, visited it for a prize distribution, and well do I remember the steep straight street that ascended up to it!

At Chippenham we lunched (most excellently) on our own fare, and had a guest in Sir John Jenkins, the late member for these parts, but turned out on account of his Unionist views! He is an acquaintance of Papa's, and was on his way to his place near Swansea. Papa, I fancy, contemplates looking him up from here, and making some expeditions by sea and land with him. I dozed as we flew through the Severn Tunnel, so cannot report upon it. Then followed in quick succession Newport and Cardiff, and at 3.20 or so, Bridgend¹ was reached, where, under a royal salute, which at one time threatened to break every window in the town!

¹ The station for Dunraven Castle.

(happily, however, the officer in command was persuaded to reduce the charge, and thus the catastrophe was averted!) we were detached from the train, shunted, and then brought up triumphantly to the beflagged, red-carpeted, and gaily decorated platform, on which there was a goodly attendance to welcome us; first and foremost were, of course, Lady Dunraven and her three girls, accompanied by nice, bright Mrs. Henley Eden,¹ who is a charming addition to our little circle here, and I hope will stay on for another week or so.

Lady Dunraven presented Mr. Edmondes, the very Conservative Chairman of the Committee, and Mr. Bevan, the enthusiastically loyal, tho', alas! Radical Vice-Chairman, and we engaged in conversation in the waiting-room, as it was deemed prudent to get the salute over before entering the carriages. On emerging, I found a guard of honour of the local Volunteers and Volunteer Artillery drawn up. Their band sorely tried the handsome horses in the barouche we got into, but the coachman handled them admirably, and turned marvellously well amid the cheering of the crowds assembled to greet us. There was a grand pause for a photograph to be taken of the carriage and station, and then we drove off down rather a steep incline—lined by hundreds of school-children (about 900, I am told), who threw flowers into the carriage, or were meant to do so, but forgot in their intent gaze!—into the town, where a most loyal and hearty welcome awaited us. Hundreds of people had poured in by excursion trains, so that the streets were all crowded; there was a great deal of cheering, and the decorations were most general. Triumphal arches abounded; one amused us much, as in the centre was displayed a flag with my head in a tiara, after the photograph by Byrne, and on either side, rather lower, Lord and Lady Dunraven's heads! Papa, May, and I went in the barouche with Lady Dunraven; the girls, Mrs. Eden, and Peter following in a shelburne.

After we had left the town some way behind us, we crossed a bridge decorated in great taste with corn, sweet peas, and marigolds, over a mill stream, at a place called Eweny, belonging to a Colonel Turberville, who, with his wife, was in his phaeton, close by the bridge, and a little further on we came to a delightful bit of moorland that reminded us of the surroundings of Chillingham. It is relieved by two big clumps of chestnut trees, planted by Lord Dunraven's grandmother—the Miss Wyndham, who brought all this

¹ A sister of Lady Dunraven's.

property into the family by her marriage with Lord Adare (afterwards created Earl of Dunraven), and goes here by the name of "Granny"—in her childhood, as a shelter for the lambs; such a sweet idea! We then entered the pretty village of St. Bride's Major, nearly every cottage in which displayed its flags, and passed under several triumphal arches, all the villagers and people from the neighbourhood turning out to greet us.

A little way on we turned into the gate of the park, with a particularly pretty lodge, and drove down a road shut in between high hedges; then through a more open part, sheltered by trees under which grow ferns and wild irises, to the downs, with a peep of the sea as one passes the turn by the stables. Finally, the road ascends by the kitchen garden, round a deep glen on the right, planted with lovely hydrangeas, fuchsias, ferns, and evergreen oaks, with a delightful garden on the left, called the sea-garden, and winds up, under overhanging trees, to the open space, at present a grass plot marked out for lawn-tennis, in front of the entrance to Dunraven Castle.

On alighting we found ourselves in a delightful, deliciously sweet conservatory, full of creepers, that lovely deep pink, almost Magenta, passion-flower being festooned and hanging in clusters across it, and flowers and foliage plants in pots hidden in banks of moss, lycopodium and fern! It is all-enchanting. . . . A double stone staircase, with mahogany-topped balustrade, leads into the saloon, a charming little oak-panelled room, with family portraits and other pictures above the high dado, and a large double writing-table across the centre, in which Papa smokes after dinner. Out of this a door opens into a staircase-hall of moderate size, entirely panelled in light oak, opening out of which are a library, looking to the south, but, alas! with *no view*, as the cliff rises straight up in front of it, used by Lord Dunraven as his sitting-room, and now made over as such to Papa; and the drawing-room, looking out westward, with a lovely tho' rather distant view of the sea. Between the castle and the sea lies a stretch of broken down, ending in cliff, or sloping to the shore.

This is a very pretty sunny room, with four large windows, one a bay window, forming quite a recess; the walls are hung with family portraits; two in the good old style, representing "Granny" and a brother, who died as children, are particularly charming. The dining-room, about the same size as the drawing-room, out of which it opens, also

has a western aspect, and ends the suite of living-rooms. Beyond the serving-room, next the dining-room, rises the tower Lord Dunraven has added within the last two years to improve the look of the house, and to give him and Florence a comfortable suite of rooms looking to the sea. . . .

Journal.—Dunraven Castle, September 23.—A heavenly morning, and the sea a lovely blue! Towards eleven o'clock we started for church at St. Bride's Major. After the second lesson there was a christening—the poor curate's motherless babe. Enid¹ stood sponsor. It is such a nice little old church. . . . After luncheon I wrote hard, *chez moi* to Dolly, directing my letter to Port Said, and in the evening the girls played the violin to their mother's accompaniment; when every one else had gone to bed, we three ladies sat up gossiping till nearly 2 a.m.

September 24.—I walked with Florence through the pretty sea-garden to the cliff; but the day was muggy, so we returned, and sat in the garden for a while. . . . About three we drove, *viâ* Monknash and Marcross, to St. Donat's, a most picturesque old house, or rather castle, with towers built round a court-yard, belonging to a Dr. Carne, who was ill, so his son did the honours. In the hall, dining-room, and drawing-room are some handsome old fireplaces, and I was much interested by the copper ceiling in the unrestored picture-gallery, and then walked through terrace gardens—Florence called them “hanging” ones—bright with flower borders, the scarlet geraniums too beautiful! roses, carnations, myrtle shrubs, all luxuriating! to an ivy-clad ruin, once the stable of the castle guard. The field beyond being too wet, we could not get out on the seashore; so retracing our steps we walked across some short, very wet grass, to the old church with monuments of the Stradling family, and a handsome old rood cross in carved stone. . . . Home slowly, as we kept stopping by the way to gather the lovely honeysuckle, traveller's joy, and wild-rose-luck that abounded in the hedges. . . . After dinner I sang a little, knitted, and then to bed.

September 25.—Up rather late as I was becoldest, and joined May and Enid in the old tower conservatory with writing things, and after lunch I wrote there till nearly six o'clock. . . . In the evening I read aloud in the saloon some of Enid's charming poems and compositions! Her lines on

¹ Lady Enid Wyndham Quin, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dunraven; she died in 1891.

the death of the poor Emperor Frederick are quite beautiful, and would do credit to a much older pen; indeed, her ideas, language, and choice of words are most extraordinary for so young a girl, and betoken decided genius and careful study.

Wednesday, 26.— . . . I wrote in the saloon, where I found the two sisters scribbling away, opposite to each other, at the long centre table! and in the afternoon, as the wind was too cold for me to venture out, I wrote on in the drawing-room. Some time after tea the four girls came in with a quantity of shells, some very pretty ones, they had picked up on the Nash shore, which we at once proceeded to wash. . . . May sang to us while we knitted.

September 28.—Sat out in the sea-garden with Amy,¹ and in the afternoon drove with Florence in the shelburne *viâ* Slade—Mr. Randal's charming place, quite sheltered with arbutus and ilex—and St. Bride's Major into and through the Ogmore valley. We passed the mill and ruin of Ogmore Castle, and getting out on the downs, walked towards the Ogmore Mouth, which we saw the two girls ford and then gallop over the sands in quest of May and Enid, who had driven to Porth Cawl and the Rest, in search of shells. After strolling on the sands towards the Black Rocks for a bit, the carriage picked us up, and we drove back through the village of Southerndown, going in at the Sea Lodge, and so home in the gloaming. . . .

September 29.— . . . Down by twelve o'clock for an expedition to old Mr. Talbot's place, Margam, a drive of fifteen miles. We crossed a pretty bridge over the Ogmore River, by the lodge gates of Merthyr Mawr, and then drove through the scattered village of Laleston up to an open bit of gorse-covered ground—alas! there was too much mist for a view—and so on to Pyle Junction Station. Here we came up with the dog-cart conveying Francis and Peter, and the omnibus with the girls and May, and after going through a portion of Pyle we entered Margam by a small lodge gate—the park one huge rabbit-warren. The house is modern gothic, and contains a fine library, drawing-room, and good dining-room, all with charming views. Some few of the pictures are very good, the rest chiefly copies of Old Masters. There is a grand staircase with organ on the first landing, some fine old tapestry, and a pair of beautiful large Oriental vases. I saw Miss Talbot's charming room and Mr. Talbot's, a curiosity in its penurious simplicity. Muir, the nice Scotch gardener, showed us all over the grounds, first down

¹ The Honble. Mrs. Henley Eden.

the broad walk from the terrace to the ruins of Cistercian Abbey, which was abolished in Henry VIII.'s time.

The present church was part of the Abbey, but has been partly restored. The Chapter-house walls, and some portion of the cloisters, are in perfect preservation. The *grand orangery* was empty, because the orange trees were all out-of-doors; many of them are 300 years old, having been a present from the King of Spain to Queen Elizabeth; but the ship bringing them was wrecked, and the orange trees were kept here. The walls of the old-fashioned greenhouse were covered with lemon, orange, and shaddock trees, in full fruit. I peeped into the kitchen garden, and had a picturesque view towards the wooded hill. The church (*very high*) has Norman arches, and contains a fine monument to Theodore, Mr. Talbot's only son—a reclining figure under a canopy, supported by nine marble pillars. Seven lamps were burning before the altar-chapel, where are some well-preserved monuments of the Mansell family. We walked back in a drizzle, and had tea in the library; then saw the omnibus off in the pouring rain, May, Enid, and Aileen perched on the top well wrapped up. We three others started in a perfect water-spout, with so many wraps that the carriage felt quite hot and steamy, reaching home at seven. *September 30, Sunday.*—To church at Bridgend, St. Mary's, Notton; a handsome new building, given by Lord Dunraven, with very fine windows. Good singing. Mr. Edmondes officiated.¹

The Royal Party remained in South Wales for some weeks longer, continuing to enjoy the quiet life which the secluded position of Dunraven Castle afforded. As usual, Princess Mary took a kind interest in the people about the place, and made several purchases in the district, doing everything in her power to encourage local industry and assist the neighbouring charities. The Church Lads' Brigade at Bridgend claimed her special attention, and during the visit she attended a concert at Swansea, in which Madame Patti took part, for the benefit of the poor. The Princess amused every one with her witty conversation, and one of the greatest treats to the inmates of the Castle was to hear her read aloud "The Adventures of Mrs. Brown."

Soon after Princess Mary returned to White Lodge the

¹ At this point the Journal is discontinued.

Duchess of Cambridge's condition gave much cause for anxiety. Her Royal Highness's strength had been failing for some months past, and as her sufferings increased, it was feared that the end could not be far distant. The Princess went up every day to see her mother, and often stayed the night at St. James's Palace. The Duchess's extraordinary vitality caused her to rally again and again, and even the doctors did not anticipate any rapid change in their distinguished patient. On the 6th of April, however, about midday, it became apparent to those watching by the bedside that she was sinking rapidly, and very shortly afterwards the venerable Duchess of Cambridge, who had borne her long and painful illness with so much fortitude and resignation, breathed her last at the advanced age of ninety-one years. The Princess of Wales had walked across from Marlborough House immediately on being apprised of the alarming news, and remained with her much-beloved Aunt till all was over, but no other member of the Royal Family was able to reach St. James's Palace in time to be present at the closing scene. Replying to a letter of condolence addressed by an intimate friend to her mother, Princess May says—

Mama is so grateful to you for your kind letter of sympathy in our great sorrow, which has indeed fallen like a blow on us all. The end was so sudden that we arrived one and a half hours after all was over and dearest Grand-mama had passed calmly and peacefully into Her everlasting rest. For Her it is indeed a mercy that all suffering is now over, but the blank in our lives will, as you know, be very great, and we shall miss the kind word and smile. Dear Mama is bearing up fairly well, and so are we all. Poor Aunt Augusta only left Strelitz the day she died, and Uncle George was in Ireland, so none of Her children were with her at the end, which makes it still more sad.

The Queen intimated a desire that the remains of the Duchess of Cambridge should be interred at Windsor, but on learning that, only a few weeks before her death, she had expressed a wish to be buried quietly at Kew church beside her husband, Her Majesty at once acquiesced; and the

arrangements for the funeral were carried out by the Lord Chamberlain with as little pomp and ceremony as possible.

Early on the morning of the 13th of April the body was conveyed by road from St. James's Palace to the little country home which the Duchess loved so well, and where the happiest years of her life had been passed. The path from the house to the church was lined by men of the Coldstream Guards, and the band of the regiment was stationed close to the porch. Twelve guardsmen bore the coffin, which was preceded by an officer carrying the late Duchess's coronet. The Queen and other members of the Royal Family were present at the church, and the congregation included the Ambassadors and Ministers of the day, while the large gathering of sorrowing parishioners on Kew Green bore witness to the affectionate regard felt in the village for the Royal lady who for so many years had generously dispensed the bounties of Cambridge Cottage. At the conclusion of the service, Her Majesty placed a wreath upon the coffin, which was then lowered to its last resting-place in the Royal Mausoleum.

Letter to the Marchioness of Salisbury.

St. James's Palace, April 13, 1889.

DEAREST LADY SALISBURY,—I thank you and dear Lord Salisbury from my heart for your deep sympathy in my great sorrow and irreparable loss, and can assure you that your touching and affectionate words were very soothing and comforting. We have thus far been wonderfully supported by the feeling that our beloved mother has at length been released from all her weary pain and suffering, and is now, as we dare hope, enjoying the rest, peace, and joy she so longed for! Of the future I dare not think, with its terrible blank, for the one great object and constant care of my life has been taken away! But God in His great mercy will help me to bear this, perhaps the *saddest* of *all* bereavements! and for *Her* dear sake I would not have it otherwise. Once more accept my warmest, tenderest thanks, and come and see me later on, for I conclude you are leaving town for the Easter holidays. Ever, dearest Lady Salisbury, your very affectionate, deeply sorrowing,

MARY ADELAIDE.

Letter to the Dowager Countess of Aylesford.

White Lodge, July 12, 1889.

MY VERY DEAREST JANE,— . . . And though last not least I thank you for your kind sympathy in my great sorrow at the loss of the best and kindest of mothers, who, as you well know, was so entirely our *centre*, that the terrible void in our lives can never again be filled. I really think, as time goes on, and I realise more and more the extent of my bereavement, the having to live on without the precious boon, so long enjoyed, of a mother's enduring love and constant thought, that the sorrow seems to deepen and intensify. But for *Her* dear sake I dare not and do not repine, finding comfort in the blessed hope that our loss, irreparable though it be, is *Her very great gain*, and I can even thank God that my dearly loved mother has at length been released from all her suffering, borne with so much patience and touching resignation to the Divine will. . . . Ever, very dearest Jane, your loving friend,

MARY ADELAIDE.

Letter to Mrs. Hatchard.

White Lodge, September, 1889.

DEAREST MRS. HATCHARD,— . . . My conscience sadly pricks me for never having yet thanked you, as I now do with *all my heart*, for your tender sympathy in my great sorrow. . . . I was, however, so overwhelmed with kind letters of condolence, as you will well believe when I tell you that they numbered *over 200!* that their acknowledgment must even now be a work of time; besides which there was so very much to be done, as St. James's has passed into other hands, it being about to be fitted up for Prince Eddy, that I had little leisure for writing. What with one thing and another I was so utterly done up that a total change of scene, perfect rest, and bracing air were also absolutely necessary for me, and all this I found at delightful St. Moritz, up in the Upper Engadine, whence, after a month's stay, I returned a different being!—ready and fresh for work, and prepared to face life under its altered aspect. . . . Once more a thousand grateful thanks, and believe me, dearest Mrs. Hatchard, affectionately yours,

MARY ADELAIDE.

Scarcely had Princess Mary come back from the Engadine

than she sustained another loss in the death of her dear friend Lady Holland, who passed away in September. "With *Her*," writes the Princess, "one of our last links with the historic past is broken, and Holland House, with its long roll of memories and associations, is henceforth, alas! a thing of the past."

Journal.—White Lodge, September 23.— . . . I saw *Her* [the late Lady Holland] on *Her* little bed; the expression of *Her* dear face, which looked years younger than in life, was so happy and peaceful, with quite a smile on the slightly parted lips. *Her* poor maid Marianne was much overcome. . . . *September 26.*— . . . In the afternoon we drove with May to dear Holland House, to look my last on *Her*, and *it* as *hers*,—taking up a lovely white cross. We were received by Atkinson-Clark and Lady Suffolk, and found Mrs. Dundas, French, and the Duc de Forli with poor dear Carrie!¹ All *sympathisers* and *mourners*. I went up with May, Mrs. Dundas and Miss Throgmorton, to see *Her* once more in *Her* coffin. The face unchanged! *So peaceful*. I showed May *Her* own rooms,—lovely sitting-room, with all its treasures and souvenirs,—and could hardly tear myself away. . . . On our way home we called at the West London Hospital to inquire for an out-patient ticket for a poor Richmond child. *September 28.*—Drove *sola* to Dr. Wadd's and back, stopping at Capon's Lodge to give Mrs. Capon her hug-me-tight. Home at five o'clock, and walked with much difficulty to the Green Corridor, where I settled myself in a chair with my knitting. . . . Wadd arrived, and bandaged my knee.

Life at White Lodge [writes Mr. Hood²] resembled that of many English country houses in its simplicity and absence of ceremony. Princess Mary, though an early riser, used to be downstairs in time for luncheon only, which was at varying hours; but long before that her correspondence had been read, and perhaps apportioned to those whose duty it was to reply; the morning papers were read, and daily orders given to the household, the Princess seeing the house-keeper and the cook herself. After luncheon there was a drive in Richmond Park and neighbourhood, in summer,

¹ Mrs. Atkinson-Clark, a niece of Lady Holland's.

² The Honble. Alexander Nelson Hood, son of Viscount Bridport, succeeded Mr. Sebright as Comptroller and Equerry to the Duchess of Teck.

sometimes a picnic tea, or more frequently a drive to London or to some ceremony in the vicinity.

Dinner was generally late—more often at nine o'clock than earlier; and afterwards the Princess, with those who had dined, used to repair to one of the two corridors, which are the peculiar feature of the architecture of White Lodge. Reading was there indulged in, or a game of "patience," of which the Princess was very fond; or, more frequently still, she would send for the many letters and proceed to do business up to a late hour. Her letters were a source of pleasure to her, and very few were destroyed, so that it was a usual sight at White Lodge to see tables in different rooms laden with piles of correspondence, neatly arranged by herself, awaiting the time when Her Royal Highness would alone give personal directions as to their being dealt with, and conveyed to their ultimate resting-places.

The methodical habits so noticeable in Princess Mary's girlhood were continued in later years. An old servant writes:—

I well remember the hours her Royal Highness spent tidying her letter drawers with me. She would often send me to fetch a particular letter from her davenport, telling me exactly where to find it, and when I returned with the letter, the Princess would laugh and say, "How clever of you to bring the right one the first time!" I really think I could have found anything in Her Royal Highness's davenport in the dark, so neat and precise was she in all her ways.

Princess Mary was most regular in her attendance at the parish church, Kingston Vale, where, on a bitterly cold day in the winter of 1874, she had laid the corner-stone of the north aisle. If prevented from going to church by illness or stress of weather, the Duchess of Teck gathered her family around her, and read with them a portion of the Church service and the Lessons for the day, often adding in an impressive manner a few words of explanation. Although the Princess was most careful to keep Sunday as a day of rest, she did not desire her young people to spend a dull day, and amusements were never discountenanced, provided they did not interfere with the appointed duties of the Sabbath.

The Duchess of Teck's favourite seat.

THE GREEN CORRIDOR AT WHITE LODGE.



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Princess Mary's Christianity was of a very practical nature; she carried her religion into everyday life, and, regardless of surrounding circumstances, was always ready for a serious conversation.

The Duchess of Teck was a thoroughly devoted church-woman, without any predilections towards extreme Anglican views, and very Protestant in her ideas, but she saw the good in other schools of thought, and while remaining all her life a strong Protestant, did not condemn ceremony as long as the service was conducted in accordance with the teaching of the Church of England. "The Princess's religious views," says one who saw much of Her Royal Highness in later years, "were similar to those of the old-fashioned English Church of the country. She was opposed to anything that deprived Divine worship of its simplicity of form, thinking that true devotion was better shown in hearty prayer and praise than in an excessive ritual, finding expression in loud-coloured vestments and services in which the congregation could not freely join."

The omission of any portion of the Church service was at once observed, and, in a way, resented by Princess Mary. As a girl, when staying at Brighton, she notes in her Journal, after returning from St. Margaret's Church: "It being Sacrament Sunday, the Litany was, to our annoyance, left out!" In after life the Princess manifested the same wish to preserve the Church service in its entirety, but she was always amenable to sound argument, and where good cause was shown for curtailment her objections were not difficult to overcome. A new Vicar at Kingston Vale introduced the custom of omitting the Epistle and Gospel for the day when the Sacrament was administered at the close of the Morning Service. The Princess mentioned the matter to him, and the explanation given satisfied her as to the expediency of the innovation, but on the days in question Her Royal Highness and Princess May always read the Epistle and Gospel before going to church.

A deep religious undertone and quick response to spiritual influences were noticeable characteristics of Princess Mary's,

and the singing of a simple Mission hymn, or the words of a sacred song, would move her to sudden quiet tears. On a Sunday evening Princess Mary sometimes assembled the servants in the inner hall, when hymns were sung, the Princess herself taking the leading part. "Jerusalem the Golden," "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and "Lead, kindly Light," were the hymns she liked best, and as the heartiness of the singing brought more vividly home to her the meaning of the familiar words, Her Royal Highness was often deeply affected. One summer afternoon a lady, holding very decided religious opinions, called at White Lodge, and was received by the Duchess of Teck in the garden, under the copper beech. The lady was no stranger to the Princess, who liked talking with her. Conversation turned upon hymns, and the visitor began to sing "I think when I read that sweet story of old." The Princess at once joined in, and her clear, beautiful voice rang out in the stillness of the summer evening, while the tears rolled down her cheeks.

What Cambridge Cottage had been to Kew, when the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge were living there, so White Lodge was to Richmond, Kingston Vale, Mortlake, and the district generally. Both the Duke of Teck and Princess Mary entered heartily into all local affairs; they took a personal interest in the charitable organisations, made a point of attending the social gatherings that from time to time were got up for the amusement of the inhabitants, and identified themselves with every movement set on foot for the benefit of the people in the vicinity. Every Christmas the Princess presided over a Tree for the village children, handing to each child some pretty toy, and a warm garment—the latter a present from herself. She was often seen at parochial entertainments, and delighted the poor people by her genial appreciation of the performances. If anything funny was said Her Royal Highness's laugh was so infectious that even the gravest among the audience laughed in sympathy. It was a red-letter day among the women of Kingston Vale when Princess Mary read aloud at the Mothers' Meeting. Once she selected Mr. Carlton's well-known lines, "Over the

Hill to the Poor-house," and so realistic and full of feeling was Her Royal Highness's rendering of the poem that when she closed the book there was not a dry eye in the room.

One Whitsuntide [writes a lady] the choir of a London church had been invited by Lady Wolverton to spend the day at Coombe Wood, and Princess Mary had very kindly promised to drive over from White Lodge in the afternoon. It rained so hard, however, that we were in despair, when to our great joy Her Royal Highness and Princess May arrived. As there was no prospect of the weather clearing, we begged the Duchess to read something to the men. This she readily consented to do, and for over an hour sat talking and reading to them, which more than compensated for the wet day. Her reading aloud was the most enchanting thing to hear, and one could not listen to a pathetic story read by Princess Mary without tears coming into the eyes.

She had so much sunshine in her nature that wherever she went it made itself felt. The Princess invested the veriest trifle with interest. She made others enjoy themselves by her own intense enjoyment of life and the interest she took in all that concerned her fellow-creatures. She possessed the God-sent gift of boundless sympathy with humanity. I think one of the frailties in human nature which Her Royal Highness found most difficulty in forgiving was meanness of any kind.

Generous as Princess Mary undoubtedly was, it could not be said of her that she was extravagant; while she never refused to give when occasion required, often denying herself to provide for the wants of others, yet in some things she was most careful, and invariably set her face against waste of any kind. Half sheets of note-paper were always kept, no envelope was destroyed, and every little bit of string put on one side for future use. In fact, scarcely anything was thrown away. One day a near neighbour was calling at White Lodge and found the Duchess of Teck busy sorting out her writing-paper. During the process of arrangement, some of the tissue paper which had been placed between the sheets to protect the stamping, fell on the carpet. The visitor picked up the pieces as they fell, and unconsciously

rolled them into little balls. Suddenly Princess Mary noticed what he was doing, and exclaimed, "Do not do that, Mr. —, I save all those things; *you* will never learn economy!"

Whenever any difficulty arose in the parish the Vicar invariably went for advice and assistance to Princess Mary, and notwithstanding the many calls upon her time, she at once made the trouble her own, never resting until she had set matters right. In this way grievances quickly disappeared, and harmony was re-established, for the Duchess of Teck was able to appreciate the wants of a congregation, as well as the trials of a country clergyman. No deserving case was refused help, and every appeal from the Vicarage found warm and generous support at White Lodge.

The Vicar was anxious to start a Parish Magazine, and before moving in the matter wisely took counsel with the Princess, who replied—

DEAR MR. COLMAN,—I cannot tell you how much I appreciate your idea of starting a Parish Magazine for Kingston Vale, and if only our villagers will interest themselves in it I feel that it may be made the means of influencing them for good, besides affording them instruction and amusement. I shall be only too glad to assist you to the best of my ability in your undertaking, as an earnest of which I send you these lines, very favourite ones with my daughter as well as myself, which I hope you will agree with us in thinking rather an appropriate opening for the first page of our Parish Magazine. I remain, dear Mr. Colman, with all good wishes for its success, sincerely yours,

MARY ADELAIDE.

(Lines enclosed.)

"If each man in his measure
Would do a brother's part
To cast a ray of sunlight
Into a brother's heart,
How changed would be our country!
How changed would be our poor!
And then might merrie England
Deserve her name once more."

"I was constantly in communication with Princess Mary," says Mr. Colman, "and have a vivid recollection of her kind and strong personality—continually showing itself in acts of kindness, the more touching because they were so homely and so numerous. No words of mine can give any adequate idea of her wonderful memory and thoughtfulness for the simplest things of the simplest lives." He had himself experienced the practical sympathy of the Princess, for when attacked with typhoid fever, not only were inquiries made twice a day, but several times Her Royal Highness came herself to hear the latest news of the patient. During the early stages of convalescence she sent him broth, jelly, and other delicacies, because she said, "I feel sure he will take the food if he knows that it comes from White Lodge."

When the Vicar was able to be moved it was Princess Mary's influence that secured for him the invalid carriage in which he made the journey to the seaside. All about Richmond Park the same tale is told—"Her Royal Highness did this," and "Her Royal Highness did that," "God bless Princess Mary." In fact, it would be difficult to say what the Princess did not do to assist her humbler neighbours. Every poor person for miles round knew the Duchess of Teck, and many possessed a "hug-me-tight," or some woollen wrap, knitted by the Princess or her daughter.

On one occasion Her Royal Highness was taking a morning stroll with Princess May and Prince Alexander, and came across an old woman picking up sticks; the woman seemed tired, and the day was cold. Very soon the Duchess was hard at work, pulling down the dead wood from the lower branches of the trees with her umbrella, while the Princess and her brother gathered the sticks into a heap. In this way a goodly bundle was quickly collected and the old woman sent home rejoicing.

It made no difference if the person in need of help was a stranger or not, the Duchess invariably displayed the same kindly spirit. Chancing to be in Kew Park with Princess May, she noticed a nurse-girl trying to get a perambulator under a wire fencing in order to save herself a long journey

round. After several unsuccessful attempts the girl was about to abandon her project, when the Duchess, going up to her, said, "I think I can help you; if you take the baby out, my daughter and I will push the perambulator." The young woman was most grateful for the assistance, but remained in ignorance of the fact that it was the Duchess of Teck and Princess May who had rendered her the timely assistance.

Another day Princess Mary saw some workmen felling trees near White Lodge, and, with her usual kindness, went up to them and asked what they were going to have for dinner. "Cold tea, ma'am," they replied. "What else?" she said. "Bread and cheese," answered the men. Seeing a good fire near by, Her Royal Highness remarked, "Would it not be nice to have some potatoes?" "It would, indeed, ma'am," the workmen exclaimed; "but we ain't got none." Instead of pursuing her walk, the Princess went home and ordered some potatoes to be taken out; but it was not till the men saw the Royal footman that they were aware who their benefactress was. Driving in the neighbourhood of Hounslow, Princess Mary passed a man selling ferns. "Just the very thing," she remarked to the lady with her, "for the Duke's rockery," and, bidding the coachman pull up, beckoned the man to the carriage. In a very short space of time all the ferns were transferred to the landau. Brimming over with delight at his unexpected good fortune, the man exclaimed, "I do like your face, ma'arm. Please tell me who you are. I must give you a call." And for some time afterwards the young people at White Lodge, whenever they heard the front door bell ring, used to say to the Princess that her "unknown friend" had come to call.

The Duchess of Teck was very fond of animals, and nothing made her more indignant than to hear of a dumb creature being ill-treated. Once, when walking in Richmond Park, she was shocked to see a man beating his donkey unmercifully, and without a moment's hesitation remonstrated with him. At first he seemed inclined to be rude, but it was not long before his manner changed, and he expressed contrition.

At last, feeling thoroughly ashamed of himself, he voluntarily broke his stick before the Duchess as an earnest of his future good behaviour. "Oh, the poor horses!" Princess Mary would say, as she picked up a piece of broken glass, which she often carried quite a long distance in order to deposit it in the hollow of some tree so as to be out of harm's way.

Her Royal Highness liked to see boys amusing themselves, and even if they transgressed a little she generally sided with them. Crossing Richmond Green on one occasion, she noticed three boys pelting a man with snow-balls. Instead of taking it all as a matter of fun, he pursued the boys, and catching the smallest of them began to give him a drubbing. Princess Mary's sympathy was aroused immediately, and she sent the footman to request the man to desist, telling her servant that if the man did not at once let the child go he was to serve him in the same way as he was serving the child. But while the Duchess championed the cause of the boys, she was a stern opponent of rowdyism, and it often happened when the Royal carriage appeared in sight that the roughs about the districts through which the Princess passed on her way to and from London became all at once quite orderly. Returning late one afternoon to White Lodge, she saw a man on Barnes Common ill-using a woman; the carriage was at once stopped, and the man spoken to, but as he continued his bad behaviour Her Royal Highness directed the coachman to drive on, telling him at the same time to look out for a policeman, the result being that not long afterwards the offender was taken into custody.

The Duchess was invariably kind and considerate to her servants—"my people," as she called them, and if anything went wrong in the household, no harsh word escaped her lips. All through her life it had been the same. When Princess Mary was a girl, the Queen gave her a bracelet containing a miniature of herself, at the same time expressing a wish that the Princess would always wear the gift when she came to Windsor. On an important occasion the faithful Frazer had forgotten to bring the bracelet, and, well knowing

how particular her young mistress was concerning every wish of the Queen, hesitated to mention the matter until the last moment. Seeing the concern of her dresser, Princess Mary, instead of showing vexation, said quickly, and with a reassuring smile, "Never mind, Fracky, I'll explain the matter to the Queen myself."

White Lodge was always well ordered, and even with the necessarily limited number of servants things were at all times in keeping with the high position of the Lady of the house. No one was ever dissatisfied or thought there was too much work to be done. The gracious manner and practical kindness of the Duchess of Teck amply repaid all who served her for any extra effort they were called upon to make, and they would willingly have done as much again had it been required of them. "To her household servants," writes Mr. Hood, "Princess Mary was ever kind and indulgent and solicitous for their health and comfort. 'I would do anything for Her Royal Highness,' is a statement that I have often heard; and every man and woman in the place was assuredly ready 'to do anything,' not from fear of a Royal Mistress, but from a sense of devotion to her. The Princess was, therefore, surrounded by good and faithful dependents, many of them having been in her service for years."

In several instances she was acquainted with their home surroundings, and with the troubles and cares of each little circle the Princess readily sympathised. One of the upper servants was a widow, and when she entered the Royal service had three young children to support. The Duchess, who knew the circumstances of the case, did everything she could to lighten the maternal responsibilities by getting the little orphans into homes, and afterwards helping to place them out in the world. She fully entered into the mother's feelings at being parted from her children, and often had them to stay in the house during the holidays. When on a visit to Bexhill, hearing that a sick brother of a servant at White Lodge was in the town, Princess Mary invited the man to be wheeled in his bath-chair on to the platform of the station when she was leaving, so that

she might see him and carry back to her servant the latest report of the invalid.

Old servants were especially valued, and once, when she was abroad, the Princess telegraphed a message to a housemaid on the day she completed her twenty-five years' service, expressing warm appreciation of one who had served her so long and so faithfully. The old housemaid has the telegram framed to this day. Frazer, who was forty-five years with Princess Mary, died at White Lodge, tended to the last by her Royal Mistress. Brand, the Duchess nursed night and day during her fatal illness at Rumpenheim, bringing the body back to England, and seeing it laid in its last resting-place, while every year she put a wreath on the grave and, if abroad, directed some member of the Household to take the token of remembrance to Brompton Cemetery. Butler suffered after a time from rheumatism, and, although able for many years to fulfil her duties, at times felt much pain.

The Princess showed her every consideration, and if anything was dropped Her Royal Highness often picked it up herself, rather than let her dresser stoop. One day when Butler was packing a box, it was found at the last minute that the tray, which was rather heavy, had been left in an adjoining room. The dresser was about to fetch it, but this Princess Mary would not allow, and carrying the tray herself placed it in the box. Even when the Princess was seriously ill, and knew that Butler was not strong enough to lift her, she always had "Buttie," as she called her, in the bedroom, knowing full well how it would hurt the feelings of her attendant to think that she had been superseded. With her dressmakers the Princess had the same genial winning manner, and to quote the words of a milliner, "It was quite a pleasure to go to White Lodge, the Duchess of Teck was so kind to us, so considerate, and withal, so Royal."

After a dinner-party the steward or the cook invariably received a message of approbation, either directly or indirectly. Nor were the upper servants alone singled out for praise. If the Duchess became aware that an under servant had rendered any special assistance, the work met with

similar recognition. She liked her servants to make their rooms look pretty and home-like, often saying to the house-keeper, during her tour of inspection, "So-and-so wants a picture or two;" and many a time Her Royal Highness returned from town, bringing a "dab" for one of the rooms. Princess Mary always went through the apartments which her guests were to occupy, before their arrival, and if anything was not quite right she noticed it at once and had the want supplied. Even the temperature of the room was studied. "A bedroom," she said, "must be neither too hot nor too cold." She often invited old servants to stay at White Lodge, and on these occasions took the same trouble about their rooms as in the case of the ordinary visitor, personally looking to their comforts, and seeing that they had everything they wanted, even to writing-paper.

The same kind thought was extended to the outdoor servants, and in the stable-yard and garden a like devotion to Princess Mary prevailed. The coachman at White Lodge had a necessarily arduous, as well as a responsible position to fill, and this fact was not lost sight of by the Princess. Every winter she presented him with a "comforter" and warm waistcoat knitted by herself; and after a long day in London, or on coming home late from a dinner or theatre, she never went into the house without making some remark, such as, "I am afraid I have kept you out for a long time," or, "I hope you are not cold; you must go in at once and have some supper." A coachman who was in the Princess's service for a considerable time lost his father and mother within a few days of each other. Her Royal Highness soon heard of his trouble, and sending for him expressed her warm sympathy. The man had been a faithful servant to the Princess, who appreciated his devotion, and putting her hand on his shoulder, she said, "Never mind, ——. Whatever happens, remember I am your friend." The man never forgot these words, which, as he afterwards said, "did more to comfort me in my sorrow than anything else." The Duchess was just as considerate about other people's servants. When staying in Scotland one autumn,

she drove into Edinburgh to attend an early afternoon function. Before leaving the carriage the Princess asked her host how long he thought the ceremony would take, and on being told that it would probably last over an hour, replied, "Oh, then, there will be plenty of time for the servants to get their dinner."

The Duke of Teck was equally kind-hearted. He often performed little acts of charity on his own account, and months afterwards it would come out that such and such a thing had been done by the Duke. Hearing, one day, that an occasional helper in the garden at White Lodge was in great trouble because it was too far for him to carry his sick child to the Hospital, and he had no money to pay for a conveyance, the Duke, without saying a word to any one, ordered a cab to go to the man's cottage, defraying the expenses out of his own pocket. His Highness was very fond of carpentering, and the book-shelves in the library, or smoking-room as it was sometimes called, were made and put up by himself. The artistic arrangements in his daughter's boudoir were also her father's handiwork. "I never came back from a holiday," says Madame Bricka,¹ "without finding the Duke had done something to my room during my absence; and when I used to thank him he would say, 'You know this is your home, and I want you to feel at home.'" When Mrs. Laumann was dying, the Duchess went constantly to see her old governess. On one occasion she took a bunch of lovely flowers and placed them in the invalid's hands. Mrs. Hatchard, thinking the flowers might perhaps be too heavy for her sister to hold, was about to remove them, but Princess Mary intervened, saying, "Do not take them away; Francis picked them on purpose for her."

The fogs that in the winter months often envelop White Lodge and make driving across Richmond Park a matter of no small difficulty, interfered very much with the journeys to and from town, but the Duchess had implicit confidence in her coachman, and rarely gave up an engagement on

¹ Madame Bricka succeeded Fräulein Gutmann in the superintendence of Princess May's studies.

account of the weather. Sometimes it was impossible to proceed, and on one occasion the Journal records: "We started at 6.15 in a white fog for the theatre; it got better as we went on, but on the other side of Hammersmith Bridge we had to retrace the horses' steps, almost at a walk, and were home again by eight, to the surprise of the establishment."

Her Royal Highness never once complained nor exhibited the least fear [said the coachman, when talking one day of his experiences in the fog], although there were times when I would not have sat in the carriage, whoever had been on the box. Why, I have gone over Hammersmith Bridge many a time without seeing it! I remember Lord Alfred Paget, when he was living in Bushey Park, telling me that he missed his way close to his own house, and getting off the box of his phaeton to find out where he was, lost his horses, and only found them again by hearing them champing their bits.

But while the Princess had no fear for herself, she was full of sympathy for the belated travellers whom she frequently met in the Park. One afternoon in mid-winter, when returning from Sheen, where the Duchess had been to see an old servant, the fog was very thick. Going up the hill to White Lodge she heard a cry for help, and sent the footman to ascertain whence the sound came. It appeared that a travelling jeweller had missed his way, and stumbled among a flock of rooks roosting on the grass, as they were unable to see the trees. The noise made by the frightened birds flapping their wings, and the total darkness that prevailed, so terrified the pedlar that for a time he seemed to have lost his reason. The footman brought him to the door of the brougham, when Her Royal Highness calmed him with a few reassuring words, telling him to hold on to the back of the carriage, and come up to White Lodge, where he soon recovered his equilibrium under the soothing influence of hot tea and bread and butter.

Another story shows the difficulties which sometimes attended Princess Mary's efforts to assist the charities in the neighbourhood. She had promised her personal support at a

Bazaar to be held at Kew. As the time drew near for starting a fog came on, but rather than disappoint the people she decided to drive over with the Duke. When the Royal party came out of the Bazaar the fog was so dense that an escort of police accompanied the carriage, and the Duke walked in front of the horses. On the little procession approaching Gipsy Corner a voice was heard shouting "Murder!" By the aid of a lamp, one of the constables discovered a man crouching near the hedge, and inquired what was the matter. "Nothing yet," he replied; "but it's all very fine, I was run over at this corner last night in a fog, and I ain't going to be run over again." The comic side of the incident was at once seen by Princess Mary, who laughed heartily at the dramatic method employed by the man to secure himself against a second accident. The Royal carriage was coming over Putney Bridge from the Court Theatre late one night, and as the coachman approached the bend by the river, almost feeling his way, a costermonger's cart, heavily laden with men, dashed round the corner at a great rate, narrowly escaping coming into collision with the carriage. Fearing lest the driver should take the wrong turn, and the men be precipitated into the river, Her Royal Highness, forgetful of her own narrow escape, was most anxious to send the footman to put them on the right road, but before anything could be done, both cart and men were lost in the fog.

In spite of her multifarious duties the Duchess of Teck still found time to attend to her flower garden, and each year fresh plans were drawn out and submitted to her for the spring and summer bedding. She was most particular about the blending of the colours, while the Duke displayed like taste in the arrangements of the trees and shrubs. The Princess was also very fond of her kitchen garden, always asking to be told when the trees in the peach-house were in blossom, so that she might go and see them.

I remember [relates Lindsay¹] Her Royal Highness and the Duke coming to the kitchen garden with their children

¹ Head gardener at White Lodge.

and some friends, and having tea ; afterwards they all joined in a merry game of hide-and-seek, which they thoroughly enjoyed. In the autumn Her Royal Highness, with the Princes and Princess May, would come apple and pear gathering, and work hard too. Then the chickens, ducks, and geese would be fed ; even the pigs received their share of attention, the "baby pigs" being especial favourites with the Duchess.

The practical nature of the supervision exercised by the Princess over her "farmyard" appears in the following extract from a letter to Lady Aylesford :—

And now, my dear Jane, may I remind you that once upon a time you most amiably offered me a pig ? and may I further insinuate how grateful I should be for a renewal of this most kind offer, having now a vacant sty to dispose of ! The breed I possess is pure Berkshire, and yours is Suffolk, is it not ?

The pig duly arrived, and in a note written soon afterwards, the Princess thanks the donor very warmly for "the sweet little pig, with which my gardener is perfectly enchanted, and which is a valuable addition to my live stock."

The Duchess thoroughly enjoyed a day in the country. "It was a great disappointment to me," she writes to Lady Aylesford, "not to be able to run down with Francis and the chicks to the Friars on Tuesday, as you so kindly proposed, but I could not manage it, though sorely tempted by every possible inducement, culminating in farmhouse fare and that unknown delight a 'junket' ! Well, we must hope you will repeat the invitation another year." Household picnics to Coombe Wood were a regular institution in the spring and early summer. On these occasions the Duchess took the servants with her, and usually a few of the neighbours were invited. A fire was made, and the kettle boiled gipsy fashion, tea being laid out in a little summer-house especially built for expeditions of this kind ; often the Princess herself cut the bread and butter for the whole party. Every one was expected to pick flowers, and the waggonette returned to White Lodge laden with floral spoils, which the

Duchess and Princess May, assisted by the housekeeper, tied up into pretty bunches and despatched to various hospitals and mission rooms at the East End of London.

Princess Mary liked wandering about Coombe Wood looking for pheasants' nests, and was delighted when her search was successful. Meeting a keeper one afternoon, he led the way to a nest, and wishing to have some fun, she asked him quite gravely if pheasants' eggs were good to eat? "Very good indeed, Your Royal Highness," the man replied, with evident relish. "How do *you* know?" rejoined the Princess. This time the keeper was not quite so ready with an answer, and his evident discomfiture caused some amusement to the Royal party.

Christmas at White Lodge was spent much as it used to be at Cambridge Cottage and as the Princess had kept it at Kensington Palace. There was the customary gathering of *intimes*, the entertainment in the servants' hall, the interchange of presents, and last, but not least, the Tree. Great pains were taken by the Duke and Duchess of Teck in choosing their gifts, and no trouble was spared to find what they thought would give each recipient the greatest amount of pleasure. About nine o'clock in the evening of Christmas Eve, the ringing of a bell signified that the present-room was open, and amid much excitement and expectation Princess Mary and the Duke led the way to the dining-room, where stood the lighted tree, covered with *bonbonnières* and pretty things of every kind. Round the room were placed the tables, one for Her Royal Highness, another for the Duke, a third for Princess May and her brothers, and a fourth for the guests. When the presents had been looked at over and over again, they were put back on the tables so that any friends who came to pay their respects during the week might see the array of gifts.

The delight of Princess Mary [says Mr. Hood] over the many gifts offered to her was real and unaffected. The presents from friends specially dear to her accompanied the Princess wherever she went, and she never tired of associating the names of the donors with the articles in after times.

"Where is —— that —— gave me?" was a frequent question when anything was mislaid, and it had to be found and brought without loss of time. It was a real grief when a gift, however small, had been lost.

So generous was Princess Mary's nature that she took even greater pleasure in giving than receiving. I have known many instances when, becoming acquainted with the wishes expressed by a friend, the Princess would of her own accord endeavour to ensure its realisation. I recall an occasion when some one in her presence inadvertently expressed a wish to possess a hanging lamp of old Italian design. The lamp was procured, and that same evening was brought down to the drawing-room before dinner, suspended to a walking-stick, by the Princess and one of her sons, and presented to the grateful and astonished individual.

Princess Mary took the same trouble about her Christmas cards, and each token of remembrance was chosen with much thought and desire to please. No card was ever despatched but the Princess herself wrote upon it some appropriate and kindly expression of goodwill, and often an allusion was made showing that she was mindful of the sorrows as well as the joys of the individual to whom the missive was sent. It might happen that the card did not always reach its destination on Christmas Day, and once an intimate friend received a greeting as late as the second week in February, but sooner or later the souvenir was sure to arrive, for the Duchess never forgot any one. Before sending out her Christmas cards Her Royal Highness invariably noted down a description of each, which she carefully put away for future reference, so as to prevent a similar design being sent to the same person another year.

On the evening following Christmas Day the tree was re-lighted for the upper servants, who then received their presents, which the Duchess and her daughter had tastefully arranged at the base of the tree. Another night a similar distribution was made to the under servants; even the charwoman, "Mother Anne," as she was called, and her grandchildren were not overlooked. Princess Mary gave away the things herself, taking advantage of the opportunity

to say a few kindly words to each dependent. As with her friends, so it was with her servants, Princess Mary liked a surprise, and thoroughly enjoyed the look of pleasure which lighted up the face of a domestic who had just taken from the hands of her Royal Mistress the very thing she had long been wishing to obtain. The Princess often bestowed something appropriate to the occupation of the recipient; thus one Christmas she supplemented her gift to the still-room maid with a pretty pincushion, made to resemble a cottage loaf. The servants' dance was always opened by the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the Royal party staying till midnight, when, if it happened to be New Year's Eve, the Duchess stopped the music, and, advancing to the centre of the room, called upon the company to form a ring, and "Auld lang syne" was sung with crossed hands. Wine was then served round, and Her Royal Highness wished every one a happy New Year.

The tree was illuminated a third time for the neighbours, who were invited to come and bring their children. All the little ones loved Princess Mary, who was in very truth the children's friend. One Christmas a little girl was taken by her mother to see the tree, and receive her presents. When the child was being put to bed that night, in spite of all persuasion, she could not be induced to have her face washed, because, she said, "It will wash away dear Princess Mary's kisses." The time-honoured custom of hiding the eggs was kept up at White Lodge every Easter, and when her own children grew too old to join in the game, Princess Mary hid the eggs for her young friends.

One day the Duchess and her lady-in-waiting were out driving in a waggonette, and passed on the road a small boy whose parents used to visit at White Lodge. For the moment the boy did not recognise the occupants of the carriage, but as soon as the vehicle had passed he realised who they were. Overcome with mortification at not having made his bow to the Duchess, he ran home, and with tears in his eyes begged his mother to go up to White Lodge at once and obtain the Royal pardon. "I am disgraced for

life," he said, adding quickly, as if to lessen the offence in his mother's eyes, "Who would have thought of the Princess driving about in a waggonette without a powdered footman?"

"Princess Mary wished every one to be happy and life made easy to all," said a friend of Her Royal Highness's, "and it was perhaps that happy disposition, united to a dislike of haste or precipitancy, that caused the passing of time to be frequently unrecognised or disregarded by her." If any one was ill in the village the news soon found its way to White Lodge, and often when the Duchess was coming downstairs dressed for dinner, she was stopped on the way by a servant, anxious to impart the intelligence. The Princess's sympathy was at once aroused, and unmindful of the fact that it was already past the dinner-hour, she would remain questioning the servant and going into minute details of the case.

When paying visits the Duchess of Teck did not rush from one place to the other, and it was no uncommon thing for her to stay talking to a friend for an hour or so. Sometimes it was past seven o'clock before Her Royal Highness left town, when, surprised to find it so late, she would appeal to the coachman, saying, "Now, my good man, will you *fly!*" One afternoon she was calling upon a neighbour, and, at the express wish of the Princess, the lady's little girl of four years old was allowed to have tea in the drawing-room. The Duchess began discussing parish matters, and remained conversing for a considerable time. At last the child showed signs of impatience; getting off her chair, she went across to the Princess, and looking up into her face, said, much to the Duchess's amusement, "Hadn't you better go now? Don't you think you've been here long enough?"

One who was privileged to see much of Her Royal Highness writes:—

Princess Mary, however brilliant in that world which goes by the name of society, and however prominent the part she took in the life of well-doing which was so dear

to her, was seen at her best in the quiet retirement of her home. There the affection of the outside world seemed to be concentrated. Those who witnessed it can never well forget the bright smile of welcome that awaited them, nor the kindly solicitude for their comfort. She took the greatest pleasure in seeing her friends, and found a difficulty in parting with them. Though constant guests were admitted during the week, Sunday afternoon was the time when the greater number was received. There, on a carpet spread under the large copper-beech in the garden, the Princess, sitting at a tea-table and making tea for all, would, in summer-time, be "at home." Some guests would drive down from London late in the afternoon and remain to dinner; and the time would pass only too quickly with the bright and witty conversation that never failed.

Music had a great share in the home life at White Lodge, and Princess Mary's leisure moments were spent in singing and playing. The "musical hour" in the drawing-room was, at one time, a regular institution; on these occasions the Duchess often sang comic songs, and in so droll a manner as to convulse the children with laughter. As years went on the musical hour was, of necessity, given up, but the Duchess occasionally sat down to the piano in the evening and sang ballads and songs from the popular Operettas of the day. The week-end parties now and then included some well-known musician—Signor Tosti, M. Johannes Wolff, and M. Hollman being the most favoured artists. During Mario's last visit to England he went down to White Lodge to pay his respects to the Duchess of Teck, who walked with the veteran singer as far as Sheen Gate on his return journey. Princess Mary was very fond of Italian Opera, and Signor Tosti's and Miss Maude Valerie White's compositions always appealed to her; favourite songs with Her Royal Highness were "Absent, yet present," "Doppo," and "Remember or Forget."

The Princess loved to listen to good music. She was quick to detect the real from the counterfeit, and while mediocrity passed unobserved, true merit was at once noted and always recognised. Her criticism was much thought of in the

musical world; when Princess Mary applauded, artists knew their efforts had not been in vain, and, pleased and gratified by an approval so highly prized, were encouraged to do their utmost. "It affords me the greatest pleasure," M. Wolff would say, "to play to Her Royal Highness, for you can see by the expression of her face how intensely she feels the music." A *prima donna* once said that she liked nothing better than to sing to Princess Mary. "In fact," she added, "in the vast London Opera House I sometimes sing my part for the Princess alone, for then I know I am doing my best for the work of the Master committed to my care." The Princess never refused to come to the aid of struggling musicians, and not only did she give her patronage to their concerts, but was present at the performances. If the musician chanced to be known to Her Royal Highness, she endeavoured to enlist her friends' sympathies in the cause, and exerted herself to make the concert a success. "I am sending you three tickets for a violin recital," she writes, on one occasion to a friend, "by a young girl I have known from a child, for her parents used to live at Kingston Vale; she is one of Mr. Wolff's most promising pupils. Do go and hear her on Friday evening next, and try and befriend her, for she is making her start in the musical world."

The warm interest that Princess Mary had always shown in dramatic art was maintained all through her life, and, notwithstanding the long drive from White Lodge, a new play was seldom produced at any of the leading theatres in London without the first performance being graced by the presence of the Duchess of Teck. She had seen almost every play of importance that had been acted in the metropolis since 1850, and this long experience, together with an inborn love for the drama, gave to her opinions a weight which was well known and appreciated in the theatrical profession. The Princess did not merely attend the play-house for the purpose of spending an evening with her friends, and taking an occasional glance at the performance; she went because she liked to see good acting, and from first to last rarely took her eyes off the stage. If anything specially pleased the Duchess



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she would nod her satisfaction to her companions in the box, and after the piece was over frequently sent for the chief players, and personally expressed her gratification. On returning from a theatre the Princess sometimes sat up and entertained her ladies and family with an abridged recitation of the principal scenes, taking off to the life the mannerisms of the various players.

Her Royal Highness liked to be in her place when the curtain went up, not only because she wanted to see the play from beginning to end, but because she considered it a poor compliment to the performers for their patrons to arrive late. At charity *matinées* the Princess was just as particular. A gentleman who was invited to join the Royal party at an afternoon performance given at the Lyceum, on being told that the entertainment began at 1.30, telegraphed to the Comptroller saying that he supposed the Princess would not be there till after lunch. Her Royal Highness directed a reply to be sent intimating that she should arrive at the hour stated, adding that she intended to make a point of being very punctual, as Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So, mentioning the names of two well-known artists, were coming on first.

The stage owes much to Princess Mary, and her constant and personal patronage had not a little to do with removing the prejudice which long existed against the theatrical profession. With many of the actors and actresses of the day Her Royal Highness was personally acquainted. "Princess Mary was a true lover of the stage," writes Sir Henry Irving. "Her liking was not merely that she found a pleasure in it : she seemed to understand to a remarkable degree both the aim of the actor and the method of the art. It was always a delight to play to her, and a privilege to listen to her comments, when one might be so favoured. Indeed, I cannot but think that Nature had bestowed on her, as one of her many powers and graces, a histrionic gift of no mean order."

The Duchess of Teck came frequently to the Haymarket Theatre during our management [says Lady Bancroft]. She was the best of audiences, and never missed a point. I

always loved to act before her. I remember, in recent years, after playing my old part of Mary Netly in *Ours* at a charity *matinée*, Her Royal Highness sent for me, and, alluding to the well-known scene in the second act, said, "You have introduced some new lines since I saw it last, twenty years ago"! Her memory was astonishing. I shall never forget her audible remarks of sympathy when my husband gave his reading of "A Christmas Carol" at St. Moritz. She cried like a child, and laughed like one.

I was once playing at the Garrick Theatre in *The Vicarage*, for the benefit of the Newport Refuge. On entering the theatre my foot slipped, and I slid down the stone steps in a sitting position. I was not much hurt, but the news of the accident reached Her Royal Highness, who, when I was called to her box afterwards, was most sympathetic, and said, laughingly, "Fancy if it had been me! I should never have got up again." No lady was ever more beloved by all who knew her; she was genial, kind, and gracious to every one, and the drama never had a truer friend. The stage loved her, and she loved the stage.

CHAPTER XIX.

MIDST JOY AND SADNESS.

1890-1892.

Letter to Lady Salisbury—Theatricals at Windsor—Prince Adolphus in India—Visit to Lord Wilton at Partenkirchen—Oberammergau revisited—A month at St. Moritz—Visit to the Duke and Duchess of Nassau—Meeting with Queen Isabella of Spain and her daughters—Visit to the Duc and Duchesse de Luynes—The Duke and Duchess of Teck celebrate their Silver Wedding at White Lodge—Princess May's betrothal to the Duke of Clarence—Illness and death of the Duke of Clarence—National sympathy—Letter from Mr. Gladstone—Sojourn at Cannes—Visit to the King and Queen of Wurtemberg at Ludwigsburg.

THE Duchess of Teck passed the early days of 1890 with Madame de Falbe at Luton, but the visit was unfortunately marred by a sharp attack of influenza, followed by bronchitis, which confined Princess Mary to her room the greater part of the time. Replying to Lady Salisbury's letter of sympathetic inquiry, Her Royal Highness writes—

White Lodge, January 27, 1890.

DEAREST LADY SALISBURY,—I am much touched by your kind letter, and still more at your amiable intention, frustrated, alas! by your most unlucky fall, to have driven over to Luton to see after me, and thank you for your friendly solicitude with all my heart. I can now report myself convalescent, though still enjoined by my medical man to *take care* of my *precious* self, and not yet allowed to go out of an evening. . . . At Luton, I need hardly tell you, I experienced every possible care and attention, and was, besides, most admirably treated by Madame de Falbe's doctor. And now please tell me how dear Lord Salisbury is and all about

your fall, the effects of which I so fear you will continue to feel for some time to come, at least such was my sad experience. Did you slip on the staircase my host so carefully piloted me down every evening? for there would be no recovering oneself on those slippery stairs. I conclude you will be settled in town by the meeting in Parliament, when I do hope I may see something of you. Begging my kindest regards to his dear Lordship, I am ever, dearest Lady Salisbury, very affectionately yours,

MARY ADELAIDE.

Letter to a Friend.

White Lodge, February, 1890.

. . . Francis, when in town last Friday, called at Devonshire House and saw Lord Hartington, who had borne the journey up from Merton on the previous day wonderfully well; he was very cheery, and is to be packed off to Cairo with as little delay as possible, on account of the number of people who want to see and talk to him, for which succession of interviews he has not yet the strength. That day he had already had several visitors, and was beginning to feel very tired; he however insisted on coming over to see Francis, who was sitting with Lord Edward Cavendish.

I had a visit on Saturday last from Colonel Arthur Collins, who gave me an account of the theatricals and *tableaux* at Osborne, in the former of which he took a leading part, and which were, he says, a great success. Louise acted "Amanthis" (Mrs. Frank Mathews's very funny part) in the well-known farce of *Little Toddlekins*, and did it capitally, and looked beautiful as Mary Queen of Scots in a *tableau* entitled *Fotheringay*. Beatrice both acted and took part in the *tableaux*, in which latter Helen of Albany and *Sir Henry Ponsonby* also figured! the last-named being got up to perfection in a suit of armour from Windsor as Edward III. The Queen entered warmly into the whole thing, was present at all the rehearsals and subsequent *photographing*, and thoroughly enjoyed it. . . .

Dolly writes under date of January 14, that they are in a great state of preparation for Eddy's visit. He was to dine with the 17th on the following Sunday. . . . The Regiments were to line the road (from the station to Government House), which was being decorated very prettily with arches and Venetian masts, and the 17th were to furnish the escort. There was to be a large dinner at Government House, and

afterwards the native gentlemen were to give a *fête*. Lord Radstock and Canon Wilberforce were at Lucknow when Dolly wrote, and the latter had, on the previous Sunday, taken the afternoon service at their camp of exercise, and preached a grand sermon, the soldiers flocking in crowds to hear him. By the same mail I had a very kind letter from Lord Radstock, who had just had a visit from Dolly. He writes: "I have just seen your son, and I know Your Royal Highness will be glad to hear that I thought him looking very well and strong. He was also very *sympathique*, and seemed to have such a fresh interest in all that was worthy of interest. . . . I hear he was very much liked in Calcutta." ¹

Last Sunday we had a visit from Louise and Macduff,² who were spending the day at Sheen, and had been to afternoon service at the pretty Sheen Church, close to the Common. We thought Louise in particularly good looks, and both seemed very flourishing. They were going next day to stay at Brighton for a week, as the guests of the Arthur Sassoons. Yesterday we went up at Louise's invitation to lunch with her in Portman Square, and went all over the house, which they are furnishing by degrees, and doing up in very good taste. The walls are for the most part silk, the decorations being in white stucco, with fine old mahogany doors. *Très chic*. . . . Louise has a charming sitting-room on the second floor, opening out of her bedroom, in which I fancy she spends her mornings. They both seem so thoroughly happy and contented that it does one's heart good to see them. . . .

Towards the end of July the Duchess of Teck, Princess May, and Prince Francis, went abroad for some weeks, going first to Partenkirchen, in Bavaria, where they were the guests of Lord Wilton for some days. In a letter written on the eve of starting for Oberammergau, Princess Mary gives an interesting account of the journey out, and describes the daily life of the party at the Villa.

Villa Victoria, Partenkirchen, July 26, 1890.

. . . Here we are and have been since Wednesday evening! safely landed and established in most comfortable quarters and enchanting surroundings! Partenkirchen lies in a large,

¹ Prince Adolphus had spent Christmas at Calcutta with Lord and Lady Lansdowne, who were then at Government House.

² The Duke and Duchess of Fife.

open, fertile, and cultivated valley, the meadows being interspersed with fields of corn, oats, and potatoes. It is shut in on all sides by sloping, verdure-clad hills, thickly wooded with pine trees, while behind rise the rocky sides and peaks of the grey mountains, flecked here and there with snow. But no words of mine can adequately describe the beauty of the lovely scenery which surrounds me. So much for the view !

This *châlet*, for such it is, reminds me, though on a much larger scale, of the Duke of Nassau's up at the Verein ; a covered verandah, or balcony, encircles the first floor, and all the rooms open on it. My bedroom is very cosy and nicely fitted up, and May's adjoins it. A tiny room, on the other side of mine, usually the ladies' *Arbeitszimmer*, where they repair *les déjàs de leurs toilettes*, has been turned into a boudoir for me ; but as it opens on a part of the verandah over which there is a room, and is therefore perfectly dry, and is sufficiently large to take in a sofa, table, and several chairs, I prefer writing there.

On the other side of my little sitting-room is the music-room, in which we generally sit after dinner, and where all the instruments—piano, violins, and violoncello—are kept, and much practising goes on at intervals ! Then comes Katty's little room, Frank's, and the dressers'. Elizabeth Taylor, commonly called Lady Bettine, and by us "dear little Bet" (Lord Wilton's daughter), and her husband, George Taylor, late of the Coldstreams, are *relégues* up to the floor above, on which the women servants sleep, for his Lordship has none but female attendants here. On the ground-floor are the drawing-room, opening out on the ditto of my expanse of verandah ; the dining-room, the handsome panelling of which was all carved here ; our host's study and bedroom ; the little entrance-hall with a reduced-sized billiard-table, which is turned into a dinner-table when the dining-room will not accommodate all the guests ; and the offices. The *châlet* stands some little distance from the village, of which we only see the church spire and outlying scattered villas, in a pretty little garden with a small fountain and tennis lawn. Beyond is an orchard, which divides the garden from the mill-house, where the Anthony Dawsons (she was Mary de Ros, my god-daughter, and is Lord Wilton's niece), Katty's two sons, and Mr. Hood are lodged, and the mill, adjoining which are his lordship's stables. Having tried to give you some idea of our domicile, I will now go into a few details touching our journey.

We had not a very quick passage—about an hour and a quarter. . . . Captain Bonham met us on *terra firma*, and conducted us to the private room of the new Buffet, where an excellent luncheon awaited us, to which five hungry mortals did full justice. Shortly before three we were hustled off to the train, and found, thanks to Alfred Rothschild's kindness, the same delightfully comfortable carriage awaiting us as the one in which we travelled in 1887, and to Coire and back last year. The sun was very hot, though, owing to a breeze, it was not at all oppressive, and the heavy storms of the preceding days, which, alas! had laid the crops, French and Belgian, had also, happily for us, laid the dust! In many parts they were beginning the harvest. . . . Brussels was reached about 7.30, and we were met at the station by the very civil agent of the South Eastern line, from whom I learnt that the city was *en fête*, in honour of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the King's reign and sixtieth of Belgium's independence.

The thoroughfares were so thronged with people that we had no small difficulty in making our way to the Grand Hotel, even at a foot's pace. All the streets were beflagged, and in one part there was a grand fair or Kermis being held, and the huge merry-go-rounds and swings made one quite giddy to behold. Fortunately, our hotel was situated in the principal street, leading up to the palace, so we came in for all the fun. We ascended in the lift to our very nice rooms, all five *en suite*, looking into the street, and after dinner went out on the balcony, where a row of large night-lights in red glasses was placed, which, when lighted, had a very good effect. Illuminations, however, were not *general* on this particular night, being chiefly confined to the principal buildings and hotels. On Monday there had been a grand *Te Deum* in the Cathedral of St. Gudule, to which their Majesties and all the Royal Family had gone in state, being much cheered *en route*; after which the King received—at the Palace—a magnificent present, consisting of a gold album, containing, I imagine, an address.

We had not been long on the balcony before we saw in the distance a line of mounted men, bearing torches and Chinese lanterns, coming slowly up our street, followed by bands and infantry; so that we soon found we were in for a grand *Zapfenstreich*, performed by all the troops in Brussels! It defiled past us in admirable order, halting every now and then to let off very pretty fireworks. Bengal lights were burnt with capital effect in a small garden close by, the sight

being altogether a beautiful one, particularly when the street, as far as we could see, from top to bottom was one moving mass of troops, torches, lamps, and lanterns. *Le Militaire* was followed up to the Palace by a very orderly mob, which by-and-by returned and quietly dispersed, though of course the street was alive with people until a late hour. I, however, took myself off to bed in good time, as we had to be up soon after seven, and slept well. Next morning, alas! for Brussels, it was cloudy and showery. We breakfasted at nine, and at ten o'clock drove to the Gare du Nord, where we were again met by the civil agent, and found our nice carriage, in which we were allowed to travel as far as Cologne—such a blessing! In spite of heavy showers at intervals, we had a good view of the pretty scenery between Liège and Aix la Chapelle, culminating in the tiny watering-place of Chaud Fontaine. Ober-Bahn-Inspektor Laue received us at Cologne, which we reached about 4.30, and the Kaisirliche Zimmer were prepared for our use, likewise an excellent repast, which greatly restored us. After an *Aufenthalt* of three-quarters of an hour, the amiable Laue, who had had our *Salon-Wagen* drawn up in front of the Royal rooms, came for us, and we hopped up into a very comfortable brand-new carriage, consisting of a salon with sofas, and a table in the centre, besides a small compartment with one long sofa.

It soon came on to rain so hard that after Bonn we could see next to nothing, the Rhine and its surroundings being veiled in mist and perfect sheets of rain. We reached Mayence about nine o'clock, after which we prepared for bed, and found to our joy that the long sofas pulled out, thus becoming wide enough for real comfort, even in my case, and we therefore slept fairly well. Frank and Hood had secured berths in the Pullman. About 7 a.m. we summoned the dressers, and were thus enabled to make a *brin de toilette*, and emerge at Munich in a tidy state. There we found Lord Wilton's butler and factotum, who had come out from England in our honour, with a letter from his Lordship, advising us to come on by a later and faster train at two o'clock, so we drove to the Hôtel Belle Vue, close to the station, where Lord Wilton had ordered rooms for us. In due time we took the train again, this time for Partenkirchen. From the railway we had at intervals a very good view of the pretty Starnburger lake, and Katty pointed out the spot where the terrible scuffle took place, and the poor King¹ was drowned. At first our route lay through English park

¹ Ludwig II., King of Bavaria.

scenery—woods and green lawns!—but by-and-by hills appeared, and then distant chains of mountains and grand peaks, and finally, after we had passed the Staffel See and stations Murnau and Oberau (the last-named is the one those bound for Oberammergau get out at, as it is at the foot of the Ettaler Berg), we entered this lovely broad open valley, and the scenery grew every minute more and more picturesque. The line ends at Partenkirchen, the station being just between the sister villages of Partenkirchen and Garnisch.

We arrived at 5.30, having travelled the sixty-two miles in three hours and a half, for the *fast* trains only *creep* in these parts, and were received by Katty's two sons. The weather had steadily improved since the morning, and become quite fine, and we thoroughly enjoyed the drive (in an open landau) thro' a not very shady avenue, and the principal street of Partenkirchen, at the entrance to and in which several triumphal arches, decorated with Bavarian flags, had been erected; a continuation of which greeted us as we turned out of Partenkirchen (such a sharp turn into such a narrow roadway) into the country road that leads to the villa. The last of the arches was by the garden gate; the balcony was festooned with wreaths of Eichenlaub! all this spontaneous on the part of both the villagers and servants, and a surprise for Lord Wilton, who is the benefactor of the place, and greatly beloved all round here. He and his daughter received us. Alas! he has aged a good deal since I last saw him, and looks worn and broken; but his kindness and hospitality know no bounds. After a most acceptable cup of tea and slice of Tapf-Kuchen, we went out on the verandah and into the garden, in which, alas! the poor roses are sadly blighted; then up to our apartments, and dressed for eight o'clock dinner in two rooms—the dining-room and hall.

After dinner we adjourned to the music-room and listened to a trio. Clement Coke plays very nicely on the violin, and Reggie so remarkably well on the violoncello that he is now admitted to practise with the orchestra at Munich! To bed soon after ten, and slept soundly in a deliciously comfortable one! I did not get up till 8.30 next morning; breakfasted in the little boudoir with May, and then, as there was no music going on, I took my knitting into the Musik Zimmer. Luncheon was at 1.30, and in the afternoon we made a delightful expedition to the Badensee, about three-quarters of an hour's drive from here. Our road lay through

Garmisch, much the same-sized village as Partenkirchen, and very picturesque, with charmingly pretty carved balconies to many of its houses, and the pretty valley beyond, and by the Laisach, a mountain stream, and finally up a wooded road, whence we emerged on the charming little green lake, nestled under the shade of wooded banks, behind which rise the rocky sides of the Zug-spitz, the highest mountain peak of these parts. Tourists were seated on all the available benches, and the hotel-keeper informed me his *table d'hôte* numbered forty guests daily! After walking round the lake along an enchanting shady path, we were rowed about on the lake, and shown two *tiefe Löcher*, where the water is sixty feet deep. The day was simply perfect, sunny and not too hot. We started home about a quarter-past six, and the ponies were so eager to get on that we very nearly drove into an omnibus that was coming up an incline.

Frank took me in to dinner as we had drawn for partners, and I, as "Jessie Bond," drew him as "Rutland Barrington"! but let Reggie Coke sit by me in his stead. The cuisine is wonderfully good—the cook, a Partenkirchen girl, has only been once in England—and the waiting (by two parlour-maids!) first-rate. After dinner we went up to my verandah to see the *Fackelzug* welches die Partenkirchener mir brachten. It was headed by a band, which played very prettily *ein Volkslied*; the garden fountain and summer-house were in succession lighted up with Bengal lights, the effect being most lovely! The Burgomaster made me a pretty little speech of welcome, and called for three cheers for me, which were most heartily given; Lord Wilton thanked them in my name, and I said a few appropriate words before they departed. After the *Fackelzug* had disappeared we had some music, Lord Wilton playing the violin in a trio with Katty and Reggie, and I played at halma with Dawson, who is a very superior player, and often beats me! . . .

The afternoon of Saturday, July 26, saw us leaving the village of Partenkirchen [writes Mr. Hood], and a three hours' drive over the mountains brought us to Oberammergau, where, on pulling up at the "Post," Her Royal Highness received an ovation from her countrymen, of whom the better part of the assembled crowd was composed. A walk in the clean village, where the Swiss *châlets* predominate, and through which the bright little river Amner runs, was a pleasant termination to our drive from the Villa Victoria.

In a large and commodious *châlet* of recent construction lives Joseph Mayr, the impersonator of the Christus in the Passion Play, and the most interesting person in the village. He is a tall and dignified man of about fifty years of age, with long brown hair and beard, and dark eyes. Mayr was presented to Her Royal Highness at the entrance of the *châlet*, and led the way to his rooms at the end of the passage, where are displayed numerous examples of wood-carving, for he is a carver of crucifixes by trade. His quietness of bearing, and unostentatious yet courteous manner, were no better shown than when, by desire of the Princess, he inscribed his name on the photograph of himself which she had purchased. Jacob Hett (Peter) was roused from his afternoon siesta to be presented, and Johann Zwink (Judas) was spoken to at the door of his house near the Rathaus. Gregor Lechner (Joseph of Arimathæa) also received a visit from Her Royal Highness, who purchased a small statuette of himself as Joseph, carved by him. A walk to the Theatre and to the bridge which carries the road to Unterammergau over the river, and the purchase of books and photographs, completed the walk, and the Princess returned to the hotel to hear the National Anthem played in her honour, and to receive a visit from Prince Louis of Bavaria.

Dinner followed in due course; unfortunately, however, provisions not only ran short, but scarcely ran in our direction at all. Apparently they had either been eaten up beforehand, or else appropriated for Prince Louis, so that the dinner mainly consisted of a small ham, some cranberry jam and bread—a sorry fare for a party of ten hungry travellers, but this only increased the merriment. All acknowledged that never had such a jovial dinner been given before; the different and unsuccessful expeditions to the kitchen of those present increased the excitement of the moment, and were hailed with laughter by none more merrily than the Princess herself.

From Oberammergau Princess Mary went on to St. Moritz, which was fast becoming a favourite place with Her Royal Highness for recruiting after the fatigues of a London season and the strain that untiring work in the cause of public charity necessarily entailed upon her physical resources. Here Lady Aylesford and Lady Eva Greville joined the Royal party, and the Princess spent a few quiet restful weeks amidst the beautiful mountain scenery of the Engadine

that she loved so well. A few extracts from the Journal will give some idea of the kind of life that Princess Mary and her daughter lived at St. Moritz.

Journal.—*St. Moritz, Bad., August 14.*—Heavy thunderstorms and showers all day, so no picnic in honour of Dolly's birthday. Dressed and arranged my room. . . . To concert in the Hotel with Hilda Baden¹ and Vera Wurtemberg² about nine o'clock; then supped, and looked on at the *soirée dansante*, at the end of which my *jeunesse* had a dance. To bed at 12.45. *August 17.* . . . In the afternoon with Hilda and suite in three *Einspänner* to just beyond Pontresina; we got out and crossed the bridge over the Bernina to Sans Souci Café, where we *coffee'd*. Pretty walk, *schlucht* promenade, and through a lovely gorge. Jane and I drove back from the bridge, giving May and Hilda a lift through Pontresina; the others walking. Home by seven and dressed. Ames³ played charmingly to us after dinner. It was Frank's last evening. *August 18.*—Frank said good-bye to May and me before eight. . . . Walked (to cheer myself) by the shops with the *beau monde*, Jane accompanying me, and bought some fruit and flowers. . . . After dinner we met Hilda and suite at tea at Countess Larisch's (9.15). Home at 11.30, and wrote to Francis before retiring to rest.

August 21.—Had my first douche and rub.⁴ . . . May went off to Morteratsch Glacier with Eva, Ames, and Miss Cannon at 10.30. I walked with Jane, and we met the Grand Duke Michael, Florian, the Fabbricottis, and Countess Larisch; with the last-named I went to a bric-à-brac shop and bought a silver hot milk jug for Francis. Later on we drove to Morteratsch to meet the glacier party, who returned in high glee over their *hauts faits*. *Coffee'd* at restaurant à sept, and hurried back into our *Einspänner*, as a heavy storm was gathering. . . . At 8.45 we were off to the Kulm for a charitable entertainment in aid of the Roman Catholic church and the poor of St. Moritz. They made 6000 francs. *August 22.*—Day lovely, and I got ready to go out, but was kept indoors by callers, who detained me till one! . . . About six o'clock I had a run with Jane up to a high bench on the road to Crest Alta and back, then dressed,

¹ The Hereditary Grand Duchess of Baden.

² The Duchess Eugene of Wurtemberg.

³ Captain Ames, 2nd Life Guards.

⁴ Princess Mary was undergoing a course of massage.

dined, and to the Duchesse de Luynes's at Villa Flugi for tea. The young people played at dumb-crambo and charades, and danced till 12.30.

August 23.—Had a visit from Mr. Cecil Murray about Duchesse de Luynes's hop. . . . Lunched at one, and then off to Sils Maria; Hilda, May, and I with Madame de Planta in her carriage, she having called for us. We alighted at the Alpenrose, and crossed the meadows to the peninsula Chaste, where a picnic-tea was prepared on the grass. Afterwards we walked round the promontory, whence one gets a lovely view over Maloja. As we passed through Silvaplana on our way back, we fell in with Alge, the *diligence* turning in at the same moment. Kind Madame de Planta insisted on getting out of the carriage, and Alge hopped in. Such joy! Dined about eight, and to a merry dance given by Duchesse de Luynes at Pension Suisse. Cotillon *très en train* and well led by Lilli and Cecil Murray. May thoroughly enjoyed herself. Supped and home by 1.30. *August 25.*—Wrote in Kleiser's and Hilda's books all the morning, and after luncheon had a succession of visitors. . . . Dinner over, we sat with Hilda, Vera and *les suites* on the first landing, listening to three Tyrolese singers. Saw the Bossis arrive! and afterwards had a visit from Eva Bossi *chez nous*. The storm, which had lasted for twenty-four hours with slight intermission, now turned to snow. *August 26.*—Awoke to a white world! . . . About noon I went to see Hilda off, amid a perfect bower of bouquets, and on my return had a visit from the Malvezzis. . . . The Bossis joined our party at dinner, and Eva sat with May and me, the others having gone off to a dance at the Kulm. I knitted till 11.30.

August 27.—Countess Larisch came at eleven o'clock, p.p.c. alas! Afterwards we and the Bossis started for the Fex Thal, where in honour of the day we planned a picnic; the sun was very bright, but there was a bitterly cold wind. At the second curve of the steep ascent from Sils Maria we got out and walked up a charming sheltered path under pine trees to a high spot called Bella Vista, where we had a fine view towards Maloja, and a lovely one on Silvaplana and the two lakes. Thence on to the high-road, and discovered a new view down on a pretty gorge, and the falls of the Fexbach! The carriages having picked us up, we drove on to Curtins, the furthest village in the Fex Thal, and lunched in a covered summer-house with much appetite. While the young people climbed in search of edelweiss, Jane, Count Bossi, and I took a little walk up the valley. Had coffee,

and as the sky became overcast, I gave up my intended walk back to Sils and drove home, arriving in the rain about seven. The Bossis again dined with us, and I took leave of them, as they were to depart early next day for Italy. *August 26.* . . . Soon after three the Duchesse de Luynes called for me to take a drive with her, and waited *chez moi* till about four, when, as the weather cleared, we started for Sils Maria, returning through Sils Naseglia. She was most agreeable, and gave me the account of all she had gone through in the terrible war of 1870, and the death of her husband. It poured in torrents nearly all the way, and the hood kept tumbling down. We reached home just as all our young people were returning from their walk to Crest Alta and back, which they much enjoyed. . . .

August 29. . . . A violent thunderstorm came on after luncheon, and as we could not go out, my *jeunesse* amused themselves drawing, writing, and working in a spare room close by, whilst I wrote. Count Way called, and I packed him off to join them. Finished my letter amid a great clamour for coffee and *brioche*s, which I had ordered, and Alge had run out to get! We were all very merry, and I read them Frank's amusing letter. *August 30.*—Up before seven, to find the tops of the summer-houses just below us powdered with snow. . . . At four o'clock to tea with the Plantas on foot, the day having turned out fine though sharply cold. Bright blue sky! . . . Just as we were departing, dear Mrs. Freeman¹ arrived in great agitation, and alarmed us by saying, "I have come on a terrible errand." It appeared that a poor boy of twelve, the only son of a Madame de la Croix, had fallen from the second-floor balcony at the Pension Suisse on to the roadway, and cracked, it was feared, his skull across the forehead, besides breaking both arms and wrists and fingers. Mrs. Freeman had come to Madame Planta to find a trained nurse. . . . I walked up the Pension Suisse, and heard all particulars from the nice old landlady. The doctor seemed to have little or no hope of saving the child, but he has regained consciousness, which I cannot help regarding as a good sign, and also does not complain of his head. I sent the children up to Dr. Holland's,² to beg for Waterman's³ services if needed.

Sunday, August 31.—In pouring rain to the French Church.

¹ A Swiss lady whom the Duchess of Teck saw much of when at St. Moritz.

² Princess Mary's medical attendant at St. Moritz.

³ Princess Mary's *massicuse*.

Pasteur Ruffet preached a magnificent, soul-stirring sermon on "Je sens deux hommes en moi"—the natural man's hatred to God and his fellow-men, which can alone be overcome by the sacrifice of Christ. Walked back partly with Mrs. Freeman (the poor boy is no worse, and has slept a little, and taken beef-tea and cocoa), and partly with Vera, talking over the sermon. . . . After luncheon wrote Journal, and at four to the Storeys',¹ at whose villa we met some very pleasant Americans, in the Hoffmanns and Livingstons. Had tea, and then drove up in pouring rain to inquire for the poor child, who continues in the same quiet, conscious state. . . .

September 3.—A lovely day! . . . At 12.30 I drove up with May to the Plantas' *châlet* to luncheon. We were a party of nineteen, Mr. Stanley and Dr. Socia being my neighbours. I succeeded in drawing Stanley out about Africa and its future and Emin Pasha. His wife, who seems very intelligent and clever, and quite original, held her own about hypnotism against Socia and Veraguth! Ruffet made a most perfect speech proposing Stanley's health. We left about five; home to change dress, and then with May and Alge walked round the lake and up to Villa Flugi, where we turned in to rest, and found Way and Lilli quite knocked up from tobogganing, but dressing for dinner and the cotillon at Kulms. Drove home. *September 5.*—The glorious day tempted us out early, and we started soon after twelve for Maloja, where we lunched *à merveille*, and then drove on to Cavloccio Lake, getting out where the road was too steep and dangerous. A lovely expedition! . . . Reached home at 7.20, having thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Dined, and to tea at the Duchesse de Luynes's, where we played absurd games and laughed to tears!

Letter to a Friend.

Schloss Hohenburg,² Bavaria, October 1, 1890.

We³ left St. Moritz on the 15th September, and had a most lovely day for our ten hours' drive to Coire, over the Julier Pass, with which we were greatly enchanted; the scenery, at first grand and weird, becomes, as one descends, more and more smiling and picturesque. After spending the night at Coire, we proceeded the next day to Innsbruck by

¹ Mr. Storey, the well-known sculptor, and his wife.

² The seat of the Duke of Nassau, now the Grand Duke of Luxemburg.

³ The Duchess of Teck, Princess May, the Dowager Countess of Aylesford, and Lady Eva Greville.

the Arlberg line, through most lovely scenery, and a tunnel very little shorter than the famous St. Gothard. Two very pleasant days were passed at Innsbruck with my sisters-in-law Claudine and Amélie, visiting all the lions of the town and two fine old castles in the environs. They had just arrived from Gmünden, after spending ten days with Francis at the Cumberlands' fine place, and were overjoyed at seeing us after a lapse of six years. Alge had only one day with his Aunts, as he was due at Eton on the 19th.

We went to Munich, and had a most delightful time, though we nearly knocked ourselves up with sight-seeing! Francis met us on the 21st, and the same day who should turn up at the Belle Vue Hotel but Marie Edinburgh¹ and Charlotte Meiningen from Coburg, who were joined later by Bernhard. We made an excursion with them to the poor King's wonderful Palace on the Chiem See; a replica of Versailles minus two wings, which were in course of erection, but are unfinished and will probably be ultimately pulled down. The palace is so vast that we took one hour and three-quarters to go over it (only *les grands appartements* on the first floor), and we came away with quite an indigestion of gilding and decoration; the splendour and magnificence savouring of the descriptions in the "Arabian Nights," though not at all in character with the surroundings. On the evening of our arrival, after a hurried toilette, we rushed to the Opera-house to see Wagner's *Siegfried* (such a dull, wearisome opera); the stage was for the most part in obscurity, so that one could not see to read the libretto, and never more than two persons on it at once! but the opera was well given.

We found ourselves opposite the Royal box, in which were Queen Isabella of Spain and her two daughters—Infanta Maria de la Paz, the wife of Prince Ludwig Ferdinand,² and dear Eulalia, wife of Prince Antoine, the Duc de Montpensier's son. Eulalia was so overjoyed at seeing us that she flew down to speak to us during the *entr'acte* of twenty minutes, chaperoned by her cousin Alphonse of Bavaria, who is shortly to be married to Louise, the Alençons' daughter, and carried us off to pay our respects to the dear Queen, who seems quite devoted to me and mine, and to be introduced to Princess Paz. She then took us to a beautiful *rococo* theatre (also in the Schloss) in which an amusing *Lust-spiel* was being given, which attracted us far more than Wagner's

¹ Now the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

² Prince Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria.

dreary creation, over the greater part of which (for we felt ourselves in duty bound to return for it) I fear I nodded. Next day May and I made our *Staats Besuch* at the Schloss, where we were received by Princess Adalbert, with whom we found her two daughters, Elvira and Clara, and on the Sunday Eulalia lunched and spent the rest of the day with us, accompanying us to the station to meet Francis. She is such a dear! On the Monday we drove to Nymphenburg, a fine royal *château* in the environs of Munich, inhabited by Prince Ludwig Ferdinand and Paz, where the Queen and Eulalia were also staying, to a luncheon *dînatoire* at two o'clock. In the afternoon we were all driven over to the park, and visited four charming little retreats and *châteaux*, erected in days long gone by, but now only used to take tea in. . . .

The Duke and Duchess of Teck and Princess May remained at Hohenburg for about a fortnight, and after spending a day in Paris, went on a ten days' visit to the Duc and Duchesse de Luynes at Dampierre, where a large party of almost every nationality had been invited to meet the Royal guests. From Dampierre numerous expeditions were made to Versailles, which Her Royal Highness enjoyed immensely, and one day the Duchess attended a *chasse* in the Forest of Rambouillet with the Duchesse d'Uzès's hounds, while in the house there was plenty of amusement for the young people in the shape of dances and theatricals. A short stay in Paris followed, and then the Duke and Duchess and her daughter returned to England to welcome back Prince Adolphus from India. As may be imagined, Princess Mary experienced intense pleasure at seeing her family once more united. "It is delightful," she writes to a friend, "having our dear Indian son at home again, and it was a great joy to see *all* our dear children once more gathered round our dinner-table on the evening of my birthday, in health, thank God, and (may I add?) wonderful good looks!"

In the summer of 1891 Princess Mary celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of her wedding-day. So important an event in the home circle was naturally made the occasion of much rejoicing at White Lodge, and called forth expressions of felicitation from all classes of society. Both the

Duke and Duchess of Teck were the recipients of many costly presents, the Queen's diamond watch-bracelet and ring set with precious stones being specially treasured by the Princess. Equally cherished was the classic bowl bearing the inscription "To dear Mary and Francis, in remembrance of June 12, 1866, from their affectionate cousins Albert Edward, Alexandra, Alfred, Helena, Christian, Louise, Arthur, Louise Margaret, Beatrice, Henry, Eddy, Louise, Victoria, Maud." By the country at large the happy circumstance did not pass unnoticed, and addresses and resolutions of respectful congratulation from the different charity organisations patronised by the Princess, poured in from every quarter. Very dear also to Princess Mary was the beautiful necklet of pearls which Lady Salisbury presented on behalf of "friends of all classes." Great, however, as was the appreciation shown by the Duke and Duchess of Teck for these renewed proofs of family affection and public remembrance, they were even more touched by the very genuine enthusiasm which prevailed among their Surrey neighbours, who had long wished for an opportunity to show their gratitude for the numberless acts of kindness received at the hands of Her Royal Highness and the Duke; and no gift was more highly valued than the album containing the signatures of 1,400 inhabitants of Richmond, Kingston, and the surrounding villages, offered, as the inscription testified, in "acknowledgment of the sincere interest and sympathy which the Duke and Duchess evince in all undertakings calculated to advance the welfare of the district in which they reside."

Accompanied by Princess May and their three sons, the Duke and Duchess attended divine service at Kew church on the morning of their silver wedding, and offered up public thanksgiving for the health and happiness they had enjoyed during twenty-five years of married life. As on the all-eventful day in the summer of 1866, Kew Green was crowded with interested spectators assembled to welcome the Royal couple, but inside the church the scene was somewhat different; there was no marshalling of the

great and noble in the land, no carpeted aisle, and no distinguished prelate to preside over the ceremony. The church was open to all comers, and except for the beautiful white flowers which met the eye everywhere—a tribute of affection from the ladies of Kew—the sacred edifice wore its daily garb, while the service, in which the Duchess heartily joined, was conducted by the Vicar, who preached an appropriate sermon from the text, “In God is my health, and my glory: the rock of my might, and in God is my trust. O put your trust in Him alway, ye people: pour out your hearts before Him, for God is our hope.”

When the concluding hymn, “Now thank we all our God,” had been sung, the Royal party proceeded to the Mausoleum, and spent some minutes in silent prayer. Returning to the church, the little procession moved slowly down the aisle, the Duchess smiling and bowing to her friends and acquaintances. As Her Royal Highness was leaving the porch, an old woman bent forward as if to speak: the Princess at once recognised her, and putting out her hand, which the old woman tenderly kissed, said with a bright smile, “I am indeed glad to see you, Mary.” The Duchess’s humble friend was none other than Mary, the schoolroom-maid at Cambridge Cottage.

From the church the Royal couple walked through a lane formed by a respectful crowd of villagers to Cambridge Cottage, where, in place of the illustrious guests who a quarter of a century before had greeted Princess Mary as a bride, a goodly number of Kew residents were assembled on the lawn to offer Her Royal Highness their heartfelt and respectful congratulations. Standing under the verandah, below what used to be her own sitting-room, the Princess listened intently to an Address read by the Vicar, from which the following extract is taken:—

Kew, so long the home of Your Royal Highness’s childhood and youth—within the walls of whose parish church you were for many years a regular worshipper, and in which Your Royal Highness was both confirmed and married—naturally feels a special interest in all that relates to Your

Royal Highness, and more particularly on this the twenty-fifth anniversary of Your Royal Highness's happy marriage with His Highness the Duke of Teck, and we joyfully seize the opportunity afforded by Your Royal Highness's attendance at the parish church to-day to unite our thanksgiving with yours . . . while we desire to acknowledge with grateful affection the innumerable acts of kindness done by Your Royal Highness to this parish, and to pray that it may please God to continue to you His best blessing on husband, sons, daughter, home, and that Your Royal Highness may be preserved for many years to come till you see your children's children walking in those paths of duty, loving helpfulness and sympathy which so endear Your Royal Highness to all with whom you have to do.

As soon as the reading of the Address was finished, Princess Mary advanced a few steps, and, speaking to the entire audience, said—

Twenty-five years ago I rejoiced in receiving from my then fellow-inhabitants of the charming, to me ever dear and beloved place, once my home, an address of congratulation on my marriage. To-day I again stand here, almost on the same spot, with my dear husband and children, to receive the congratulations of the inhabitants of Kew in celebration of my silver wedding. Of those who were then present it has pleased God to call away more than one beloved one. On this occasion I meet many who, although twenty-five years ago strangers to this place, are now greeting me with tokens of love and affection. Deeply touched, deeply grateful to you all, to old and new friends I offer, in the fulness of my heart, thanks, which words can but very inadequately express. If I have now and then been able to render some service to Kew and those who live here, I remember what pleasure it has given me, and ever will give me, to do so here in this spot, which I shall always consider as "dear old home." In the name of the Duke, my husband, my children and my own, I beg to thank you for your good wishes so kindly and lovingly expressed.

The kindness and homeliness of the Royal words went straight to the hearts of all present; at times the voice of the Princess trembled with emotion, and when alluding to the associations of her early days at Kew it was with difficulty

that she restrained her tears. A number of presentations followed, and among those brought up to Her Royal Highness was an elderly woman of the poorer class, who was delighted and astonished when the Princess exclaimed, "Oh, I know you very well, and I knew your grandmother when I was a child."

Asked by her Comptroller what invitations were to be issued for the two garden-parties which Her Royal Highness had decided to give to celebrate her Silver Wedding, Princess Mary answered, "No invitations will be issued; simply say that I am 'at home' to my friends, and shall be very pleased to see any one who may like to come." Accordingly a notice to that effect was inserted in the papers, modified only to the extent that at the first party the Princess would receive her local friends, and at the second those from London. By this arrangement it was hoped to prevent overcrowding, as well as to give greater pleasure to every one by enabling Her Royal Highness to have some personal conversation with her guests. In no case was any formal invitation sent out.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, and many other members of the Royal Family, drove down from town for the second party. The weather was magnificent, and with the roses coming out and the rhododendrons in full bloom, White Lodge looked its very best, while the gaily decorated tents and marquees scattered about the lawn added to the picturesqueness of the scene. On either side of the Royal tent, which was prettily draped with pale blue and cream Indian silk, stood two immense baskets of flowers, the gift of the Duc d'Orleans, and beneath a canopy in front of the house the Children's Orchestra played at intervals during the afternoon. Soon after four o'clock the visitors began to arrive, and from that hour until seven the carriages poured in and out of Sheen Gate in one continuous stream; on this day alone over a thousand people paid their respects to Princess Mary, and with her usual graciousness the Royal *châtelaine* shook hands with and had something to say to each guest.

A little incident that happened at the first garden-party

well illustrates the charm with which the Duchess of Teck performed her duties as a hostess. Noticing an old lady sitting by herself, the Princess sent the Duke to bring her on his arm to the place where Her Royal Highness was sitting, when she was soon made happy by a bright smile and a few kind words of welcome. The Duke and Duchess entertained all their visitors in the same cordial manner, and from the highest to the lowliest each received a like friendly greeting.

Three young women from Richmond, mistaking the day, arrived at White Lodge when the Princess was entertaining her London friends. The girls came up the drive just as the Princess of Wales had passed into the house, and were on the point of going away when the Duke espied them and insisted upon their coming in, saying that he and the Princess were pleased to see *all* their friends. Encouraged by the Duke's kindness they entered the grounds, where they were soon noticed by the Duchess, who immediately went up to the girls, told them where the presents were being exhibited, pointed out the refreshment tents, and, in her genial way, bade them walk about and enjoy themselves.

Prince Adolphus was now quartered at Hounslow, and being within easy distance of his home, the Royal parents enjoyed much of their son's society; nearly every week end Prince Adolphus brought some friend to spend Saturday to Monday at White Lodge, and the Duke and Duchess often drove over to the barracks. Contrary to what had become an annual custom, Princess Mary did not go abroad this year, but passed the month of August at Richmond Park, and on the 1st of September, accompanied by her daughter, went to stay at Malvern, where Lady Wolverton also joined the party, which included Lady Eva and Mr. Sidney Greville. During the visit many excursions were made, and the Princess expressed herself as "perfectly enchanted with Malvern and its surroundings."

Early in December the Duke and Duchess of Teck and Princess May went again to stay with Madame de Falbe at Luton. The Duke of Clarence was also there, and among

other guests staying in the house were Lord and Lady Bath and Lady Catherine Thynne, Lord Alington, who was just engaged to Miss Leigh, Lady Clementine and Mr. Arthur Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. George Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Ward, Colonel Oliver Montagu and Captain Holford. It was during this visit that an event occurred of all importance to the nation—the betrothal of Princess May to the Duke of Clarence, heir presumptive to the Throne. The country lost no time in endorsing the engagement, and congratulations poured in from all parts of the universe. Writing to Lady Salisbury, the Duchess says—

White Lodge, December 27, 1891.

. . . Pray forgive me for such tardy thanks for your kindest and heartiest of letters, than which none of the *hundreds* I have received has touched *me* (*us*) more deeply! . . . It has been delightful to see the dear Queen's joy at the happy event which fills the hearts of our united families with such intense pleasure and satisfaction, and is a source of so much rejoicing to the nation. Eddy is radiant, and looks it, and our darling May is very bright and happy, though at times her heart misgives her lest she may not be able fully to realise all the expectations centred in her.

We were so disappointed at missing our visit to Hatfield the week before last that we hope you will *dédommager* us early next month, before Eddy has to return to his regiment, and I should like to propose our going to you on the 14th or 15th of January for two or three nights as may best fit in with dear Lord Salisbury's numerous engagements. . . .

Letter to the Honble. Mary Thesiger.

Sandringham, January 9, 1892.

. . . We came here last Monday, and but for that *cruel plague* "influenza" should have had a delighted time, for we are a huge family party (the two united families *in toto*, for even Alge is here!) with only the addition of a few guns. On Tuesday Victoria and Admiral Stephenson succumbed; Thursday Count Mensdorff¹ hurried back to London to lay up there, and that afternoon poor dear Eddy had to take to

¹ Councillor and First Secretary at the Austrian Embassy.

his bed, and, though up in his sitting-room yesterday, his birthday, was too seedy and wretched to come down. Such a bitter disappointment! May, too, cannot shake off the very severe cold she has had all last week, and has had to stay indoors most of the time to nurse her cough, which is very troublesome. . . . George¹ is quite convalescent, and dined with us yesterday for the first time.

On the day following, the Duke of Clarence's illness took a much more serious turn than from the earlier symptoms was anticipated, and in a letter to Lady Salisbury postponing the promised visit to Hatfield, the Duchess indicates the anxiety prevailing at Sandringham.

Sandringham, January 11, 1892.

. . . After Sir Francis Knollys's letter and the anxious tidings in this morning's papers you will not be surprised to hear from me that we feel we must ask you and dear Lord Salisbury to let us postpone the so-looked-forward-to visit until we can really enjoy it! for although I hope and believe dear Eddy is doing as well as can be expected at this stage of this fearful illness, I cannot conceal from you that we are very anxious and must continue so, until the crisis is over and the inflammation has begun to subside. His strength is very fairly maintained; the night was a tolerable one; he has two admirable nurses, and both Doctors Broadbent and Laking² are attending him; so that Eddy has every care, and with youth on his side and God's blessing, I trust we may soon see him on the road to recovery, and who knows?—perhaps even our visit to Hatfield may yet come off before you move to London! As at present arranged we stay on here until Wednesday or so; but, of course, everything depends on the progress the dear patient (*a most exemplary one*, the Doctors say!) makes. May is wonderfully good and calm, but it is terribly trying for her. . . .

Alas! the hopes expressed by the Duchess were destined to be rudely dispelled, for, in spite of all that care and science could do, Prince Albert Victor gradually sank, and three days later passed peacefully away. Thus the world was

¹ Prince George of Wales.

² Now Sir William Broadbent, Bart., and Sir Francis Laking.

the poorer by a devoted son, a loving brother, and a courteous and accomplished English gentleman. No words more fitly express the sorrow felt by those nearly related to the young Prince than the allusion made by the Queen to the personal grief of the Royal Family in her most touching letter to the nation. "The overwhelming misfortune," said Her Majesty, "of my dearly loved grandson having been thus suddenly cut off in the flower of his age, full of promise for the future, amiable and gentle, and endearing himself to all, renders it hard for his sorely stricken parents, his dear young bride, and his fond grandmother to bow in submission to the inscrutable decree of Providence."

Mr. Gladstone, who was then Prime Minister, added the following tribute to the memory of the Duke of Clarence in a letter written to Sir William Harcourt:—

Villa Magali, St. Raphael, February 7, 1892.

. . . On account of a great resemblance in the circumstances, the manifestation of feeling recalls to my mind the national grief on the death of the Princess Charlotte. The years which have intervened are many, but it was of a nature to leave a vivid impression on the minds of the young. The present sad occasion has not been less remarkable in the evidence it has afforded of the kindly affections of the nation, and its attachment to the Queen and the Royal Family. The incidents of public life had given me some opportunities of estimating the high qualities of the Duke of Clarence. I have before me a letter in which he graciously announced to me the happy prospect now so sorrowfully changed. He had already exhibited many characteristics which made his life one of great value and promise to the Empire at large. Let us humbly trust that the memory of them, and the sense of the affection they have won, may assist his illustrious brother in answer to the calls of his high vocation.

After the funeral, which took place at Windsor, the Duchess of Teck and Princess May remained in close retirement at White Lodge until March, when they left England for the south of France, and for some weeks were the guests of Lady Wolverton at Cannes.

*Letter to the Honble. Mary Thesiger.*Schloss Ludwigsburg,¹ May 17, 1892.

. . . We were all very sorry to leave that *Paradise* [Cannes] of a place, especially with all its *wealth* of roses in full *glorious* abundance! We spent two days and a night at Paris, then three days at the Schloss Stuttgart, and ever since the 9th of May have been domiciled here in this very fine old Schloss, which dates from the beginning of the last century, and boasts several court-yards, two chapels, two picture-galleries, a theatre capable of holding a thousand people, and 460 rooms. Our apartment, with its white and gold panelled walls and ceilings, and paintings over the doors, and mirrors, in true *rococo* style, is a *perfect gem*.

I have for some time past been struggling to thank you for sundry letters and enclosures, but our days are so cut up through having to go over to Marienwahl, the small villa inhabited by the King and Queen (a five minutes' drive from the Schloss), every day to luncheon and dinner, that I really have but little quiet leisure for writing. . . . The King and Queen are kindness itself, and have made us feel so much at home that we have stayed on, partly to achieve what Cannes had begun, May's recovery (at all events to a great extent) of her spirits and brightness. . . .

Journal.—*Schloss Ludwigsburg, May 18.*—Up at seven and wrote till eleven o'clock. Dressed, and to luncheon at one, a very nice Roman Catholic Bishop von Haebele sitting down with us. Afterwards I drove with May in the victoria, Charlotte² driving Francis and Pauline her father, to the charming Pforst, where we gathered a great quantity of lilies of the valley. At seven o'clock we dined, a party of ten, and soon after nine their Majesties drove to the station to meet Helen Albany³ and her chicks, whom we welcomed at Marienwahl. The darlings soon went off to bed, and we assisted at Helen's supper before leaving at 10.30. *May 19.*—Day inclined to be showery. . . . Lunched with all the Albany party in the Saal, and then drove with Charlotte and Helen, through the Favoriten Park and round by Mon Repos; we saw all the walkers, including Francis, May, Alice, and Charlie; but as it came on to pour I did not get out of the

¹ Belonging to the King of Wurtemberg.² Princess Charlotte of Wurtemberg.³ The Duchess of Albany.

carriage, but was dropped at home. . . . The band of the *Gelben Ulanen* played during dinner, and in the evening we worked. Home after ten, and looked over my charity papers. *May 20.*—Fine day. . . . About twelve I had a charming visit from Helen, and then May and I started to walk to Marienwahl, Francis picking us up down by the barracks. . . . Catherine had accompanied her son¹ back from Stuttgart, so that we numbered 18 at lunch. . . . After high tea at Marienwahl *en famille* in the little dining-room, at 5.45 we left by train for Stuttgart, where we went to the theatre, and saw a very dull opera, *Der Barbier von Bagdad*, by Cornelius, a *protégé* of Liszt, and a charming *ballet divertissement*, *Die Puppenfee*, with very pretty music by J. Bayer.

June 2.—Fine day. The band of Olga Dragoner played in May's honour. . . . At 12.45 I started with May for the station to meet dear Emily Alcock,² who was arriving from Munich. . . . After tea we all three drove to *Salon Wirthschaft*, in a field at the back of which Francis and the officers of the Olga Dragoner were shooting at so-called *Thon Tauben*. We watched them for a while (von Thumb by far the best shot!), then dropped Francis at the Casino, where he was to dine with his Regiment,³ and home at 6.30 to dress. Dined at Marienwahl on the terrace, a party of 14, including the new *Flügel-Adjutant* Herr von Gravenitz. *June 3.*— . . . Dinner of 20 *im Saal*, with Countess Beroldingen (*née* Hügel), Countess Julie Degenfeld, Paul Hügel's niece, Lord Vaux p.p.c., as he is off to Belgrade, General Wolkern, and Kammerherr Count Norman. . . . Heard of little Marie of Edinburgh's betrothal to the Heir of Roumania, Ferdinand of Hohenzollern, through a telegram from her mother to Queen Olga.⁴ *June 4.*— . . . Helen gave me a lesson at "Halma" on the terrace, and at three o'clock Charlotte drove with May and me to the Schloss, and we inspected the huge, handsomely carved *Fass*, or wine cask (a rival of the Heidelberg one), in the very extensive cellar; we then explored the Emichs Burg, where Count Emich and his confessor are to be seen, and ascended to the tiptop of the tower. . . . Walked on through the gardens, as far as the pond and the old theatre, reaching home at 4.30. The whole party tea'd with us. Dined at seven *à dix-huit*, the guests being Herr von Brüssel, Mühlbergs, Kurfess (sculptor), and Professor

¹ King of Wurtemberg.

² An American lady.

³ The King had recently conferred upon the Duke of Teck the honorary rank of Colonel of the Olga Dragoner.

⁴ Queen Dowager of Wurtemberg.

Wedekind, a very nice Hanoverian on a visit at Marienwahl and my neighbour at dinner. . . . After luncheon, at which Max Lippe joined us, I played "Halma" *à quatre*, and as weather had cleared, Willy took us for a delightful drive, between fields bright with wild flowers, through Benningen, over a covered wooden bridge across the Neckar, through Marback, and by Schiller's house, and back by Neckarweihingen. Everywhere holiday people! Willy drove Helen, Paul, May, and Max in his so-called "coach" with five horses, I following in the landau with Francis and Wedekind. . . . Walked back with Francis and May, and joining the Collinses in the inner garden went into tiny summer-house on the wall whence old Napoleon saw the Parade! Tea *chez moi* and read Schiller till dressing-time. . . .

June 9.—Perfect day! May and I drove with four horses to Stuttgart Station, where Baron Brusselle met us. We started by the 12.35 train for Kirchheim *via* Ober and Unter Turkheim, passing the Rothenberg and in the distance Weil, the very pretty old town of Esslingen and Plöchingen, where they gave us a *special engine* to take us on. We lunched in the train before reaching Kirchheim and were most kindly welcomed at the station. . . . The Schloss is a nice old place, very dear to Francis, as his grandmother, Duchess Louis, lived in it; we went through all her rooms, and walked on the terrace upon which they open. Alas! nearly all the furniture is gone. It quite saddened me! . . . Drove through Narwein and Bissingen; changed carriages and were dragged up a steep ascent by two cart-horses along a very rough road, through fields, over stones, and finally through a lovely beech wood to the top of the Teck, whence we had a beautiful view over the Suabian Alps. Numberless villages and small towns lay stretched below, and in the distance we saw on the one hand, Hohen Nauffen and the Ach Alm, on the other faintly the Rechberg, Hohenstaufen, and Stueffen! Of the old castle of Teck, nothing, alas! remains but a few fragments of wall and tower. The Aussichts Thurm is modern, built in 1889. We had tea in a tiny room in it, and ascended to the balcony round the top of the tower for another glorious view; then walked down through the woods that clothe the upper sides of the Teck and steepest downs. Women brought us delicious cherries, which abound in the Lenninger Thal and at Bissingen, and the peasants threw bunches of wild flowers into the carriage. A restive horse and somewhat tipsy driver rather agitated us, but we managed to catch the train, and reached Stuttgart at 8.30. Had supper

at Marquart's, to which the Eberhard Lindens¹ came, and back to Ludwigsburg by train. A most enjoyable day.

June 10.—Up early and off with May and Sir Robert Collins to Stuttgart; the Hermann Weimars and Olga, Countess Julie Degenfeld and Miss Spiers met us at the station, and we left again by the 11.7 train, a party of eight, travelling as far as Unterbothingen by the same pretty line as on the previous day. Thence on to Reutlingen, skirting the Ach Alm, and through a charming valley to Honau, whence, in two carriages, we drove by a capital road, though steep ascent, winding up the hill *à la* Engadine and through a lovely wood, in over an hour, to Schloss Lichtenstein, perched on a rock and built some forty years ago by Count William, Duke of Urach, on the foundations of the old castle. There are two houses, with guests' room behind the Schlösschen in an open hall. . . . The view up the valley towards the Ach Alm is magnificent! After our *déjeuner dinatoire* we went over the two tower floors of the Schloss, fitted up in early Gothic style with stiff wooden seats, benches, and chairs and old religious early German pictures. The family rooms and living-rooms we did not see. We drove down again in less than half an hour, and were in capital time for the five-o'clock train. . . . Got out at Cannstatt, and drove back to Ludwigsburg in the landau and four horses, which we much enjoyed. Eberhard Linden met us with bouquets at Cannstatt station. . . .

June 11.— . . . We all went over to Berg to lunch with Vera at the Orangery; Herr Schlossberger, who has the archives under him at Stuttgart, was my agreeable neighbour. About three o'clock drove with Vera and her twins² in a brake, through the highest streets of Stuttgart and vineyards and Anlagen up to Degerloch, and on through fields and a wood to Schloss Hohenheim, once inhabited by Duke Charles Eugène and his wife Franziska von Hohenheim, now an agricultural school. Fine staircase and ceiling *à la* Ludwigsburg in the Schloss, but the *Saal* is modern; beautiful view from the centre balcony over the village of Pliningen to the Teck. After seeing over the Museums, we looked at Franziska's rooms on the ground floor of the long building opposite the Schloss, in which *Nebengebäude* she and Duke Charles lived; then had coffee and fruit under the shady trees of the extensive garden, with the *Direktor*, his nice wife and daughter, and left about six. . . .

¹ Friends of the Duke of Teck.

² Princesses Elsa and Olga of Wurtemberg.

June 12.—The 26th anniversary of our wedding-day! I gave Francis a fine album of Wurtemberg places, and he presented me with charming cupids! Gelbe Ulanen played under our windows at 8.30 (in our honour). . . . Helen gave me a lesson in "Hoppity Halma," in the summer-house, while the others played at Kegel. . . . *Hen* dinner at Marienwahl at seven! I chatted a good deal with Helen, who wrote with her toes, and, alas! upset the ink. Home about ten o'clock and worked away at charity papers (St. Anne's) until Francis returned from the dinner given by the King at Weil after the races.

June 14.— . . . At three o'clock to the Rathhaus, to see the procession of children pass on their way to the Kinderfest up at the Salon. The sight was a very pretty one, many of the children being dressed as peasants, or to represent the various trades of Wurtemberg. The Turner (and different Vereine also took part in it, all cheering the King and Queen. After their Majesties' and Helen's departure, we waited a while with the Abels and inspected the Rathhaus Saal, and then drove up to the Salon, where the children were all being fed at long tables. . . . I distributed *bonbons* to 400 of the poorest children, and afterwards a number of the girls and boys went through a musical drill in the Grüne Bettlade, for the latter part of which the King arrived *en surprise*.

June 26.— . . . Lunched *à nous*, and then in landau and four greys to Villa Berg, to take leave of Queen Olga, who received us on her *chaise longue*, in her sitting-room upstairs, and was most chatty and amiable. *June 27.*— . . . Everywhere hay-making and hay-carts. Air divine! Home 7.45; dressed and dined in haste *à nous deux*, and towards nine to Olga Dragoner Garten, where we spent a very enjoyable evening, the officers' wives being of the party. The entertainment finished with a most amusing march past of the officers, Francis *à la tête* preceded by the band. They marched, trotted, and galloped by! It was great fun, and we did not get home until past one!

In July the Duke and Duchess of Teck and their daughter returned to England, and after passing the remainder of the summer at White Lodge, quiet visits were paid to Sandringham, Windsor, and Eaton Hall.

CHAPTER XX.

MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MAY.

1893.

Visit to Clumber—Betrothal of Princess May to the Duke of York—
 Congratulations and Addresses—Public enthusiasm—Marriage cere-
 mony at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace—The Queen's entry
 into the Chapel—Princess Mary's health breaks down—Rest at
 Neuenahr—Interest in the Apollinaris Well and Works—Princess
 Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe—Journey to St. Moritz—Flower show
 at Maloja—Letter to Prince Alexander—Life at Villa Seefeld—First
 visit to York Cottage.

"WE were exceptionally busy all Christmas-time and at the New Year," Princess Mary writes to a friend early in 1893, adding with motherly pride, "Our two elder sons have returned to their respective regiments at York and Hounslow, and we have now only our Sandhurst cadet at home." Towards the close of January the Duke and Duchess of Teck, with Princess May and Prince Alexander, were the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle at Clumber, and among those staying in the house were Lord Lathom and Lady Albertha Wilbraham, Lord and Lady Churchill, Mr. Arthur and Lady Clementina Walsh, Lady Irene Hastings, and Miss Mary Thesiger, in waiting upon Princess Mary.

The Royal visitors occupied the suite of rooms used by the Prince of Wales when he stayed at Clumber with the father of the present Duke of Newcastle. During the week there was a lawn meet of Lord Galway's hounds, the Duchess and Princess May seeing something of the sport from a landau drawn by four horses, with postillions and outriders, and another day was spent at Thoresby,

Lord Manvers's place. The kennels were often visited, and the Russian wolf-hounds belonging to the hostess came in for much notice. After dinner Princess Mary generally played a rubber of whist and the young people danced; it was in the early days of the *pas de quatre*, and some of the ladies who essayed the new step were not very efficient performers. One evening, when Her Royal Highness had gone upstairs, she remarked to Miss Thesiger, "How stupid those girls were with the *pas de quatre*! It is quite easy;" and then and there, in the lightest way possible, the Princess danced across her bedroom. The next night she was again looking on at the dancing, and could not resist trying the step down the side of the hall, while Lord Lathom danced backwards in front of her, to the great delight of all present.

The announcement made a few months later¹ that Princess May was betrothed to the Duke of York gave universal satisfaction. The Queen greatly desired the union, and the Prince and Princess of Wales rejoiced at a marriage which was to secure to them a daughter to whom they were both so devotedly attached, while the Duke and Duchess of Teck were naturally much pleased and gratified at the happy prospects and brilliant future in store for their much-beloved child. The joy of the Royal Family was shared by the nation, and the choice of Prince George of Wales found an answering echo in the hearts of the people. An English Princess, born and brought up in an English home, and possessing all the virtues and attributes that inspire confidence and win affection, Princess Victoria Mary of Teck was the ideal bride for the son of the Heir Apparent. That this feeling was entertained throughout the Empire was abundantly confirmed by the hearty and genuine nature of the congratulatory addresses which reached this country from all parts of the Queen's dominions.

The proposal took place at Sheen Lodge, which for some time had been occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and from that date to the marriage-day, which was fixed for the 6th of July, the inmates of White Lodge were busily

¹ May 3, 1893.

engaged in wedding preparations. Both Princess May and her mother insisted upon the trousseau being of British manufacture. "I am determined," said the Duchess, "that all the silk shall come from England, all the flannel from Wales, all the tweeds from Scotland, and every yard of lace and poplin from Ireland." Amid the general excitement that prevailed, Princess May still retained that womanly simplicity which had endeared her, and, since her tragic sorrow, doubly endeared her, to the hearts of every one. At the garden-party which the Duke and Duchess of Teck gave at White Lodge, to celebrate their daughter's engagement, the affianced wife of Prince George mingled with the guests, thanking all for their gifts, and talking to her local acquaintances in the same gracious way that had been so noticeable at a similar function two years before. The Kew residents offered their humble congratulations in the form of an Address, presented at Cambridge Cottage, to which Princess May made the following reply:—

It is with sincere pleasure that I have listened to the words which have just been read, and I wish to say that I thank you most truly and very deeply for the congratulations that you have offered to me. The reference that you have made to my dear grandmother and mother, as also other members of my family, and to the early days of my life, in great measure passed among you, has touched me much. And I can assure you that I shall always remember this occasion and the kindness shown to me by my old friends at Kew, to whom I beg you also to convey my warm thanks for their good wishes.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, the Royal ladies received some of their Kew friends, and before returning home, walked to Mary's cottage, and stayed chatting with the old servant for some little time.

I remember the happy afternoon I spent at White Lodge [writes Mrs. Dalrymple] a few days before the marriage. We were a large and merry party, including the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and some time was spent in looking at the numerous presents. Tea was served on

the lawn under the copper beech, and the dear Princess sat at the head of the table making tea for all; on one side of her was a pile of telegrams received, while on the other, scattered about amongst the cups, were packets of telegraph forms. Messages were constantly being delivered, and the Princess and the Duke as quickly wrote out the replies; no word of complaint was uttered at these incessant interruptions. Her Royal Highness's amiable readiness to accede to the many appeals for a place from which to see the bridal procession was wonderful. Princess Mary begged me to visit her the day after the marriage, and her eyes filled with tears as she spoke of parting from "her precious child." Much, however, as I wished to accept the suggestion, I did not do so, but implored the Princess to take the rest that I knew she so urgently needed.

In this way the days passed rapidly by, and on the 4th of July, amid many affecting scenes, Princess May bade good-bye to the happy home of her girlhood, and drove with her mother to Buckingham Palace, where apartments had been prepared for their reception. At last the ever-to-be-remembered day arrived, and as the Royal processions passed slowly up Constitution Hill and down Piccadilly on their way to St. James's Palace, where, in the historic Chapel Royal, the marriage was to take place, the mighty cheering of the crowds that thronged every available point of vantage along the route told that the daughter of "the People's Princess," as the Duchess of Teck was often affectionately called, had already found a place in the heart of the nation.

Many a hard-working woman cheerfully surrendered her day's pittance, and, starting with the first stroke of dawn from some dingy back street far away in the East End, trudged across the metropolis with a light heart, and, taking up her stand by the railings in St. James's Park, waited patiently for hours in the burning sun to catch a glimpse of the Royal bride. The wedding gown, woven in the looms at Spitalfields, was of silver and white brocade, the design, of roses, shamrock, and thistles, being in silver on a white ground, while the bridal veil was the same as that worn by Princess Mary on her wedding-day.

The Queen's *cortége*, in which were the Duchess of Teck and the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, with their respective suites, left Buckingham Palace immediately before those of the bridegroom and the bride. It was forgotten, however, in timing the processions, that, as Her Majesty was to make her entry into the Chapel from St. James's Street, she would take a shorter time to reach her destination than those members of the Royal Family who were approaching the Palace by St. James's Park. The result was that the Queen arrived at the Chapel door first, instead of last—the position assigned to the Sovereign in the official arrangements—and only a gentleman usher was present to receive her. Princess Mary, taking in the situation at once, suggested that she should proceed to her place, and that the Queen should remain in a room on the left which had been prepared for her use. Scarcely had Her Royal Highness advanced a few steps up the corridor than Miss Thesiger, who was in attendance upon the Duchess, felt a little pull at her dress, and at the same time heard a voice saying, "I am going first." Looking round, she saw Her Majesty on the arm of the Grand Duke; and in this informal way the Queen entered the Chapel. Some minutes later the Lord Chamberlain and the great officers of the household arrived in breathless haste; but Her Majesty was not at all perturbed by the incident, only saying that she was glad it had happened so, for it was very amusing to see every one come in.

The untiring energy which the Duchess of Teck displayed in every detail connected with her daughter's marriage and the frequent demands upon her strength that the events of the past few weeks had entailed caused a sudden breakdown in health. For some time past it had been apparent to Princess Mary's immediate circle of friends that the very active part she had taken for so many years in promoting the interests of the various institutions with which her name was connected, and her constant efforts to ameliorate the sufferings and brighten the homes of the poorer classes, were telling upon her constitution. "Mama has again overtired herself working for a Bazaar," wrote Princess May to a friend

on one occasion, "and when she gets into this overwrought nervous state I do all I can to keep her quiet." But it was difficult to persuade Princess Mary to spare herself in the cause of charity, and while the illness of the humblest cottager at once awakened her sympathy and arrested her attention, she paid little heed to the warnings of her physicians that over-exertion of any kind must be avoided.

As soon as the Court festivities were over, however, it was arranged that Her Royal Highness should proceed at once to Neuenahr for a few weeks' entire rest before taking up her summer quarters at St. Moritz, and in due course the Duchess of Teck, accompanied by Prince Alexander, and attended by Lady Aylesford and Mr. Sidney Greville, left England for Germany.

Letter to a Friend.

Kur Hotel, Neuenahr, August, 1893.

. . . The journey out was accomplished without fatigue, a great blessing to me, for I was utterly done up with all I had gone through and the little rest I was able to allow myself at night. . . . We reached Victoria station in very good time, but there was an agonizing moment when, the dressers not having yet arrived, I was told it was "high time to start," and that the servants would have to follow in the second part of the train! Happily they came in view just at that instant. At Dover, though the sea looked smooth, there was a great deal of swell by the pier, and the *Empress*, such a fine ship, rocked and rolled so heavily it was all I could do, with Captain Morgan's kind assistance, to keep on my legs. I hurried to the cabin and lay down on the mattress prepared for me, for I felt very giddy, but once off the motion subsided, and we had an excellent passage. Thomsett met us, his snow-white beard making him very conspicuous in the distance; he told me that George¹ had crossed the previous day with his Homburg party and *suite*. After lunching at the buffet, we entered our extremely comfortable carriage, much in the style of the one we had going to Cannes, only larger, thus admitting of two arm-chairs besides the three seats. . . .

It was a most perfect day for travelling, as the heavy

¹ The Duke of Cambridge.

rain had effectually laid the dust, the air was cool and pleasant, and the sun not overpowering. . . . The colleges were disgorging *leurs élèves*, and at one station our train was literally besieged by a troop of young collegians in their uniforms, carrying books and violins, accompanied by Papa and Mama, and a whole host of parsons, not forgetting sundry fat priests. Brussels was reached half an hour late, and at the Gare du Nord we found dinner prepared for us in the King's room. . . . We filled up our time till the departure of the night train by trotting up and down the station, then settled ourselves in the big seats (*not pulled down* to make beds), and slept very fairly well. . . . We reached Remagen, a few stations beyond Bonn, just before eight, and were attached to the train for the Ahr Valley; but, as it was a single line, there were long waits at the small intervening stations, so that we did not get to Neuenahr much before nine.

And now let me try and describe this place to you. It is very pretty, and grows on one, but exceedingly quiet, and I dare say would by many be considered remarkably dull! whereas to me, and indeed apparently to us all, the repose is most delightfully refreshing. I am already wonderfully better for it, as well as for the life I lead; getting up about 6.30, and to bed between ten and eleven! Neuenahr, which consists of the Kur Hotel and the spring, lies between two large villages, separated by the Ahr, but united by a bridge, on the opposite, or Wadenheim side of which is a very pretty modern Gothic German Protestant Church, quite a feature in the landscape. The railway station is at Wadenheim, much the larger village of the two, and containing innumerable small hotels, inns, and restaurants, besides shops and cottages; while Beul, situated on the side of the hill behind the Kur Hotel and the bathing and drinking establishment and *Anlagen*, is more of a village. Our Hotel is built in the English Middle Ages style, imitation Gothic, something after Sion House, with a long wing fitted up with baths for mineral waters. The only English people here are the Mackenzie Frasers, and a clergyman and his wife just arrived.

Our rooms, situated *au premier* in the centre of the building, are most comfortable; they consist of a slenderly furnished sitting-room, opening on to a large balcony, where I am writing, and which is over the entrance, and looks down on the pleasure-ground in front of the hotel, with its flower-beds and fountains, and *positively green* grass and tall trees. A belt of trees at the back forms our boundary, beyond which

flows, or rather trickles, the Ahr, for it has run nearly dry owing to this summer's excessive drought. Opening out of the sitting-room on one side is my nice-sized bedroom, and on the other Butler's small room; beyond, Alge has a very good room, in which he can work. Jane Aylesford's and Sidney Greville's rooms are opposite ours, a very convenient arrangement; and Mr. Phillips, who coaches pleasantly and most intelligently, lives on the floor above. The food is excellent, and altogether we are very well cared for; we have our meals on a verandah, opening out of one of the more private dining-rooms. There is a very nice Swiss dairy at the back of the hotel, where we sometimes take breakfast, the milk, cream, and coffee being quite first-rate. The drives about the environs are most delightful. . . .

Journal.—*Neuenahr, August 2.*—We arrived at the Kur Hotel at 9.30, and I began at once to arrange the rooms and distribute my things as fast as they were unpacked. . . . When ready, I saw Dr. Grüber, finished arranging the photographs about the room, and walked to Dr. Schmidt's, paying him a long visit in consultation; he, poor man, in addition to being paralyzed, is laid up with gout. Then I took a turn round the springs, and bought a glass. Dined in the verandah at seven, and retired soon after nine o'clock. *August 3.*—Up at 6.15, and out till 8.30. . . . Wrote a little until it was time to start for our drive to Altenahr *viâ* Ahrweiler, a nice little old-fashioned country town. Saw in the distance the Calvariensburg Convent, now a girls' school, conducted by Ursuline nuns, and passed the Hospital, a good-sized building; as we went on, the valley became more and more shut in by rocks, and very picturesque; the road was being mended by convicts under the charge of a most civil warder, who led our horses past the steam-roller while we walked. At Altenahr, which was reached in about an hour and a half, there is a beautiful ruined castle above the town, but we thought it too hot to climb; so, after having some coffee and visiting the church with pretty apse, which is being restored, we returned home in time for a late dinner.

August 7.— . . . At eleven I started with Jane, Sidney, and a guide to walk to the top of the wooded basaltic hill which rises at the back of this place; it is 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, and crowned with the ruined tower of the Castle of Neuenahr. We passed the Roman Catholic Church; then, by a steep, sunny path across fields and under fruit trees, to a lovely wood, through which zigzag

paths led to the summit, which we reached by 12.30. The view over Drachenfels and Die Sieben Schwestern and many villages was very fine, but it was too hazy to see Cologne. Returned by the same way, and after luncheon went with Colonel and Mrs. Mackenzie Fraser to have coffee at a picturesque little Meierei kept by Swiss peasants from Appenzell, who waited on us in their costumes; then sat in the gardens, listening to the band till dinner-time, as I was too tired to write. . . . To bed in good time. *August 8.*—In the afternoon we drove *à cinq* to Remagen, and on to the Apollinaris Kirche, built by Count Fürstenberg-Stamheim in memory of his wife; the modern Gothic architecture is very fine, and the walls are covered with frescoes by Degen and Ittenbach, rather too *bunt*. In the crypt is an old sarcophagus said to contain the head of the saint (Apollinaris) with modern recumbent figure. A well-carved crucifix is to be seen in the side chapel. The view from the verger's garden of the Rhine with its various boats and fine hills is lovely. At the back of the church is the vault of the Fürstenberg family. . . . Just as we were leaving the Hôtel Fürstenberg I heard that Victoria of Prussia¹ (Schaumburg-Lippe) was expected from Bonn to dine there, so awaited her arrival by steamer, and met her on landing. . . .

August 9.— . . . After lunch we went for a most beautiful drive up behind Beul and by the Maria Hill Convent and Hospital into the woods of beech and oak that clothe the hills. The view reminded me of a drive at Cannes! Descending by the village of Königfeld, we passed through more woods, pine, oak, and beech, by the *Château* of Count Spee, and through the town of Sinzig, with fine church and remains of an old Roman wall, and home by the Remagen road.

August 10.— . . . We drove to the station, and trained to Remagen; heat most oppressive. Walked through the town (dusty little streets) down to the landing-place, and, after waiting on a bench for the very late boat, embarked on the Rhine; the boat was so crowded that we could with difficulty get a camp-stool. Landing at Rolandseck, a pretty place, we walked up the shady path to the station, where on the terrace a military band was playing. The view towards Drachenfels and over Honnef on the opposite bank is very fine, but the terrace was so crowded that we were only able to secure a table by the wall. . . . Returned by train, and after dinner I finished my letter to May.

¹ Second daughter of the Empress Frederick; she married Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe in 1890.

August 11.— . . . We started at ten for the Apollinaris well and works, about a quarter of an hour's drive from Neuenahr; we were shown over by the Kreuzbergs, to whom the place originally belonged, but who now manage it for an English Company. Four gentlemen received us, and a nice little girl in a white frock and blue ribbons, the daughter of one of the Kreuzbergs, presented me with a lovely bouquet. We were first taken to a covered well, which we were told emitted carbonic acid gas; this was most apparent, for it was like a bottle of strong smelling-salts, and quite took away one's breath, and the moment lighted paper was placed near, the flame was extinguished. Next our guides showed us the bottles being washed in a machine worked by electricity. They are then filled in a long building by men wearing spectacles and wire masks, and bandages on their wrists; each man has his own trough, lamp, and knife, and each trough is numbered. The bottles are filled with water and an addition of carbonic acid gas, and then passed on to a second man, who, with eyes and hands guarded, puts them into a tin frame and corks them, the frequent bursting of the bottles requiring these precautions. After tasting the water we were shown the sizing, counting, packing, and stamping of the corks.

The counting by machinery is most amusing to watch, as the bottles are checked off in dozens by a dial. We also saw the stone bottles filled from the natural spring, and found their contents far more pleasant and refreshing than that of the others, though, we were told, less appreciated in England: the stone bottles are headed by girls. The glass bottles are tested by being turned backwards and forwards to the light, and if a speck of glass or cork is detected, they are laid in rows on their sides in a tin trough filled with boiling water, when out pop the corks, and the bottles are returned to the washing machine. After watching this process for a time, we crossed the road to see the labelling and packing; this work is carried on in a separate building, and the labels are of different colours for different countries—blue for England and yellow for America. The packing is done in cases and hampers, the bottles being wrapped in straw, and put in so tightly that we actually saw a man stamping on them with his heavy boots, which one would have thought must have broken them. They are finally wired down, and a wooden peg bearing the number of the packer is run through.

Before leaving I was taken in to see the electric machine

which works most of the machinery, but those wearing watches did not follow me. Our visit had lasted quite an hour, and we only returned to the Hotel just in time to change our gowns before Victoria of Schaumburg-Lippe, who had been met at the station by Alge, arrived, attended by Fräulein von Blücher and Major Winsloe. We lunched in the verandah, the band playing the while. I then had a chat with Vicky up in my room, and at three we all had coffee at the Swiss dairy, after which I took my guests to the station to catch the train to Remagen. . . .

August 12.— . . . Left by train in the afternoon for Bonn ; Victoria and Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe met us at the station and drove us to their charming villa, quite at the Coblenz end of the town. After tea and coffee on the terrace, they showed Alge and me, for the others were entertained by the Winsloes, over their stables and grounds, which extend down to the Rhine. The kitchen garden is famed for its good fruit and vegetables. I then went over the house, which is arranged in perfect taste, and sat up in Vicky's room until seven, when we were fed most excellently before being driven back to the station by our hosts. Vicky is a great dear and enchantingly English. *August 14.*—Drove with Jane to Sinzig, our *beaux* having gone off to Cologne, and explored the church with octagonal tower and spire, built in 1220. The style of decoration gave it quite a Moorish appearance. There is a curious tryptich over a side chapel representing the Crucifixion, Ascension, and the death of the Virgin, by an early Cologne master ; also a picture, nearly effaced, of the Cross appearing in the sky to the Emperor Constantine. From the church we went to the Broichers' place close by, and were welcomed by Daisy Broicher, who had only just arrived from England, and was preparing the house for her mother, who was expected the next day ! Such a nice, charming, comfortable house, rather *Alt Deutsch* in the fitting up, with a second house for visitors and a most delightful garden, most tastefully laid out and kept with greatest care. Daisy insisted on giving us tea in the garden under a balcony, and most refreshing it was !

August 15.— . . . About five we started for Heimersheim, two miles from Neuenahr, and got out at the church, a miniature of the one at Sinzig, only less decorated, with one or two pieces of ancient sculpture about it. . . . Passing out through what must once have been a tower, we drove along a roughish *Feldweg* by the Idyllen Mühle, a restaurant, to the Johannesberg, a favourite resort, and thence walked

back down shady paths, across the meadows, and along the avenue by the Ahr. . . . *August 16.*— . . . About three a very good military band from Coblenz, which had been invited over in my honour by the Hotel proprietor, a graceful attention, struck up "God Save the Queen," followed by "Rule Britannia," too beautiful! we hurried on the balcony and had a real musical treat of an hour, Jane and I knitting the while. Then changed my gown, *coffee'd* in the dairy, and on to the gardens to hear the same band, which played till nearly seven. . . .

Letter to a Friend.

Kur Hotel, Neuenahr, August 16, 1893.

. . . I have most cheery accounts from my darling May, who seems to have quite enjoyed their fortnight's stay at Osborne, and to have won all hearts there! . . . Grand-mamma's kindness to my child is beyond everything touching. Georgie and May were to leave yesterday for St. James's, there to spend a week, and then to go to Sandringham for ten days. On the 1st of September they are off to Balmoral for a fortnight, then on to Mar, and expect to be back in London early in October. The visit to Denmark has been given up. . . . The intense heat of last week rather tired me, and we are all looking forward to the fresh invigorating air of St. Moritz, for which place we hope to start to-morrow night, arriving there on Saturday evening. . . .

Journal.—*Neuenahr, August 17-18.*— . . . Towards six o'clock *coffee'd* at Meierei with the others and Sir Charles Oppenheimer,¹ and then to Dr. Schmitz to take leave; drove to the springs for my last glass, and back to the hotel to finish packing and dress for journey. Supped on the verandah to the strains of a capital band, and at 9.30 drove to the station, the hotel guests and people cheering us as we departed. Cologne had sent a saloon carriage with small compartment adjoining, in which Jane and I settled ourselves, but not very comfortably! We started at ten, and at Remagen were hooked on to the express train. Alas! at Coblenz we were attached as last carriage to the Schnell-zug, and the jolting was terrible. Reached Bâle after seven, and then on by the lake of Zürich, Wallensee, Sargan and Ragatz to Coire, where we arrived at 1.30, and found two carriages awaiting us at the station. Drove to the Steinbock Hotel, and after lunch,

¹ British Consul at Frankfort.

or rather dinner, started for Thusis, which we reached about seven, dead tired; the drive was beautiful, only marred by the clouds of dust. *August 19.*—Up before six, breakfasted with the others, and started at 8.15 up the Schyn Road, through Sils and the ravine of the Albula river, more beautiful than ever. . . . After watering the horses, we drove on through the valley down to Silvaplana, and by Campfer to beloved Moritz Bad—Victoria Hotel, where we found our old rooms prepared for us *au troisième*.

St. Moritz, August 20.— . . . I drove with Jane up to Tognoni to call on Countess Larisch; but she was out, so we went on to the Kulm to inquire for Alice Lathom,¹ who is at the Julier (Campfer). . . . Paid Mrs. Freeman a visit, and was home to supper at 7.30. Just as we were going down, Adams called us into Sidney's room to see a fire, alarmingly near! Two of the wooden shops just opposite were in flames, and had there been any wind, the fire must have spread, and possibly even reached the hotel. As it was, the shops, one an embroideress's, in which the fire originated, and the other kept by a seller of brass work and china, were burnt to the ground, while a jeweller's and photographer's were gutted and much damaged. It was quite twenty minutes before the pipes began to play on the flames, but these finally did good execution, and before we descended the fire was well under control. . . . *August 21.*—After breakfast I walked by the scene of the fire, and up and down in front of the shops, at the back of which the poor Martinis² had put together their mattresses and the things they had saved to dry. . . . Called on the Duchesse d'Aosta, who arrived yesterday, while Jane and Sidney draped my room. . . .

August 22.—Up at 7.30, dressed, and while at breakfast received a telegram, inviting me to distribute prizes at a flower exhibition at Maloja, and accepted. . . . Accompanied by Jane and Sidney, I reached Maloja about half-past four, and was received by Mrs. Marrable,³ Mr. Baynes (Bishop-designate of Natal), and the Committee, and conducted to the room where the exhibits for table decoration were set out, the band playing "God Save the Queen." I made a tour of inspection, and especially admired a Sedan chair, battledore and shuttlecock, and hat all in large daisies, also a bank of moss, on which a little girl was seated, her frock trimmed with flowers. Only wild flowers were used. I then

¹ The Countess of Lathom.

² The owners of the jeweller's shop.

³ President of the Ladies' Water-Colour Society.

mounted a platform and gave away the prizes, and Mr. Baynes made a very pretty speech, bringing in May as the flower I had given to England. Most touching! We had tea in a sitting-room upstairs, at which Professor and Mrs. Huxley, Mr. and Mrs. Hare, and others were present. . . .

Mrs. Huxley gives the following account of Princess Mary's visit to Maloja:—

. . . The one thing that depressed us was the weather. Gloomy at first, by two o'clock it changed to darkness, pouring rain, and driving wind. Indeed, it was thought hardly possible that the Duchess of Teck would face the storm. The afternoon, however, was not without mirth, for whilst we were still busy with our preparations, a gentleman, who had been most helpful, appeared at the door of the room, and in a distinct voice said, "Ladies of the committee, Her Royal Highness is at the hall door. Will you please come down and receive her?" Forthwith we stepped out into the hall, which the storm had plunged into semi-darkness, to find, however, no Princess arrived, but a carriage containing two travellers, who had stopped at the hotel to make inquiries as to the condition of the road. Half an hour later the same gentleman again appeared in the doorway and again repeated his summons to the ladies of the committee. Once more we entered the hall in a body, and once more a carriage stood at the door, but the occupants were a lady and child, who insisted upon having hot coffee served to them before facing the drive down the Bregalia Pass in the wild weather. We joined in the laugh against us, but decided, lest there should be any further mistake, to receive Her Royal Highness in the music-room.

About half-past four, in spite of the storm, the Princess arrived, and carefully inspected the various floral designs and table decorations, giving kindly commendation to the exhibitors. Her Royal Highness was then conducted to the stage at the end of the room, and bestowed the prizes upon the several winners. Looking up at the gallery I saw my husband, returned from his walk, and clad in easy raiment of flannels, gazing down upon the proceedings. Just then I heard the Duchess asking Mrs. Marrable who the lady was, sitting a little to her right, and on being informed of my identity, the Princess wished to have Mr. Huxley pointed out to her, as she had never seen him, and desired to do so. . . . I afterwards learned that my husband intended to

slip away, as he felt both ill and tired from his long walk ; but as he was descending the stairs, he met Her Royal Highness coming up, and, seeing that she walked with difficulty, owing, I believe, to a weak knee, which troubled her, he at once offered his arm, and helped the Princess to the room which had been prepared for tea. By five the storm had abated, and, leaning on Mr. Huxley's arm, the Duchess passed downstairs through the crowd assembled in the hall to her carriage, but not before saying how much she had enjoyed the afternoon, and making every one happy with a few pleasant words.

I was very much struck with the pains taken by Her Royal Highness to do a small act of kindness, which many ladies would not have thought worth the trouble. While inspecting the various exhibits, the Princess specially noticed a tiny little girl who, as a nymph, had sat all through the afternoon among some flowers at the edge of an artificial pool, and later on sent for the child to come to her private sitting-room to have some cake, and to be kissed.

Princess Mary made some reference to the Duchess of York's wedding-presents, and, turning to Lady Aylesford, I inquired if she knew what the ladies of Sussex, amongst whom I counted myself, had given, as I had left England before the matter was settled. Lady Aylesford appealed to the Princess, who most graciously promised to find out on her return to St. Moritz. Two days afterwards I received a letter stating Her Royal Highness had ascertained that the gift of the ladies of Sussex was a magnificent diamond bracelet, presented at Buckingham Palace. Lady Aylesford also said that the Princess had asked her to tell me how much she admired and enjoyed the flower-show, and how greatly touched she was by the Bishop's allusion to her daughter.

Journal.—St. Moritz, August 23.— . . . After calling on Madame de Planta I hurried back to receive Countess Larisch, who brought Mrs. Holland¹ to present her. Franz Joseph of Battenberg lunched with us, and early in the afternoon we started for the Fex Thal, a party of five. We walked along the valley, but did very little climbing, and found but few flowers ; our gentlemen, however, ascended fairly high, and brought down some edelweiss. . . . Supped and played patience *chez moi*. *August 25.*— . . . Lunched with Lady Wilton² at the Hôtel du Lac, and met Sir Henry Calcraft. . . . About

¹ Wife of Dr. Holland.

² Second wife of the second Earl of Wilton.

three we drove in the Plantas' carriage to Samaden, and getting out, walked to the golf ground, where Mr. and Lady Rachel Saunderson received me. The Duchesse d'Aosta, and many acquaintances, were there, and I watched the ladies "putting," and the long hits of the gentlemen; we then adjourned to a large room at the Bernina Hotel, in which I gave away the prizes to the golf winners, and Sir William Des Vœux made a very pretty speech. *August 26.*—Lovely day! Started at twelve for Pontresina and the Roseg, taking our luncheon with us and Adams, and picnic'd on the same spot as on the last occasion; then Jane and I walked to the end of the valley, close to where the ascent begins, and I succeeded in making out two chamois through the telescope, while our young men climbed for flowers. . . . Met the Duc de Sermoneta and his son, Prince Teano.

August 27, Sunday.—Ruffet preached on our Lord weeping over Jerusalem, pleading with us that now was our accepted time, and not to put off till too late! Quite magnificent! . . . Lunched at the grill-room in the Stahlbad with my party and Battenberg. Then home to put on short gown, and climbed up with my three young men the steep path behind the Stahlbad to the wood, walking through it to the Meierei, returning home soon after six o'clock. . . . Dined with the Leo Rothschilds at the Lac; the party included Lady Wilton, Mrs. Ronald Greville, Sir Harry Calcraft, and Mr. Derenberg. *August 29.*—At eleven I opened a small exhibition of Pastel drawings of Venice by Mr. Gifford Dyer, who showed us over them, in the Ladies' Salon on the ground floor of the Hotel, in aid of St. Moritz Winter Aid Fund. Several of the drawings were beautiful. . . . Dressed, and at a quarter to eight, with my two young men, to the Kulm to dine with Mr. Wyndham,¹ Jane staying at home to nurse her bad cold. Pleasant dinner of 15; the host and Chief Baron² being my neighbours. . . . Felt very low at this being Alge's last evening.

August 30.—Up soon after 7.30, and left my breakfast to go down and see the boys off to Chiavenna *en route* to Lugano, Bâle, and London. Felt unwell and awfully depressed after returning to my chilly breakfast and saddened room, and began to write my Journal, but was interrupted by a visit from Vera and her girls, with whom I had a nice chat. At luncheon *tête-à-tête* with Jane downstairs I quite broke down and could eat next to nothing. Dr. Holland called early in the afternoon and prescribed for me, and as the day had

¹ Mr. Charles Wyndham.

² Chief Baron Pollock.

changed and a cold, biting wind was blowing, he forbade my going up to the Golf Tournament under the Kulm. I rested, rolled up in shawls, and finally gave up going to the theatricals and concert at the Kulm. . . .

Letter to Prince Alexander of Teck.

Villa Seefeld, September, 1893.

. . . Very many loving thanks for your dear, delightful, and most amusing letter, which deserves a reply; so here goes, though I have not very much time for writing, and I do not know when I may be able to despatch these lines, which will, I trust, find you in the best of health and anxiously looking for our return. *L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose.* You will remember my telling you of all the consolatory dissipations I had prepared for Jane and myself! Well, not one came off, and I was shut up in my room for some days after you left with my poor swelled face and a desperate fit of the blues! In a word, I utterly collapsed. I must confess I had felt ill ever since our delightful Roseg expedition and picnic, when I caught cold, but I would not give in for your sake. . . .

On the 31st we were to have lunched with the Wharton Hoods, instead of which I invited them to pay me a visit. Countess Larisch and Prince Battenberg were of the party, both having kindly called to inquire after me. Of course I had to give up dining with her that evening. In the morning I felt better, and later on had a farewell visit from Battenberg, and also saw Baron Schickler and dear Mrs. Freeman and Holland; the two latter fed me with excellent beef-tea and chicken broth and new-laid eggs, on which I chiefly subsisted, having appetite for little else, to Loader's¹ great distress. After my solitary supper in my room, I saw Madame Ladenberg, the wife of the Mannheim banker, who was at St. Moritz in 1890, to thank her for a lovely basket of flowers.

Sunday, alas! I was not well enough to venture to church, so Jane and I went for a little walk about the square, but I soon tired, and had to sit down; the air, however, did me a world of good. On the following day, September the 4th, we started about ten on a heavenly drive through Pontresina and beyond the Morteratsch up towards the

¹ The footman.

Bernina Hospice and Pass, and back! Jane, who had never been so far on this road, was in perfect enchantment, and I must say I never saw the Morteratsch and Roseg Gletscher to greater advantage. I had sent the servants to the Morteratsch, and they followed us home, which we reached in good time to receive the Gaikwar of Baroda, who arrived just after you left, and occupied the Inn villa. I found him very pleasant and intelligent to talk to; he was dressed in a grey suit, with a reddish pink turban on his head. His wife and children are in India, and he has only some of his officers with him.

Next day Countess Larisch came in the morning to say good-bye, as she had to hurry away, the Crown Princess Stéphanie having put on her visit to them; and her neighbour at Tognonis, Lady Alice Newton, sister to Lord Dundonald of the Life Guards, was at last presented to me, which presentation was to have come off at the Larisch dinner! This lady sent me, a day or so afterwards, a huge basket of blush roses (the nearest approach she could get to the York rose) and tuberose, and kind Mrs. Greville sent me a splendid basket of huge pink carnations! In the afternoon we met the Duchesse d'Aosta and her *bande joyeuse*, amongst which who should I discover but Carlo Placci of Florence memory?

The 7th was such a glorious day that at 11.30 we started for Maloja in response to the invitation of Mrs. Marrable and Miss Pocock, who, in company with Dr. Welldon,¹ the headmaster of Harrow, and Father Steffens, the discoverer of these wonderful glacier-mills, received us. We got into *Einspänner*, I with Dr. Welldon as my companion, and were driven up to the ground just under the Belvedere, or castle, where two newly discovered mills were in process of excavation. Of one of these Father Steffens begged me to turn the sod, which I did with a *huge* spade, to the cheers of the Italian workmen, and both are named after me—"The Princess Mary Adelaide Mills." I have since heard that they promise to be the most interesting yet discovered! We were driven along some of the footpaths, you remember, and got out and climbed and scrambled about to see some more of Father Steffens's mills, the most curious of which has five separate basins! The view down into Italy was *gloriously* beautiful. It was altogether most enjoyable; and, to show you what a distance we had gone, we distinctly heard the cry of the *marmots* warning each other of danger, having

¹ Now Bishop of Calcutta.

probably sighted Herr Walther's¹ huge St. Bernard. We did not return to the hotel until after three, when we were entertained at luncheon in a private room, and sat down a party of ten, Dr. Welldon and Father Steffens being my neighbours. We were very cheery, and the food was excellent. It was past six o'clock when we got back, and I had several visitors, and after supper received the pretty lady we used to notice in deep mourning at a table by herself, not far from us. She turns out to be an American widow, who has a very great admiration for your Mama! and sent me, in token of this sentiment, a divine bunch of deep-pink carnations and mignonette, for which I felt I really must thank her in person—an attention that evidently deeply touched her. . . .

The Duchesse d'Aosta called after luncheon, and later I had a charming visit from the Duchesse de Sermoneta, *née* Wilbraham, Lathom's cousin, who had only just arrived from Scotland. On September the 10th I was up at 6.15, *à la* Neuenahr, and after an early breakfast, at which Dr. Holland assisted, we descended the lift to the strains of "God Save the Queen," which the band was playing in the hall, where the last few guests at the hotel were assembled, and with many polite bows we mounted our most comfortable carriage *à deux banquettes* and five horses. Buttie and Bruere in the front one, Adams and Loader behind, and Jane and I inside, with a grand trophy-basket of fruit and flowers, the gifts of the Hotel Manager, on the opposite seat. It was a gloriously beautiful, fresh, even chilly, morning, after a white frost, and we felt quite sad at leaving dear St. Moritz.

We stopped at the Pension Suisse, at the door of which stood kind Mrs. Freeman, her hands full of good things for us; then up by the Kulm, and trotted merrily down the hill and through Cresta, Celerina, Samaden, Bevers, turning up by Ponte, where we watered our horses, and then began ascending the long hill up to the Teufelsthal; Adams walked up, and gathered us some lovely dark-blue, short, single-flower gentians, such as we have not seen before this season. We passed the Albula Hospice and source, and descended to Weissenstein. After lunching we started again, descending by the Bergünner Stein and through the picturesque villages of Bergün and Filisur, where, in 1887, Dolly gathered me the first tall gentian spikes. We *coffee'd* at Alveneu Bad, where we slept in 1887 and 1889, now pretty well shut up, and then, passing the Tiefenkasten, ascended to and descended

¹ The hotel-keeper.

the Schyn Pass to Thusis, stopping to gather white gentians on the way. Jane and I reached Thusis in perfect raptures over all we had seen, and our minds made up that the Albula Pass beats the Julier hollow, and its descent is far finer than the ascent. We slept at Thusis, and had our old rooms. Next day we were off again before nine; it was a lovely morning, and I thought the scenery more striking than when driving up from Chur. We drove through Chur to the station, where we had some time to wait for the train. . . .

At Ragaz we were met by dear Papa and Aunt Catherine, who was accompanied by Göhler's successor, a charming girl, Fräulein von Ulmenstein, the daughter of Wilhelm Schaumburg-Lippe's right hand and agent, and Charlotte's most intimate friend. Papa I thought looking ever so much better. Jane and I got into Catherine's compartment, and, in the confusion of moving, poor Adams shut his thumb in the door of our first carriage, and suffered tortures of agony for two days and nights, but, I am thankful to say, the wound is healing. Now, God bless you, my darling Alge. With Papa's love, and thanks for your letter and Aunt's love, ever your devoted, loving Mother,

MARY ADELAIDE.

Letter to a Friend.

Villa Seefeld, September 12, 1893.

. . . I really think the cure has done me good, but the *very early* rising and the hour's walk before breakfast were rather too much for me in my *fatigued* state, and the afternoon excursions, after the tropical heat had set in, tired me sorely. I hoped everything from St. Moritz, but was disappointed. To begin with, on our way there we were most fearfully jolted in the train between Coblenz and Bâle, our saloon carriage being the very last one! and this, I think, helped to upset my digestion, which had already suffered from the diet I was ordered at Neuenahr. Then, too, this year's extraordinary heat had penetrated even to those high latitudes, and made the air of St. Moritz less reviving. Worst of all, I seemed to miss my May there, where she had always been the life of our little party, more terribly than ever. . . . Happily we had some gloriously fine days just at last, which helped to set me up again; but I am only now recovering from the effects of the attack, which I suspect was, in a

measure, the natural result of all I have for the last several months undergone and done! Jane, who has been most devoted in her care of me, and I joined Francis here yesterday, at his cousin's, Princess Catherine of Wurtemberg's, charming villa, on the lake of Constance, a delightfully pretty, quiet place, and a perfect retreat for any one wanting peace and rest, such as I feel I require, for one is surrounded by every comfort. . . . Francis leaves us to-day for Stuttgart. . . .

Journal.—Villa Seefeld, September 13.— . . . After our early dinner we drove to Goldach, where we took the train to St. Gallen, and visited the Benedictine Abbey, suppressed since 1805, spending two hours in the beautiful library, and paying special attention to the treasures in illuminated MSS., some of which date from the ninth century. We drove back in the twilight of a most lovely evening! *September 14.*— . . . Took the boat for Friedrichshafen, touching on our way at Langenargen, and thus getting a good view of the Montfort, Princess Louise of Prussia's place, reflected in the lake! We landed at Friedrichshafen about 12.30, and went straight to the *Château*. While dinner was being prepared we saw the King's rooms, and walked round the garden by the sea-wall along the *belaubten Gänge*; the view on the lake is beautiful beyond all description! At two we dined, and then visited the billiard-room, library, Charlotte's apartments upstairs over the King's, and the rooms we occupied in 1867, returning by the six o'clock steamer to Rorschach. . . .

September 15.— . . . About four I drove with Jane to Weinburg, to call on Princess Hohenzollern, who made a very pleasant impression on me; she gave me tea, and I saw her twin grandsons. The place was in great beauty, and the drive there and back most enjoyable. A glorious sunset. After tea-supper Fräulein Ulmenstein played to us out of *Pagliaci* and other Operettas. *September 16.*— . . . We joined the boat at Rorschach, landing at Lindau about four, and after taking tea in the verandah of the Hôtel Baierischer Hof, from which we could see the landing-place, and all the life of the little town, Jane and I hurried off to see the exterior of the Rathhaus; the painted façades are most curious. Recrossed the lake in a Bavarian steamer. . . . The Rhine Valley was hidden from our view by black clouds, indicating a heavy thunderstorm, against which the lake stood out in lustrous relief, like a line of lovely green.

Happily we only had the tail of the storm in a sprinkling shower. . . . Reached Seefeld about 6.30.

Sunday, September 17.—It poured nearly all day. . . . Read the Psalms, lessons, and prayers to dressers. Catherine's pleasant young man of business, Herr Jangen, from St. Gallen, dined with us, and made himself very agreeable. Then read *chez moi*, and about five had a visit from Antoinette Hohenzollern and Princesse Mathilde of Saxony. *September 18.*— . . . Drove to Rheinegg, and getting out at the church, walked up a steepish path to a pretty little churchyard under a vineyard; thence we climbed up by paths in curves to the top of a hill, where we had a lovely view over the lake, and the surrounding country. A glorious sunset added to the beauty of the scene. . . . Francis arrived from Stuttgart at seven o'clock.

September 19.— . . . Started with Catherine and Francis for the Weinburg, the two ladies following. Prince and Princess Hohenzollern welcomed us, and presented their guests and suite. We were a party of fifteen at luncheon, and afterwards sat in centre *grand commun* and played at skittles. Back by a different and higher road, through meadows and orchards, beautifully green, and with fruit trees weighed down with apples and pears, and picturesque hamlets, and the village of Buchen, returning to the high-road along the lake just above Staad. Home after four; sat under the walnut tree with the two ladies drawing out the threads from Fräulein Ulmenstein's tea-cloth till 5.30, when we took a walk round Catherine's domain, ascending to the vineyard, and passing through the tiny wood, and back by the house at which her servants dine, finally inspecting the kitchen or, rather, fruit garden, which has a splendid show of apples and pears. Went in at 6.30; finished letter, and to tea-supper at seven. Frau Bödicker and her little daughter Hélène supped with us, and later the former sang to us. She has a *splendid* voice (*Altstimme*), trained in the German school, and it was a great treat to listen to her. . . .

September 20.—Catherine gave us the sad experiences of her young life, and poor dear Queen Pauline's¹ trials! It was most interesting, and three hours slipped away imperceptibly, I working the while at the tea-cloth. *September 25.*— . . . Dear Jane came over, and we had a farewell chat! Dined at 12.30 in her honour, after which Francis and I accompanied her to the Rorschach station and saw her off

¹ Wife of King William of Wurtemberg, mother of Princess Catherine, and aunt to the Duke of Teck.

to England. We were both quite sad at parting after nine weeks spent together. Francis and I then walked on to the Bazaar, passing a procession of school-children, with their masters and mistresses, and flags and banners, and a band, on their way to open the new school-house. Then drove with Catherine and Ulmenstein through Untereggen, where we got out as the road was steepish, and Ulm and I ran on to the balcony of the little "Schafti" inn to see the view over the lake and Overeggen to Martinstobel. Reaching the gorge of the Goldach, we again got out at the bridge over the stream; the rocks are very grand, and the scenery most picturesque, reminding one of the Engadine *en miniature*. Walked up the opposite side of the gorge, and drove home through St. Fiden.

September 28.— . . . Went up to see Bruere's charming rooms, which the children had in 1883, and packed; in the afternoon we took a delightful drive to Weinburg, were back by six, and I went with Francis to take another look at the garden; then packed till tea-supper. . . . Wrote to Alge till 1.30, finished my packing and to bed.

Letter to a Friend.

Villa Seefeld, September 28, 1893.

. . . Last week Francis was away for five days with the King of Wurtemberg at the manœuvres, which he much enjoyed. We leave to-morrow for Ludwigsburg on a five-days' visit to the King and Queen, and on October the 6th I hope to be at home again, as on that evening May and Georgie are to arrive in town! My darling child has promised to come to us on the 10th for a few days, to which delightful prospect I am looking forward with joy unspeakable! . . .

Letter to the Honble. Mary Thesiger.

York Cottage, Sandringham, December 1, 1893.

. . . This is the perfection of an ideal cottage; each room is charming in its way, and everything in perfect taste and most cosy and comfortable. . . . I am having a real rest and holiday, sorely needed after all the work of the *two* Guilds! and I so enjoy it! as you can well imagine. The only drawback has been that we have scarcely seen the Princess of Wales since Sunday, as she has been quite laid up with a feverish cold,

which, however, I hope she is beginning to throw off. We dined at the House on Sunday, and again to-night, and are invited for Sunday next. Alix came down for a few minutes this afternoon, just to see us and her beautiful presents, but she feels very weak. . . . Poor dear Lord Warwick passed away peacefully at two o'clock this morning. . . .

MARY ADELAIDE.

CHAPTER XXI.

PRINCESS MARY'S PATRIOTISM.

1893-1894.¹

The decline of the silk industry—Manchester Exhibition, 1887—Formation of the Silk Association of Great Britain and Ireland—Closing of factories—Appeal to Princess Mary—A Ladies' Committee—Her Royal Highness's scheme—The first Exhibition of British silks—Ladies' National Association—Visit to Spitalfields—County secretaries established—Stafford House Exhibition—Irish poplins—Letters to Lady Salisbury—The silk industry resuscitated—Gratitude of weavers—Visits to Stafford, Leek, and Macclesfield—Testimony of manufacturers.

PRINCESS MARY'S love of everything English seemed to increase with years, and no one ever appealed in vain who approached her on the ground of assisting British industry or helping the cause of British labour. A lady, visiting at White Lodge one summer afternoon when the Duchess of Teck was receiving her friends under the copper beech, remarked upon the comfort of the chair she was sitting upon. "Yes," was the quick reply, "British industry, my dear, that's why it is such a nice chair." This inborn affection for her native country and zeal for the welfare of the working classes was noticeable in all Princess Mary's public work, but in no instance did it receive more practical demonstration than in the great efforts she made to bring about a revival of the silk trade in Great Britain and Ireland.

¹ It has been found more convenient to group together Princess Mary's efforts on behalf of the British silk industry, and therefore the early pages of this chapter are retrospective.

At one time the manufacture of silk gave employment to many thousands of skilled artisans in this country, but from the day that our market was opened to the free competition of foreign producers, the demand for English silks gradually declined. Ladies found in the imported fabrics greater variety of design, and more pleasing effect of colour, with the result that foreign-made silks came into fashion, and there seemed every chance of the home industry dying out altogether. It was to arrest the continued depreciation of English manufactured silks that the movement¹ took place in which Mrs. Percy Mitford played so useful a part; but fashion proved inexorable, and little or no appreciable difference in the trade was observed. At the Manchester Exhibition in 1887, great pains were taken to draw attention to the claims of British manufactures, and after visiting the section set apart for the exposition of English silks, Princess Mary caused it to be known that she would do all in her power to bring about their reinstatement in public favour.

This pronouncement was followed almost immediately by the formation of "The Silk Association of Great Britain and Ireland," and once more the uphill task was essayed of restoring the commercial activity that formerly prevailed in the silk districts of this country. Again the obstacles in the way were found insuperable, and in spite of every effort to prevent the further decline of the English silk trade, several factories had to be closed, with the natural consequence that numbers of operatives were thrown out of work. It seemed impossible to make headway against public opinion, and even the stoutest hearts began to despair of success.

Matters were in this position when it was decided to appeal to Princess Mary for advice and assistance. Without hesitation Her Royal Highness threw herself into the spirit of the undertaking, and putting herself at the head of a Ladies' Committee which, with Lady Egerton of Tatton as Honorary Secretary, was subsequently formed, entered heart and soul into the cause she had espoused. Grasping easily

¹ In 1882.

the economic difficulties, as well as those arising from the unbending laws of fashion, she devised a scheme which, if it did not at once accomplish the purpose in view, at any rate checked the downward movement and saved the home of many a bread-winner. The purport of this scheme is perhaps best explained by the following extract taken from the first report¹ of the Ladies' Committee of the Silk Association, which the Princess herself drew up and signed in her capacity as President.

We consider that the time has come to invite the attention of the ladies of England to the revival of this ancient industry. In order to do this the Committee propose to form a "Ladies' Silk Association" on an extended scale. Its members will not be pledged to the exclusive purchase of English-made silks, but they will be asked to interest themselves and their friends in this British industry, and to make inquiry for and inspect English silks before deciding to purchase those of foreign manufacture. . . . We trust that before long ocular demonstration of the excellence of English silks may be afforded by an Exhibition. Should success crown the efforts of those who have been working on behalf of the silk operatives of England, Scotland, and Ireland, they will feel rewarded by the knowledge that the time and energy they have devoted to this enterprise have resulted in increased prosperity to their working brothers and sisters in silk factories.

In less than three months from the date Her Royal Highness's proposal was made public, the first Exhibition of British silks took place at Lord Egerton of Tatton's residence in St. James's Square, when manufacturers and distributors co-operated in a manner they had never done before, while many distinguished ladies seized the opportunity to support Princess Mary in her patriotic attempt to remove the prejudice that prevailed against home-made silks. Much of the work of organisation fell upon the Princess, and it was to her unfailing energy and admirable management that the success of the Exhibition was mainly due. She enlisted the sympathy of her large circle of acquaintances in the cause,

¹ 1889-90.

and when writing to friends, rarely omitted to make some reference to the work in hand. "A Ladies' National Association," she would say, "has just been formed under my presidency to encourage our silk industries, and I enclose one of our forms, with the request that you will not only join it, but persuade as many of your friends as you can to follow your good example."

The duty of carrying out the Princess's idea of a Ladies' National Silk Association was for the time entrusted to Lady Egerton of Tatton, and the results achieved showed beyond doubt that substantial progress was being made in the growth of the British silk industry. Slowly but surely Princess Mary's influence began to make itself felt, and year by year the demand for English silks increased, not only in this country, but also in the United States. Meanwhile, Her Royal Highness determined to make herself more thoroughly acquainted with the practical aspect of British silk-weaving at the present day, and to carefully study its possibilities. The Princess had placed herself at the head of a national movement, and rightly considered that before advising others she must herself be well-informed on all points, a matter regarded by her as the more necessary since her appeal was based on the assurance that the requirements of ladies could be as readily satisfied by British as by Continental looms. Accordingly, a series of visits to the principal silk centres was arranged, in conjunction with Mr. Wardle,¹ the President of the parent Association.

Spitalfields was the place first selected, and thither on a cold bleak day in March, 1893, the Duchess and her daughter journeyed from White Lodge to visit the East London silk mills,² where a whole afternoon was spent inspecting the old pattern-books, dating from the Edict of Nantes, watching the men at work, and making a minute examination of the beautiful brocades and other silks which were being woven for dress and furniture purposes. Each step from the weaving of the pattern to the completion of the finished length was

¹ Now Sir Thomas Wardle.

² Belonging to Messrs. Warner & Son.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF TECK AND PRINCESS MAY AT SPITALFIELDS.

shown and explained to the Royal ladies; in fact, Princess Mary insisted upon seeing everything, and made many pertinent inquiries concerning the people employed, especially as to the number of hours they worked and the amount of wages they received. Her Royal Highness had instructed her own dressmaker to be present, in order that she might convince herself that silks made in England are equal, if not superior, in beauty to those imported from France.

The weavers were much gratified at the personal concern shown in their welfare by the distinguished visitors, and were not a little astonished to learn that the Duchess of Teck and Princess May had sat down to tea in "the Master's office." An incident occurred, when going over the factory, which illustrates Princess Mary's excellent memory for names as well as faces. Pointing to a particular loom, Her Royal Highness was heard to remark, "Why, May, there's Mr. Clark who was weaving those lovely brocades at Lady Egerton's;" and, advancing to the loom, the Princess spoke a few kind words to the man, pleasing him greatly by saying that she hoped to see him weaving on some future occasion. Before leaving the mills the Duchess ordered a dress to be made for her daughter, at the same time expressing a wish that English women might be led to take a deeper interest in silks of home manufacture, and so benefit their fellow-countrymen. A few months later Mr. Warner's firm received the Royal commands to make Princess May's wedding-gown.

On the death of Lady Egerton of Tatton, which occurred early in 1893, Princess Mary's connection with the silk industry assumed a still more active character. As may be imagined, the loss of her chief helpmate involved Her Royal Highness in much extra correspondence, but, notwithstanding the frequent demands upon her time, both public and private, she declined to delegate the work to others or to lessen her responsibilities. Already 800 ladies were pledged to encourage and support the sale of British silks, but no one knew better than the Royal President herself that if the Association she had formed was to be worthy of the name

"National," further steps must be taken to make its objects more widely known and to increase the list of members. As before, Her Royal Highness was ready with a plan. She proposed to appoint a lady secretary in every county, the object being to obtain the co-operation of the most influential ladies in the land, and at the same time to secure for the Association a kind of semi-official recognition. With this end in view Princess Mary addressed the following letter to the wives of the Lord Lieutenants in each county:—

White Lodge, April 8, 1893.

DEAR —, By the lamented death of Lady Egerton of Tatton, the Ladies' Association for the promotion and encouragement of the British silk industry has been deprived of a most active and efficient secretary. It therefore devolves on me as President of the Association to take up the work which she so admirably carried on, and in order the more effectively to do this, it is proposed to make our scheme more generally known by extending the work into the Counties, and asking one of the leading ladies in each county to become secretary. This is the favour I would request at your hands.

The duties thus imposed on you are not very extensive; they will consist in looking up any silk industry that may still exist in any of the towns, furnishing the manufacturers with fresh designs, interesting the ladies in our object and urging them to ask for British silks at the drapers' and upholsterers' shops, thus inducing these latter to keep a supply for dresses and furniture.

Should you be unable to oblige me by becoming secretary would you kindly suggest some other lady in your county, willing to undertake the office? I remain, dear —, sincerely yours,

MARY ADELAIDE

A few months later the Duchess of Teck writes to Mr. Wardle—

I rejoice to say that the Countess of Powis has consented to be co-secretary with Lady Williams Wynn, the wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Montgomeryshire, and the Duchess of Portland will represent Caithness; also that Lady Anne Murray will assist the Dowager Countess of Warwick in Warwickshire, especially devoting her energies to Coventry

and its ribbon trade. The Duchess of Athol has given me her name for our movement, but the Marchioness of Breadalbane will act as secretary for Perthshire. I have asked Lady St. Germans to be co-secretary with Lady St. Levan for Cornwall, Lady Dartmouth to represent Shropshire, Lady Cobham to be co-secretary with the Countess of Coventry for Worcestershire, and the Duchess of Buccleuch to act for Dumfries, and am awaiting their replies, also Lady Windsor's touching Glamorganshire—so you see I have not been idle!

At the request of Princess Mary, Lady Lathom, who had been a member of the Committee from the commencement, issued an appeal¹ to the patriotism of English ladies on behalf of the "National Silk Industry." Special efforts were also made by Her Royal Highness to extend the membership of the Ladies' Association in London, and in a letter to a friend the Princess says—

. . . I must try and enroll more and more Associates. Will you kindly help me in this, and when the enclosed sheet is full send it back to me, in order that I may enter all the names in my book? I have been to Spitalfields and assured myself that much may be done to revive the industry, provided we take a little pains and trouble, and criticise the manufacturers' designs, and give them *ideas*; and provided, of course, that the manufacturers themselves be willing to accept our hints.

Princess Mary's next step was to arrange another Exhibition, and Stafford House was placed at her disposal by the Duchess of Sutherland. As on the former occasion, all the preliminaries were carefully thought out by the Princess, and every circular was revised by her before being sent out.

Letter to the Duchess of Sutherland.

Osborne, January 16, 1894.

MY DEAR MILLY,—It has occurred to me that, in order to ensure a good attendance of County Secretaries at Stafford House, it might be advisable to postpone our meeting until after the reassembling of Parliament, a month hence; and as the notices have not yet been sent out, Mr. Wardle having

¹ In the form of a pamphlet.

only now sent me the drafts for approval, I thought I would consult you on the subject ; for, of course, it is all-important for the success of the Exhibition that the Meeting be well and largely attended. . . . I have just been talking to the Queen and Princess Beatrice about our Exhibition. Her Majesty will, I hope, consent to see some of the silks before they are exhibited, which is a great encouragement to the manufacturers, and will benefit the cause we have at heart by helping to bring English silks into fashion. Pray believe me, my dear Milly, affectionately yours,

MARY ADELAIDE.

The Duchess was most anxious that the products of Irish industry should find a place among the exhibits at Stafford House, and with this end in view invited the co-operation of Lord Houghton,¹ then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

White Lodge, February 24, 1894.

DEAR LORD HOUGHTON,—The Ladies' Association for the promotion of the British silk industry is organising an Exhibition to be held at Stafford House on May the 8th, and, as President, I have been asked to request you to invite the poplin manufacturers of Ireland to exhibit some of their lovely stuffs on the occasion. A former Exhibition of the same kind in 1890 proved such a success that we are encouraged to hope substantial benefit to our Silk Home Industries will accrue from this our undertaking—a benefit in which we are very desirous that Ireland should have her share. Trusting that you will use your best endeavours to persuade the manufacturers to second our efforts in the good cause, I remain, dear Lord Houghton, very sincerely yours,

MARY ADELAIDE.

His Excellency did not fail to carry out Her Royal Highness's wishes, with the gratifying result that at Stafford House Irish poplins were seen side by side with English silks. The Princess also wrote to many of her Irish friends, remarking, with pardonable pride, to one of her correspondents, "I have induced the leading dressmaker of Dublin to exhibit, and she is prepared to make two costumes—one of English material and one of Irish poplin."

¹ Now Earl of Crewe.

Letter to the Duchess of Sutherland.

White Lodge, March 31, 1894.

MY DEAR MILLY,— . . . And now another point: our proposed meeting at Stafford House in April to talk over the final arrangements for the Exhibition. . . . When would you like it to be held? I do not think we ought to put off the meeting too late. . . . We are most anxious for a little more room to be, if possible, conceded, the applications having come in, just as at the last Exhibition, after the time of closing, the timid and wavering people having waited to see if the effort was likely to be a success. If it were at all possible for one of the entrance halls to be used, a most interesting and valuable contribution from India might be exhibited, which the Government of India at Calcutta have been preparing, but which it is feared will have to be declined for want of room. . . .

Writing to Lady Salisbury during the progress of the Exhibition, the Princess says, "It is in itself such a success that we hope for *first-rate* and *lasting* results from the movement. . . . Since May and I were at Spitalfields last year, the manufacturer has *doubled* his looms, which only proves what may be done by a little encouragement." Again, a few weeks later, Her Royal Highness writes to the same correspondent, "You will rejoice to hear that our Silk Exhibition has been a thorough success, and is already bearing fruit, as evidenced by some of the shops most opposed to the movement now advertising 'English silks.'"

Following the Stafford House Exhibition and the continued growth of the Ladies' National Association, there was a marked increase observable in the demand for bales of raw silk, while the growing number of requests by customers for British in preference to foreign goods caused important distributors in many instances to place extensive orders among English manufacturers. All this gave an impetus to the home silk trade generally, and the revival made itself felt in every department. Looms that had been idle for years again started work, and factories which had been kept going with the shortest possible supply of operatives began to take on more hands. Perhaps, however, the strongest

evidence of the improvement in the industry that attended Princess Mary's efforts is contained in the letter addressed to Her Royal Highness by the members of the Amalgamated Furniture Silk Weavers' Union.

. . . It is the greatest pleasure that falls to us to see Your Royal Highness, and also your executive committee, exerting yourselves in the interests of British silk industries, and we believe and trust that through your kind endeavours a trade that was one of the foremost of English industries will take its place once again; and we feel convinced that, under the guidance of Your Royal Highness and the noble ladies working with you, we are capable, with the assistance of our employers, of producing in the English markets silks of all descriptions to suit the class they are intended for. . . .

To this communication, which may be said to have expressed the feelings of every silk operative in the United Kingdom, Princess Mary directed the following reply to be sent:—

Her Royal Highness is much touched and gratified by the expressions of gratitude which you have expressed to her and the Committee of Ladies working with her in promoting the interests of the silk industry in England. Her Royal Highness is convinced that if the work be carried on as it has been begun, success is sure to attend the effort of those who are endeavouring to revive the industry; for it is not to be denied that the beautiful examples of silk both for dresses and furniture of English manufacture recently exhibited at Stafford House abundantly prove that they can compare favourably with foreign productions of the same kind, and that the trade in England has only to be fostered and encouraged in order to raise it to its former important place among the principal industries of our country. This is the hope of Her Royal Highness, which she cordially wishes to see realised.

Even when abroad Princess Mary did not lose sight of her connection with the National Silk Association, and from the Villa Seefeld in the autumn of 1894, she writes to the Duchess of Sutherland—

. . . I am asking Lady Dartmouth if we could go to them early in December and combine an expedition to the silk factories with our visit to Patshull. Would this suit you? . . . Has anything definite been settled with regard to the great meeting of county secretaries at Stafford House, at which, if possible, I should like to be present? Mr. Wardle made an admirable suggestion that a small working committee of such Lady Secretaries as lived within easy reach of London should be formed to meet occasionally, and I would strongly advocate that this proposition be acted upon. . . .

During her stay at Trentham, in the following spring, Princess Mary's time was mainly occupied in attending functions connected with the resuscitation of the silk trade. She opened an Exhibition of English silks at Stafford, and presided over a meeting convened for the purpose of discussing the enlargement of the Ladies' Association by subdividing the counties into districts, and appointing local committees and secretaries. Upon the initiative of Her Royal Highness, it was resolved that—

This meeting, having regard to the present condition of the silk trade in the United Kingdom, calls upon all wearers and users of silk in this country to give preference to home-made silks over those of foreign manufacture, and further urges all silk-mercens, drapers, hosiers, dressmakers, and decorators to offer to their clients and customers silks of British manufacture, with a view to the revival of a once thriving industry, calculated to furnish the means of livelihood to tens of thousands now seeking employment in Great Britain and Ireland.

Leek was also visited, and the inhabitants did their utmost to show gratitude for all that the Duchess of Teck had done to promote the welfare of the town. Her Royal Highness was much touched with the warmth of her reception, and, replying to an Address of welcome, said—

I come again amongst you to give proof of my interest in the success of the chief industry of this town—the manufacture of silk—and I trust my presence to-day may be of some benefit to those engaged in it. As to my readiness to render help in any way it is needed, to which you have so

kindly alluded, I can only say that I shall always be willing to encourage as far as possible our native industries, upon which the prosperity and future well-being of the people so much depend.

It was not the Leek manufacturers alone who recorded their appreciation of the efforts made by the Princess to advance the sale of British-made silks; the weavers also tendered respectful thanks to their Royal patron. At Macclesfield, whither the Princess went a few days later, the same enthusiasm prevailed among all classes, and Her Royal Highness gracefully acknowledged the heartiness of her greeting in the following words :—

It gives me great satisfaction to find that my endeavours to raise the silk industry of this country to the fullest extent are so kindly acknowledged and valued by the silk-weaving population. My presence here to-day is the best proof of my resolution to support, as far as it is in my power, this branch of English trade, and I trust that my efforts, and those of the ladies who have joined the National Silk Association—and they are many—will, with the co-operation of the manufacturers, be crowned with success.

In making her tour of the several factories, the Duchess did not remain content with a mere cursory examination of the silks; lengths were inspected and designs noted, and writing to the President of the Silk Association to express the very great pleasure which these different visits had afforded her, she remarks—

On my passage round the Silk Exhibition at Macclesfield I came upon a most charming design of dark navy foulard with specks of white upon it, probably destined to be made up into blouses. I think, however, provided not of too thin a quality, it might adapt itself for summer skirts; and I should be extremely obliged if you would procure me a pattern of, say, half a yard or so, as if possible I should like to order a dress of it for either the Duchess of York or myself.

When urging her friends to patronise the work of British looms, Princess Mary did not seek to minimise the failings

of the English school, and, in her endeavour to popularise home-made goods, was mindful to impress upon manufacturers the necessity of producing silks to meet the ever-changing requirements of fashion. Indeed, the improvements, so noticeable of late years, in the design and colouring of English silk are clearly traceable to the practical hints thrown out from time to time by Her Royal Highness, who never tired of advocating the establishment and maintenance of technical schools in the different silk-weaving centres of the country.

“The Duchess of Teck,” writes a prominent English manufacturer, “will always be gratefully remembered by those who have at heart the welfare of our silk industry. If Her Royal Highness had not taken the interest she did, and at the time she did, the trade must have been given up.” Another equally well-qualified authority bears witness that—“It was chiefly owing to the exhibitions at St. James’s Square and Stafford House, and the patriotic action of the Duchess of Teck in ordering the material for her daughter’s bridal and trousseau dresses from British looms, that the public were induced to encourage home production.” From many other sources comes similar testimony, showing beyond doubt that the improvement in the silk trade of the United Kingdom is mainly, if not entirely, due to the exertions of Princess Mary.

CHAPTER XXII.

ST. MORITZ AND STRATHPEFFER.

1894-1895.

Birth of Prince Edward—The Duchess of York accompanies her mother to St. Moritz—Life in the Engadine—Princess Mary's presence of mind—Pasteur Ruffet's sermon—Letter to the Duchess of Sutherland—Marriage of Prince Adolphus—Prince Alexander joins the 7th Hussars in India—Stay at Strathpeffer—A day at Brahan Castle—Highland welcome at Garve—Expeditions to Castle Leod, Fairburn, Strathconan, Conan Falls, Evanton, and Tulloch—Visit to Lord and Lady Hopetoun—Luncheon with Colonel Wauchope and Officers of the Black Watch at Edinburgh—The Duke of Cambridge's last Review as Commander-in-Chief.

In the early summer of 1894, the Duchess of York went on a lengthened visit to White Lodge, where, on the 23rd of June, to the great delight of the Royal Family and the nation, a prince was born. A few weeks later the christening¹ took place in the drawing-room, and shortly afterwards the Duchess of Teck, attended by Miss Tufnell² and Mr. Hood, and the Duchess of York with Lady Eva Greville and Mr. Derek Keppel³ in attendance, were once more on their way to St. Moritz.

Princess Mary derived great pleasure from her visits to St. Moritz [writes Mr. Hood], and the quiet weeks passed in the Engadine, with the Duchess of York and a few chosen friends, not only gave her renewed health and strength, but permitted an entire freedom from all ceremonial and etiquette. At St. Moritz Her Royal Highness was foremost in planning daily expeditions to the many beautiful spots which abound

¹ The Prince was named Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David. In the family circle he is called Prince David.

² Miss Tufnell, now Lady Mountstephen, had been recently appointed Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Teck.

³ The Honble. Derek Keppel, second son of the seventh Earl of Albemarle, and Equerry to the Duke of York.

in the neighbourhood, and it was a source of infinite delight to her to revisit them and show a new-comer the different points of interest. We went home with the carriage full of wild flowers, which subsequently found their way into the sitting and dining rooms. These expeditions were made in the ordinary one-horse carriages of the country, in one of which would be the Princess and the Duchess of York, with a gentleman on the box to keep an eye on the horse and the coachman, and the remainder of the party followed in similar conveyances. Princess Mary was well known and beloved at St. Moritz; she took part in any event going on among the visitors, and showed much interest in all that concerned the inhabitants. At a fire that occurred during the visit in 1894, which entirely destroyed several shops and houses, and threatened destruction to the lower village, both the Princess and the Duchess of York took active steps to rescue the goods from burning, carrying out the things in their arms. They were the first to go among the sufferers by the fire offering words of consolation, and started a subscription in their aid.

Journal.—Hôtel Victoria, St. Moritz, August 7.—Directly after breakfast I had a nice visit from Elizabeth of Hesse-Anhalt and Landgrave Alexander, and early in the afternoon, just as we were all busy arranging our sitting-room, the Duchesse d'Aosta arrived; she stayed some time, and afterwards I went to her apartment, and remained chatting away until past five o'clock. On returning I found our little salon transmogrified into a most cosy snugger by means of our stuffs, cushions, and photographs. Had coffee to refresh all the workers, and then, as the day was not very inviting and extremely gusty, kept May company indoors, and settled down to write. Huge lovely baskets of carnations and other flowers, the gift of kind friends, were brought in. Supped at 8.30, and then played patience during a most disturbing and very heavy thunder and hail storm. To bed in good time. *August 8.*—In the morning May went out, and I, with Gian,¹ called on Madame de Planta at her delightful *châlet*. Returned to luncheon, and then May and I went down to see Vera and her girls, hurrying up again to receive Hélène Mecklenburg-Altenburg;² she has greatly aged and altered in the 18 years during which we have not met. . . .

August 9.—Had breakfast rather late, and towards noon joined May at the music in the wooden hall by the

¹ Miss Tufnell.

² A cousin of Princess Mary's.

Stahlbad. . . . At three o'clock we started on an expedition to the Bevers Thal. We drove on to the end of the road through the valley, where a new restaurant *chalet* has been built, and while May wrote to George, I, with Gian and Sidney, gathered flowers. To my delight, we found some of the sweet wild pinks! *Coffee'd*, and set out homewards. *August 11.*— . . . Had a visit from Lord Alington, and towards four I walked to the Kurhaus, to assist at a Concert in aid of the French Church here and the Société Évangélique of Geneva. Aleck of Hesse played the violin; Mesdemoiselles Ruffet and de Planta sang; Madame Niemann-Seebach recited; and the entertainment closed with a very pretty chorus of young ladies! It was a great success, and brought in over 3000 francs. . . .

Sunday, August 12.—To the Roman Catholic Church at 10.30, to please Aleck of Hesse, who accompanied the organ on his violin; a Mdlle. Tiranti sang charmingly, and the music was remarkably good. The Abbe Narvello preached quite a nice little sermon. . . . The Duchesse d'Aosta presented the Comte di Torino to us just before we went in. Then hurried on foot to the French Church, for the end of Ruffet's sermon, Luther's hymn, and the blessing. . . . At 3.15 we walked to the English Church for the afternoon service, and had an excellent sermon from a Mr. Cardwell on "It is more blessed to give than to receive." . . . *August 13.*—Dear Dolly's birthday! God bless him and make him very happy. Wrote to him all the morning. . . . *August 14.*—Shortly after breakfast I joined May on the promenade, and while she was looking at miniatures at the Bazaar with Hood, I walked up and down in front of the baths, part of the time with Mrs. Freeman. Shopped at our Basque friend's, and were there greeted by Mensdorff, who had arrived the previous evening. Home soon after noon to receive Madame Ladenburg of Mannheim and the Lowensteins, and then walked to the Lac, where the Alingtons gave us luncheon (to which they also bade Lady Powis, Mensdorff, Lord Morris, and the Leo Rothschilds). The company most agreeable! Home about four, and, not feeling up to another walk, let the others go off, but they took it very *piano* I afterwards discovered, and settled down to write a volume to Gussy all about Dolly's engagement.¹

August 17.—A pouring wretched morning! After breakfast wrote up my Journal, while May went out and shopped.

¹ Prince Adolphus had become engaged to Lady Margaret Grosvenor, daughter of the Duke of Westminster.

It began to clear about noon, and towards three we started in glorious weather for a lovely walk; we went to the end of the lake under the Meierei, then climbed up the path through the wood, and taking the long round, descended behind the Stahlbad Hotel. Back by five, and after writing awhile, dressed for our party, and supped soon after seven. At 8.15 we descended to the Damen Salon, which had been lent us, and charmingly arranged by Hood and Keppel, and there at 8.30 we received the Duchesse d'Aosta, Torino, and their suites, Vera and her girls, Hélène, Esy, Lady Powis, Alingtons, Leo Rothschilds, Mensdorff, Count Schwerin, Vivi, her niece, Michael and Frau von Arnim, and treated them to a delightful entertainment! Tividar Nachez played, accompanied by Mr. Cliffe, Hélène Altenburg sang, and Madame Seebach recited! Finally they all had tea and coffee, sandwiches and cakes, and departed highly pleased. (The ices, alas! never appeared!) We took leave of Hélène and Esy, who were to go off in the morning, and remained talking to the artistes until quite midnight, when we peeped over the banisters at the ball guests till towards one o'clock. . . . Heard from Sir Reginald Gipps that Alge has passed! Hurrah!

August 18.—Started before one o'clock for the Roseg, Derek on our box. The air was fresh and the drive enchanting, the new-fallen snow on the mountains glittering in the sun! As we reached the *châlet* an eagle soared above us! the first I have ever seen on the wing. We walked towards the glacier, which Hood and Derek set foot on, while May and Mensdorff approached it, and Gian and I did not get quite so far, though I went further on the stony path than on former occasions. Eva and Sidney climbed up to the meadow and gathered lovely flowers. Alas! as we turned back the weather began to obscure, and as we neared the *châlet* the first drops fell, and the tops of the mountains became shrouded in mist and snow. Such a contrast to the glorious scene an hour previous! *Coffee'd* in a covered arbor; wrapped ourselves up, for it had become bitterly cold, and drove off homewards. Our horse shied close by the bridge at a load of hay lying by the road and turned round, and, but for Hood's quickness and presence of mind, we might have been upset into the river. . . .

Referring to this incident, Mr. Hood says—

Princess Mary was calm and collected, not showing any fear; in fact, I may say that I have not seen her equanimity

disturbed by any sudden personal danger or mishap. Her Royal Highness's presence of mind on an emergency was remarkable, and I recall an occasion on which such was especially the case. It occurred at the Fourth of June Celebration at Eton when we were on the river at dusk. A large steam launch ran into our launch almost at the spot where Princess Mary was sitting, and had it not been for Mr. Derek Keppel, who was also of the party, unceremoniously dragging the Princess from her seat on to the deck, a serious if not a fatal injury would have been caused, for the bowsprit of the colliding launch must have squeezed the Duchess's head against the side of the cabin.

Journal.—St. Moritz, August 19, Sunday.—Pasteur Ruffet preached a gloriously beautiful sermon on the conversion of St. Paul, one which went to my heart and thrilled me through and through! I think I never heard him more eloquent, or more impressive. When he drew a picture *de la mère convertie*, we felt he was addressing himself to us two *à propos* of the bringing up of our precious baby. I came out quite *émotionnée* and went for an hour's walk up a delightful path behind the church, towards the Johannesberg and Hahnensee and back. After luncheon we had a very pleasant visit from Mr. Oscar Browning, a Cambridge Professor, then walked to our church for afternoon service. . . .

August 20.—Home before one o'clock to see Madame de Montbrisson. Lunched, and a little after two we set out for Pontresina, encountering by the Lac the Leo Rothschilds, and arranged a picnic for next day if fine. . . . We drove on to the Enderliner Hof, where we called on Countess Trani and her daughter, Princess of Hohenzollern, who received us in the Damen Salon. The mother has a great look of her sisters in figure and face, and the daughter is pleasing, and speaks English wonderfully well. . . .

August 21.—At 11.30 we left for Maloja. It was a glorious St. Moritz day! the blue sky cloudless, the sun delightful, and the air fresh. The Alingtons greeted us on the perron, and came on with us. Changed carriages, and started at once for the Cadloccio Lake. Our horse did not inspire May and me with much confidence, as he kept neighing and turning his head round to look for his stable companion, and as we were *à nous deux* in our high, narrow little carriage, Hood and Derek, who were just behind, amiably jumped out where the road became very narrow and stony, and walked on either side. We got out at the steep ascent, and walked up

and on some way, but I drove the last easy bit. The Leo Rothschilds, our entertainers, welcomed us at the very spot once the scene of the Mundella luncheon in 1887! and we found a most excellent picnic repast prepared for us. . . . On our way home we waited at Silvaplatz a few minutes for the diligence, by which dear Alge was a passenger, and brought him back with us. He looks so well, and is delighted to be here.

August 23.—Soon after lunch we started for Sils Maria, where we walked along the gorge and by the Fex to the waterfall, gathering the sweet pinks and lovely flowers by the way. It had been chilly and cloudy when we set out on the expedition, but the sun came out and the day brightened up delightfully. Retraced our steps to the foot of the hill, and drove up and on to the Fex Thal, alighting at the last restaurant. May and I, leaving the others to climb for edelweiss, walked some way along the valley, much *intriguées* by a lady in black, closely veiled with a thick brown veil! with a very pretty little girl dressed all in white. She was either English or American, for I spoke to the child, and she—the mother—answered. Shortly afterwards it came on to pour. . . . Dressed, and at eight o'clock to the Lac to dine with the Leo Rothschilds; we were a party of 17—our eight selves, Mensdorff, the Alingtons, Lady Powis, Lord Morris, and the Edmond Rothschilds of Paris, she a daughter of the Willy Rothschilds of Frankfort. The band played afterwards.

Sunday, August 26.—Very hot day. Ruffet more impressive than ever; the whole service altogether *sehr erhebend*. . . . Saw Bartell about our journey; talked future plans over with May, and signed photos. We lunched *à nous 4 dames!* all our *beaux* having gone with Mensdorff to the Bernina. Then had a visit from Mr. Harvey Pechell and Lady Ampt-hill, and later drove with Gian, poor Eva being unwell, to tea with Mrs. Freeman, where we met Winifred Gardener¹ and Margaret Herbert. . . . Home about 7.30. *August 29.* . . . Went out shopping with May to pay bills. At a quarter to one—fire! Stayed out trying to help till two.²

Letter to the Duchess of Sutherland.

Villa Seefeld, September 15, 1894.

MY DEAR MILLY,— . . . We have had a most delightful three weeks' *séjour* up at beloved St. Moritz, favoured on the whole by the weather, and when May had to return home I joined the Duke at Friedrichshafen. . . . I expect to be

¹ Now Lady Burghclere.

² See p. 281.

home again in about ten days, and am looking forward to seeing my little grandson and in having him all to myself for nearly a fortnight. How have you been spending the autumn? I hope pleasantly. We have very happy accounts of our young *couple*! Meg¹ is at present staying at Saughton to be near Dolly, who is quartered at Leeds. Later on I hope she will come to see us for a bit, as I am *longing* to get to know my future daughter-in-law more intimately. The wedding is fixed, D.V., for the 27th of November, and will, I understand, take place at Chester Cathedral. How nice it would be if you were bidden to it! And now I must take my leave, once more expressing my extreme regret at having to fail you, when I would so willingly have helped you and Lady Dartmouth in your good work for the county of Stafford, remaining ever, with kind regards to the Duke, very affectionately yours,

MARY ADELAIDE.

On the Princess's return to White Lodge she writes to Miss Thesiger (October 9):—

. . . I have been so busy since our arrival here, every leisure moment being taken up with darling Baby, whom I found wonderfully grown and "come on" during my seven weeks' absence, that I could not fix a day for you to come down until this, and now, alas! you are taking flight! I do not know when you may be back. The Westminsterers are coming up to town for a week to-day, after which Margaret is to pay us a visit, to which I am much looking forward. Sunday evening and yesterday I was with May, who is looking her *best*. She will be in town again on the 25th, D.V., and hopes to come to us at the end of the month, for her share in the Guild work. I miss Baby sadly. . . . St. Moritz, as usual, has worked wonders for me, and I am told I am looking, and I am most certainly feeling (*unberufen*), particularly *well and fresh*! quite *rajeunie*! I only hope the *wear and tear* of my daily life here will not undo all the good effects of my holiday! . . .

Letter to Mrs. Alexander.

White Lodge, December 6, 1894.

. . . I thank you with all my heart for your very kind good wishes on the approaching marriage of our eldest son, which, as he and Margaret are so thoroughly happy and

¹ Lady Margaret Grosvenor.

devoted to each other, affords us very great pleasure. . . . The sad and most sudden death of the Duke's last surviving sister obliged us to postpone the wedding for a fortnight, but we hope it will take place on Wednesday next, the 12th, when I shall ask you to give us a kind thought and to pray for our dear boy's happiness. We are, D.V., leaving for Eaton on Saturday. . . .

May has been spending ten days with me—such a joy to us both—and last week I accompanied her to Windsor, and saw my darling little grandson, who is very much grown and extraordinarily precocious for five months, and really a remarkably fine child! I am, as you may imagine, not a little proud of him; and seeing that he was born at the White Lodge, christened here, and spent the first three months of his life under our roof, it is but natural that I have come to look upon him as almost my *very own*!

Alas! early in the coming year we have to part with our much-loved youngest son, Alexander, who has to join his Regiment, the 7th Hussars, in India. I dread the long separation; for next autumn the 7th are probably to be moved to the Cape, and it may be three years before he returns to England. It is an *awful wrench*, and I scarcely dare trust myself to think of it.

Letter to Madame Bricka.

Ladywell, Roundhay, Leeds, 3 Janvier, 1895.

CHÈRE HÉLÈNE,—. . . Je suis enchantée de cette charmante petite maison que notre cher Dolly a arrangée avec un goût exquis! et que je voudrais pouvoir transporter d'un coup de baquette là où le sort les mènera. Nous n'avons pas été trop favorisé par le temps mais la pluie a fait tant de bien, que nous ne nous en sommes plaints et autant plus que hier et Samedi nous avons pu faire une jolie promenade l'après-midi. Nous avons été Samedi à Temple Newsam, le château très ancien de Mrs. Meynell Ingram, voir la maison et hier voir le jardin et le parc tout parsemé de rhododendrons! et aujourd'hui nous avons déjeûnés à la caserne et ensuite assistés au jeu de Polo des officiers. Toujours et toute à vous.

MARY ADELAIDE.

Letter to the Honble. Mary Thesiger.

York Cottage, Sandringham, January 20, 1895.

. . . The addition to the Cottage is just what was required to make it perfect and thoroughly comfortable. May has

now a charming boudoir (a sanctum *orné* to herself!) upstairs, next to her bedroom, while the gentlemen have a most delightful billiard-room at the end of all things, which is quite the making of the house. The little drawing-room *d'autrefois* is now converted into a sitting-room for the ladies, the former dining-room having become the drawing-room, and a charming new dining-room has been built, immediately over which is my bedroom—such an enchanting room—with a round bay-window! The nurseries are pretty rooms in the older part of the Cottage. We have not been favoured by the weather, but Friday made up for all by its glorious sunshine, and we took advantage of it to drive to Lynn. . . . Alge telegraphed his safe arrival at Malta, and to-day he ought to reach Port Saïd. . . .

Journal.—White Lodge, August 24.—Worked in May's room till past ten, and after Francis had gone to town got together photographs and packed. . . . Towards evening I went round the garden with Lindsay, and worked on in the drawing-room and lastly in May's old sitting-room till nine, when we had dinner; afterwards sorted letters and ticketed papers till 1.30! *August 25.*—Up early, and went on arranging my papers all the morning. George, Davidson, and Colonel Williams lunched, and when they had left I put away things in May's old bedroom . . . then dressed, and at a quarter to seven left for Euston Square, where Gian met me; Dolly and Edgar saw us off in a very fairly comfortable carriage of three compartments, the centre a sleeping one. At Crewe Fell¹ joined the train, and we supped out of our basket. I then laid down and slept till Perth, where we breakfasted in the train. The night had been chilly and rainy, but the day improved as it went on, and we greatly admired the pretty Scotch scenery. . . . At Dingwall we had quite a reception, with kilted band, and a similar welcome awaited us at Strathpeffer. Drove up to our nice clean Hotel in a carriage and four, and settled our rooms. . . . Paid Lady Warwick (Dowager) a long visit, she being in bed, and saw Lady Mackenzie *chez elle*. Tea in my room, and began to stow away my goods and chattels; then wrote till dinner-time, and afterwards more stowing away until I retired about eleven.

Strathpeffer, August 27.— . . . Gave Francis his presents, and helped him with his telegrams. In the afternoon I walked to Strathpeffer village with Gian, meeting Lady

¹ Princess Mary's second dresser.

Warwick and Louis Greville; called on Louisa Lady Ashburton, who gave us tea, and at six o'clock we walked on, exploring the little town, getting back at seven or so, after meeting Lady Forbes on the hill. . . . *August 29.*—Up before eight, and down to breakfast, which Francis shared, about 10.30; wrote hard at my Indian letter all the very wet morning, and saw Cameron, Macduff's piper; continued my letter after lunch till tea-time, and at seven o'clock dined in the coffee-room with Lord Radnor and Queenie, Colonel Gordon and Mr. Hulse, afterwards attending the concert and *tableaux* in aid of the organ fund for Scotch Established Church—a most creditable performance. *August 30.*— . . . At one o'clock drove *à nous trois* to Brahan Castle, to lunch with Julia Lady Tweedale, in fair weather, and found quite a large party staying there. Alas! it came on to pour with rain, so Lady Tweedale showed us the library, her own rooms and her brother's, Colonel Mackenzie; we were photographed on the verandah by Sir Henry Thompson, and sat out there till tea-time. Home towards seven.

September 1.— . . . To Scotch Established Church at eleven—very nice service and sermon, and three of our hymns. Returned to the Hotel and started for Brahan, where we lunched—a party of twenty-eight, at three tables, Lord John Hay and Lord Radnor sitting next me. Afterwards we walked through an enchanting dell and along by the river—rhododendrons planted the whole way by a Lady Seaforth—driving back with Julia Lady Tweedale, and on to the garden and kitchen garden. Tea, and home by a quarter to seven. Rested and dined in coffee-room, and in the evening Lady Skelmersdale, Lady Saltoun, and Lady Folkestone sat with us till ten, *les hommes* looking in just before we retired at 10.30.

September 2.—Most heavenly day! Lady Ashburton called for us, and towards noon we started *à trois* for Loch Leuchart. We drove through Coul, Sir Arthur Mackenzie's place, and turned off on the road to Achitty, crossed the Blackwater river, passed the falls of Rogie, and through very pretty scenery, birch woods and fern, to Garve, where Mr. Hanbury gave us a Highland welcome with pipes, flags, and cheers; our horses were taken out, and the men drew the carriage down to the Inn where the Hanbury family were assembled, and a granddaughter presented me with a lovely bouquet, the school-girls having given me bunches of heather and staghorn moss. After changing horses we drove on through wilder and more mountainous scenery and much

heather, by Lochs Garve and Leuchart to the hunting Lodge which Lady Ashburton had let to two Mr. Taylors for this season. We entered the grounds through an arch of heather with "Welcome" over it, and were received at the house by Mrs. J. B. Taylor and Mrs. Frank Taylor. The walls of the drawing-room are covered with gems and interesting pictures and drawings, some by Lady Waterford and dearest Marian. After going over the house, which is most comfortable, and has such lovely views, conducted by Lady Ashburton's head man Mackenzie, we walked down to the loch and boat-house, and up to the delightful kitchen garden. Left again towards five, and drove back the same road, admiring the lights on the mountains all the way, as far as the first cottages at Garve, where we turned off to the left, and, crossing the rocky bed of the Blackwater by a pretty bridge, entered Mr. Hanbury's domain. The strains of the bagpipes which greeted us on our arrival at his shooting Lodge rather alarmed our horses. . . . After tea Mr. Hanbury drove us across the ford in his strong waggonette, and at the little Inn at Garve we entered our carriage again, reaching home about eight. . . .

September 3.— . . . At three we drove to Castle Leod, which belongs to Lady Cromartie, but is let to the Darell Browns, who received us. It is a delightful old ivy-clad castle, restored in 1667, and stands in charming grounds, with beautiful trees, among them the finest Spanish chestnut in Scotland! After a little walk we explored the Castle—drawing-room with wonderful chimney corners, panelled dining-room in which we partook of most delicious coffee, narrow staircases up to bedrooms and outer balconies of stone, from which are fine views. . . . After dinner to a concert in the Pavilion for the enlargement of poor Annie Sutherland's church; a very fair performance, and well attended. *September 5.*— . . . Started *à nous trois* in a heavyish shower for Mr. Gillett's picnic, but the weather cleared up as we drove along. Getting out just opposite the Rogie Falls, we found the table set out and the guests, who included the party from Brahan Castle, assembled to the number of 29. Mr. Wallace managed the luncheon, which was excellent and admirably done. We then scrambled down and up to the lovely Falls, and watched 12 salmon jump. Had a lovely walk of over a mile along the Blackwater river, through fern and heather and under birches, through meadows to the bridge close by, where we found tea prepared; then drove home, which was reached at 6.30.

September 6.—Drove with Lady Warwick and Francis

through Contin and across the bridge over the common to Fairburn, where Mr. Stirling and his newly-married daughter, Mrs. Hartley, received us. Fine view over the valley and across mountains and hills from the grass terrace in front of the castellated house. Walked with Mr. Hartley to see the charming garden and stables; home in time for dinner, and afterwards to a concert in the Pavilion for the funds of the Mineral Water Hospital. *September 7.*—Up about nine—tired out, and breakfasted while dressing; later on we drove to Strathconan, Arthur Balfour's late place, now Mr. Combe's. The road lay through Contin and Achitty Loch, and then by Scatwell (Sir William Betts's) to wilder scenery!—all moor along the strath or glen along the Meig river—very picturesque. Reached the Lodge towards three, and were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Combe and the family. . . . After luncheon I played in the charming drawing-room with Lady Jane's (wife of Mr. Jack Combe) two eldest children, Peter and Phyllis; and at four started with Mrs. Combe on a drive up the Strath to a wonderfully fine Loch Beaunochon, returning for tea, when we left on our long return drive, calling at the weaver's, Mr. McIvor, of whom and his pretty wife we purchased plaids, and at Scatwell for a second tea with the Bettses, so did not reach home till 8.30.

September 10.— . . . We set out for the Conan Falls. At the ferry young Hugh Matheson welcomed us, and we were rowed across the Conan to the other side, where Mrs. and Miss Matheson greeted us. Scrambled along a stony, boggy path through fern and heather, crossed a burn on stepping-stones, and found tea, very prettily arranged on a rock overlooking the falls, awaiting us. It was a most lovely scene—beautiful vegetation and birch trees rising up all round the deer forest. After tea we pushed on to the higher fall, but the path becoming very steep and slippery, I retraced my steps, leaving Francis to proceed with young Matheson as far as Loch Linchart, on which he was rowed. Meanwhile we went round to cross the burn on turf stepping-stones, and got into a bridle-path which wound round and brought us back to the fernery, past little Scatwell, the Mathesons' iron house, where we waited a while for Francis and his guide. . . .

September 11.—It had been a pouringly wet morning, but as the weather seemed to brighten, Gian and I started at 9.30 well wrapped up for the Munro-Fergusons'. After passing Dingwall our road skirted the Cromarty Firth on the one side, and on the other were fields, interspersed with tree-clad

banks. It again came on to pour, and was still raining very hard when we reached Evanton, where Hector Munro welcomed us, and all the inhabitants, the piper included, turned out to cheer me. There was a very pretty triumphal arch, and I was presented with two bouquets, one all of blush roses. Hector made a nice little speech, calling for three cheers! and then on we sped, he and the piper tearing on in a dog-cart or phaeton, in front of us, up a steepish road to Cessyn, where we were received by Mrs. Munro and her daughter Edith, and found an American lady, Miss Loring. Luncheon followed, after which we looked at Mrs. Munro's interesting water-colours, and saw over the house; the drawing-room, all panelled in pinewood, is a charming room, and from the bedrooms I could see the Moray Firth, the little old-world town of Cromarty, Invergordon, and the ruined tower of the Bishops of Ross; then into the garden and heard the school-children sing, which they did very sweetly, and leaving them to their milk and buns, scrambled down a newly made road, and over a high stile, to the Black Rock, a wonderful gorge, or fissure between rocks, covered with ferns and moss. Walked up it for a bit, then turned back and was towed up the steep, yielding path! Left about six, highly pleased with our visit, and drove back same way, partly in rain.

September 12.— . . . Lady Ashburton called in the afternoon, and we started for Tulloch, which has a very pretty winding approach through an avenue of fine trees. The present tenants, the Lumsdens, with five sons and a dear little daughter, two Mrs. Davidsons (mother and daughter-in-law), the Chetwynds, and Mrs. Carnegie received us, but at the gate young Davidson, the owner, welcomed me to Tulloch with cheers. Tea'd in a good-sized drawing-room, and was then taken over the house, the greater part of which was burnt down in 1847 and has since been rebuilt. Drove back through Dingwall, and ordered book of "Scotch Industries" of Munro.¹ *September 17.*— . . . Put together the things for packing, and drove with Gian to take my last douche. Lunched with Lady Warwick, Brookie,² Eva, and Lady Ilchester included. Paid the Gosfords a visit, and home by 4.30 to go on with my packing; at six, in a Scotch mist, I planted a tree, a copper beech, in the garden. Mr. Wallace made a nice little speech, and presented me with a charming spade. Francis replied very happily. All the Hotel guests had flocked round!

¹ The librarian.

² Lord Brooke.

September 18.—Wet morning. Breakfasted in sitting-room, paid bills and packed my desk. Wrote notes, and after a hasty lunch drove to the station in an open carriage and four. Quite a crowd, and nearly all our friends and acquaintances assembled to bid us adieu. Mr. Gun the Cromarty factor presented a long address and an album with photograph views—such a kind, touching attention! and away we steamed with real regret. At Dingwall we took leave of kind Dr. Bruce and saw Lady Mackenzie, Mrs. Lumsden and others, while Mr. Wilson's little girl presented a bouquet of roses. (The dear little Alison grandson had given me a basket of grapes and flowers at Strathpeffer.) Glimpses of sunshine between showers and mist lighted up the scenery! At Dalmeny station Hopie received us and preceded our landau and four on horseback. Hersey¹ welcomed us at Hopetoun and Arthur Collins greeted us in the Hall! We have our dear old rooms.

Hopetoun, September 19.— . . . Lunched with the party—Lily Buckingham and Lord Egerton, Miss Roche, little Hopie, Miss Ronan (the governess), and Mr. Ralston (the Factor)—then finished my Indian letter, and after tea had a charming drive with Hersey in the victoria, all round the place; out at Jane Bide's Lodge, by the church, and the back of the Manse, and up by Pinetum to the new cottages; turning back we passed through Newton, down by the seashore, through the new gates (lever self-action, which we got out and went into the Lodge to inspect) and home; joined boys and Miss Roche and Gian at football. The Lord Provost and Mrs. McDonald came out to us with Hopie and Francis, and we took a look at the harriers. . . .

September 20.—Glorious day! Lady Jersey and two daughters and Koziembrodzki arrived about eight. I walked with Hersey and some of the party along Bastions, and saw the red deer and emus below; back by Aisle Avenue in time for half-past one luncheon, and afterwards drove with Lady Jersey and Kozi *en fiocchi* to Linlithgow. We got out at the ruins, and were shown over the church, which is being restored by the clergyman, Mr. Ferguson, who with the Provost received us. Then looked over the Palace, but did not attempt Queen Margaret's Bower. Tea'd at the Star and Garter Inn, and back by 6.30. *September 21.*—After lunch we drove down to Port Edgar and embarked on a launch, in which I sat hoisted up on the roof of the cabin, my feet supported by cushions! There was a decided swell

¹ The present Countess of Hopetoun.

and I felt miserable! We passed under the Forth Bridge and then steamed up to the *Caledonia*, but as I was very giddy and getting on board was no easy matter, I preferred being landed, and Hersey, Hood (who had arrived yesterday), and I were put on shore and walked by the sea from Port Edgar to the new Lodge Gate, where the victoria met us. . . . *Sunday, September 22.*—Hersey and I drove to church at twelve; nice service. . . . Mr. Praed arrived on his bicycle and stayed to dine and sleep. Hopie brought the harriers up to the front, and then we went the round of the stables, coach-house, Hersey's Shetland ponies and Kerry cows, and back to tea.

September 23.— . . . The Hopetouns and our two selves drove into Edinburgh to lunch at the Castle with Colonel Wauchope and the Officers of the Black Watch. We walked up from the drawbridge and found the rest of our party, who had trained in, assembled outside the mess. During lunch we had the band and the pipers (6! all playing at once in the room!). Colonel Wauchope took us to see the dungeons, the new Armoury (formerly Hospital), such a fine Hall, the Regalia, and the round Keep with the old Beacon on it. Alas! too misty for a view; then to the Wauchopes' quarters in the so-called Governor's house. Afterwards we drove down into the town, along Princes Street, to the Ladies' Work Repository, and to Hamilton and Inches to look for birthday gifts for the two Hopies. Thence to the Council Chambers, in the upper town, where the Lord Provost and Mrs. McDonald entertained us at tea. Bade Kozie good-bye, and drove home with Francis and the Hopetouns. . . . George McDonald (Jim's son!) had arrived, and Mr. and Mrs. Cox and Captain Pattisson of the *Edinburgh* (Guard ship), who was my other neighbour, dined. *September 24.*—Little Hopie's birthday! . . . At his invitation, we all tea'd at Dulce Domum, Charles Melbourne included; and after the gentlemen had departed, we descended to the terrace just above the sea-shore. With little Hopie, Miss Ottmann, and Mr. Crawford, we numbered fourteen at dinner, and toasted Hope in champagne out of a gold cup given him by the Queen.

September 26.—Up towards ten, not feeling at all the thing. Lunched about one, and drove into Edinburgh with Gian, and to the Palace Hotel to pay George a visit. He had appointed me at four o'clock, but was detained at the Lord Provost's luncheon at the Council Chambers until after five, so I employed the time in dictating to Gian a letter to Alge, addressed to Natal. George was in tolerable spirits, all things considered, and I had a very nice satisfactory talk with him.

Saw Sir Reginald Gipps, and after tea drove back with Francis and Ralston. Sarah Wilson, *née* Churchill, and her husband had arrived, and Mr. Moreton Frewin tumbled in to dinner at eight. Patiences, and to bed after eleven.

September 28.— . . . Mr. and Mrs. Harper (from Melbourne¹) came to luncheon, and Captain and Mrs. McNeill (he Aide-de-camp to Arthur) had arrived early from Aldershot. Mr. Harper sat by me, pleasant intelligent man ; both very loyal ! The Hopetouns and we two drove into Edinburgh in carriage and pair, and changed into landau and four near Dean's bridge. At Holyrood an officer met us and piloted us on to the review-ground at the Queen's Park, where the troops were drawn up. All the heights under Arthur's Seat were covered with people, and the scene in the glorious sunshine was a beautiful one ! Very soon after we had taken up our position, George and his Staff rode up, and the March Past began. Of regulars there were only the Black Watch and the Inniskillens ; the Volunteers looked and marched by in first-rate style, and the Lanarkshire Yeomanry turned out very smartly. As George rode away the troops cheered him heartily, and so ended his last review as Commander-in-Chief.

¹ The Earl of Hopetoun had just returned from Victoria, of which colony he was Governor from 1889 to 1895.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"FAST FALLS THE EVENTIDE."

1896-1897.

Princess Mary's last visit to St. Moritz—Letter to the Bishop of Stepney—Visit to Warfield—Happy fortnight at York Cottage—Sudden illness—Princess Mary's fortitude—The Queen's Diamond Jubilee—Enthusiastic reception of the Duchess of Teck—Return to charitable work—A talk with an old friend—Visit to Belford Hall—Letter to Prince Francis of Teck—Life at Belford—Stay at Appleby Castle—Back to White Lodge—Improved health—The Duchess of York arrives at White Lodge—Return of Princess Mary's former illness—Grave symptoms—Operation inevitable—Princess Mary's last moments—National grief and sympathy—The last sad journey—Funeral at St. George's Chapel—Impressive ceremony—Tokens of love and respect—General mourning—Grief in East London—A life of charity and a legacy of good works.

THE summer of 1896 found Princess Mary once more at St. Moritz, and in September, accompanied by Lady Katherine Coke, Her Royal Highness stayed three weeks at Nauheim in order to take the cure. From there the Princess often went to Frankfort, and referring to one of these expeditions the Journal records—

Nauheim, September 24.—We started by the 12.30 train for Frankfort, and drove to the *Alten Friedhof bei der neuen Kirche*, to see the grave of Goethe's parents. Hunted about for it in vain, till at last were directed to it by a prim, elderly body. It is only a plain stone slab. There is a fine monument *den gefallenen Krieger* above. We went on to the station (*Fürsten Zimmer*) to meet the Empress Frederick, who arrived almost at the same time with her Vicky, Countess Perponcher,¹ and Reischach. Drove in two carriages to the Stadt Museum in the old *Archiv* building; very fine collection of antiquities and *objets rares de tous genres*, in

¹ Lady-in-Waiting to the Empress Frederick.

which the Empress is quite *au fait*, and shows it admirably. Then to court-yard in Haus Limpurg, and drove along the quay and the Maine back to the station, where she gave us tea. After they had left we drove to Shellenberg's Bazaar, and then walked to Frankfort Hof to supper in the Restaurant, returning to Nauheim by 8.40 quick train. Very tired to bed.

Just before leaving the German Bad the Duchess of Teck passed a long day at Rumpenheim, going all over the Schloss, and recalling happy memories of her early life. Little did any one of the party think that the visit was destined to be Princess Mary's farewell to "dear old Rumpenheim," as she affectionately called the Palace, so long and so intimately associated with her mother's family.

On returning to White Lodge in October, the Duchess was besieged with applications to fulfil some half-promised engagement or patronise a new charitable enterprise. It went to her heart to refuse these requests, but there was no alternative, and the following letter to the Bishop of Stepney¹ is but one of many epistles of similar import:—

White Lodge, October 18, 1896.

MY DEAR LORD BISHOP,—It is with very real regret that I find myself compelled to decline your request, that I should open a Bazaar in the parish of St. Matthias, Poplar, but the doctors are imperative in their injunctions, that after the severe cure at Bad Nauheim I should be careful not to run any risk of over-fatigue, that I can only obey, and have even had to *give up* several long-standing engagements. The truth is, I have for these last four or five years so overworked myself that I quite broke down at the end of the season, and though St. Moritz and Nauheim have to a great extent restored me, I still feel the need of *rest* and care. Under these circumstances I am sure you will understand my inability to oblige Mrs. Neil, except by my patronage of the Bazaar, and accept the assurance that the fact of St. Matthias being in your Diocese adds largely to my regret. How truly sad is the death of our dear and reverend Archbishop!² and what a blow to the Church! I look upon his loss as quite a national calamity. Pray believe me, my dear Lord Bishop, very sincerely yours,

MARY ADELAIDE.

¹ The Rt. Rev. George F. Browne, D.D., now Bishop of Bristol.

² The Most Rev. Edward W. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury.

By way of further change, Princess Mary and the Duke of Teck paid a quiet visit to Mr. Arthur and Lady Clementina Walsh at Warfield Park. Mr. Walsh was a constant guest at White Lodge, and, had the Duke of Clarence lived, would have occupied the position of Equerry in the Prince's household, a post to which he was appointed only a few days before the Duke's fatal illness. When the Princess was out driving one day, her host mentioned that a blind boy, in whom his wife took a great interest, lived in a cottage they had just passed, and was very clever at making lamp and candle shades. Her Royal Highness immediately said, "Oh, let us turn back. I should like to see him." After talking kindly to the lad she ordered a dozen candle-shades, remarking upon her return to the carriage, "I am well rewarded by the poor fellow's pleasure." During her stay at Warfield, while writing a long letter to Prince Alexander, who was then quartered at Natal, the Duchess was seized with a kind of fainting fit. About half an hour afterwards she sent for Mr. Walsh, and told him what had occurred. The Princess was very low, and cried a little; "I don't want to die yet," she said. "I cannot leave my children—my sons want me still."

Later on Her Royal Highness spent a fortnight at York Cottage. She delighted to be once more with her grandchildren, and, though far from strong, was always pleased to take part in anything that amused the young people. The passing of years had no power to rob Princess Mary of her youth. A nature such as hers could never grow old, for she was young in mind and young in sympathy. When her grandchildren came to stay at White Lodge, the Princess lived over again the happy days of her early married life. She never lost sight of the great position which Prince Edward, if his life be spared, must one day occupy. "You will pray for him, won't you?" she remarked earnestly to a clergyman who had called to see her. "He will indeed need your prayers." Then kissing the little Prince she said, "This kind gentleman will pray for you, dear."

Journal, York Cottage, November 28.—George went out shooting, while Francis, May, Eva Dugdale and I went to Lynn, and shopped for Dolly and Meg, buying furniture. *November 29.*— . . . After taking a short walk, we drove to Appleton,¹ and looked over the charming cottage. Alix and Toria² joined us there. . . . We dined at the House. *November 30.*— . . . Lunched with Lady Grey de Wilton at Houghton, and were home again to tea when Papa and George came in from shooting. *December 1.*—Alix's birthday. Walked up to the House at eleven, when she received her lovely presents. There was a large party, including George,³ Edward Weimar, Plesses and her sister Sheila, Gosfords, De Greys, Hautpouls, Nora Musgrave, Mensdorff, Sidney Greville, Waterford, Sir Edward Hamilton, Roseberg, Emily Kingscote, and Reuben Sassoon. I was home again by 12.30, and after lunch walked and drove. Later on we dined at the House; some Russian singers came in the evening, and sang and danced in the ballroom. *December 2.*— . . . We lunched with the shooters at Frankfort beat, and then walked with them, getting back in time for tea. *December 3.*—A dull, foggy day, so did not go out. George, Edward, Mensdorff, and Sidney came to see us. We had dinner at the House, and *la jeunesse* danced afterwards in the ballroom, while we elders played patience. *December 4.*— . . . Drove out to lunch with the shooters at Wolverton, and thence to the station, May accompanying us, and left for London by the 2.50 train. . . .

With the opening of the new year (1897) Princess Mary, who felt all the better for her long rest, began once more to appear in public, and in a few weeks' time was hard at work writing letters, seeing people, and using her energies in the cause of charity. For herself she seemed to have no care, but the failing health of the Duke was a source of constant anxiety to his devoted wife, and there is no doubt that this added strain told severely upon the Princess's already weakened system. On the evening of the 25th of April she complained of feeling unwell, and was apparently in great pain. Dr. Wadd was sent for, and remained until midnight, when the Princess, believing herself to be better, desired him to go home. Next day the pain became more acute, and the

¹ Princess Charles of Denmark's house.

² Princess Victoria of Wales.

³ Duke of Cambridge.

symptoms were of so alarming a nature that Mr. Thomas Smith¹ was summoned, and it was deemed advisable to operate with as little delay as possible. The Duchess was made acquainted with the facts, and without hesitation acquiesced in the decision of the doctors. She appeared quite calm and composed to those about her, and yet none knew better than the Princess that even the smallest operation was accompanied with danger in cases where the patient suffered from a weak heart. "Is Her Royal Highness always like that?" asked Mr. Smith, alluding to the cheerful way in which Princess Mary received him and his assistants on their arrival at White Lodge.

"The Duchess was very brave," writes one who was in the room at the time, "and smiled on us as if by way of encouragement. After inhaling the ether her lips moved in prayer, and as the anæsthetic began to take effect a gentle pressure of the hand told me that she felt confident with regard to the result." There was no trace of the usual nervousness displayed by patients in similar circumstances, and, as one of the surgeons remarked, her wonderful recovery was due almost entirely to her great courage. The day following the operation, the nurse informed the household that the Royal patient was very bright, and on regaining consciousness, had said, in answer to inquiries, that everything was most satisfactory. For a while it was necessary to keep the Princess perfectly quiet, but certain letters were read to her, and in this way she became aware of the awful fire in Paris. The news greatly moved her, but all passed off well, and Her Royal Highness directed that wreaths should be sent in token of her sympathy.

As she grew stronger the Princess resumed her correspondence, and each evening had the list of callers brought to her. The moment she was able to see people, she welcomed her friends, the first visitor being the Prince of Wales, and among those admitted to the sick chamber was the King of the Belgians. During her convalescence the room was a mass of flowers, the gifts of friends in all classes of life.

¹ Now Sir Thomas Smith, Bart.

These offerings were much prized, and their beauty was duly pointed out to visitors by the Princess, who never failed to add some kind word concerning the different senders, showing how much she appreciated the thought which had prompted the attention. During the daytime her bed was placed in the window, so that she could look at the flowers in the garden. The first time Her Royal Highness came downstairs was the morning of the day Prince Alexander was expected from South Africa, when she was established in a chair in the hall, in order that she might be the first person he saw on his arrival.

For some weeks the Princess remained quietly at White Lodge, but feeling much better, she went up to London in June, and stayed at Prince Adolphus's house in Devonshire Place, taking part in many of the Court and social functions arranged to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of Her Majesty's reign. At the Queen's Garden Party she was wheeled about the grounds of Buckingham Palace in a chair, which was surrounded with people till quite a late hour, all anxious to offer their personal congratulations to Princess Mary on her recovery; and to the great delight of her many friends she attended the famous *bal costumé* given by the Duchess of Devonshire, appearing in the character of the Electress Sophia.

Princess Mary's presence in the Jubilee procession will long be remembered. It was the Duchess's first public appearance after her serious illness, and the heartiness of her reception showed how great a favourite she was with the nation. Never before had a Princess of Great Britain and Ireland received such an ovation. But grand as was the welcome that greeted Her Royal Highness at the West End of London, when the procession neared the poorer districts of the great metropolis the ever-popular Princess was hailed on all sides with an enthusiasm which was soul-stirring and well-nigh overwhelming. Men, women, and children cheered her to the echo, and handkerchiefs and banners were waved as a token of joy and thankfulness for the preservation of a life so dear to the working men and women of this country.

Princess Mary was profoundly touched with this remarkable evidence of her own popularity, and was more than ever anxious to do all that lay in her power to lighten the burdens of poverty. Shortly afterwards she fulfilled a long-standing engagement to lay the foundation-stone of the Isolation Hospital for Richmond and Isleworth at Mogden. Although the traces of recent suffering were still apparent, the Princess declined to be regarded any longer as an invalid, and, leaning on her sunshade, insisted upon standing while the religious portion of the ceremony was being conducted. During the singing of the hymn, "O Thou to whom the sick and dying," Her Royal Highness was visibly affected, but her countenance soon resumed its former composure, and in replying to the Address of congratulation upon her recovery, she said, "I assure you it gives me the greatest pleasure that the first public act after my illness should be the laying of the foundation-stone of a building that will prove, I hope, a most valuable institution to this locality, in which I take so warm and personal an interest." Turning to the Mayor of Richmond, the Duchess remarked, in her usual cheery manner, "Well, Mr. Mayor, so you have succeeded at last after twenty-five years," an observation which showed how intimately she was acquainted with all local movements, and how closely she followed the progress of individual aspirations.

Hearing that Mrs. Dalrymple was in London, Princess Mary invited her to White Lodge; but a change of plans necessitated an alteration in the place of meeting, and the Princess drove up to London and received her old friend in Devonshire Place. Recalling the occasion, Mrs. Dalrymple says—

It was the last time that I saw dear Princess Mary, and during luncheon the old stories of her childhood, including that of the swing,¹ greatly amused those present. Afterwards she asked me to have a chat with her alone in the drawing-room. I expected that the same tone and fun would be continued; but it was not so. The Princess inquired after each

¹ See vol. i. p. 36.

member of my family in turn, particularly my little granddaughter Agilda, remarking, "How proud Walter¹ would have been of his child's talent for music, and of her little Jubilee composition!" adding, "You must let me give it to the Queen, Ellinor. Her Majesty is so fond of children, and the honour will encourage your little grandchild." Catching sight of the bracelet on my wrist, given to me by the Duchess of Cambridge, she took it off my arm, and for a while remained silent, turning it over and over again. Her eyes filled with tears, and, taking my hand, she said, "So you have kept this little locket² all these years with Mama's hair and mine in it. Never part with it." Then, as if her train of thought was leading on to a possible day when one or other might no longer be here, she asked, "Have you seen May this time?" "No," I said; "I did not like to let Her Royal Highness know that I was in town, feeling that she had so many calls upon her time." The Princess replied, "May will always receive you if she has it in her power. And now let *me* fasten this on your arm. I am touched to see the little gold locket. Always wear it. How *many* years have passed since I gave it you!"

The Princess then talked of the great love she had for her children, and, looking up with her beautiful eyes bathed in tears, said, "You see, dear, I am distressed; it is very foolish of me, but Frank naturally wishes to go to Egypt, and I dread it." I remarked that while she might feel parting from him, she would still welcome the desire on his part to see service. "Yes," replied Her Royal Highness. "Do not think I fear active service or wounds, or am otherwise than glad that he shows this ambition; but it is the climate I dread for him." I spoke of the Everlasting arms that would keep him safe. She kissed me, and said, "You are the same old Ellinor now as before," and went on to speak of her illness and her deep regret that she was quite unfit for the many public duties she was asked to perform. I replied that having given to the people the best of her life and strength, it was her duty to save herself for her husband and children. "I have no pain now," she said, "but often discomfort and a great feeling of weariness."

Before leaving, the Princess remarked, "You might help me about North Berwick. I am told I must go there for exhilarating air and rest." I exclaimed at this, saying, "My

¹ Second son of the Honble. Mrs. Dalrymple; he died a few days before the Duke of Clarence.

² The locket was attached to the bracelet.

dearest Madam, however bracing the air, rest will, I fear, be impossible at North Berwick, unless you make it clearly understood that you are never asked to engage in any function, and absolutely refuse to receive people. But I much fear your Royal Highness's kind heart will give in." She laughed and said, "Well, dear, come to me wherever I am, and God bless you." Letters passed between us, but I never saw Princess Mary again.

Ultimately Her Royal Highness accepted the offer of Mrs. Atkinson Clark, to place her pretty home in Northumberland at the Princess's disposal, and towards the end of August the White Lodge establishment was transferred to Belford Hall. A few days before her departure for the north, Princess Mary writes, "Alas! dear May and her darling chicks left us yesterday, and the house feels most desolate. We bid them all adieu to-morrow." This was the Duchess of Teck's last good-bye to her grandchildren, for she never saw them again.

Letter to Prince Francis of Teck.¹

Belford Hall, August 24, 1897.

. . . Alge left us on the morning of Tuesday the 17th for Osborne, where he was *much made* of, and spent three whole days most pleasantly. In the afternoon I walked with Hélène² as far as Caroline's bench on the road to Ham and back! my first *real walk* since my illness. It blew a perfect gale, so that we were quite in a state, dreading a bad passage for poor May, and it was a *great relief* to hear from herself that they had a "good passage!" Admiral Fullerton even called it a "*smooth*" one, in his telegram to the Queen. Lord Cadogan sent me the first news of their arrival and enthusiastic greeting in Dublin, and Derek followed with "Splendid and unanimous reception!" On Wednesday afternoon Papa and I took a drive through Surbiton, meaning to go round by Nonsuch Park on the road to Epsom and Malden, but were caught in so heavy a hailstorm that we turned back, and, as it presently cleared up, *walked* home from Sawyer's. The day

¹ Prince Francis had been seconded for service in Egypt.

² Madame Bricka, who, after the marriage of the Duchess of York, remained at White Lodge as Secretary to Princess Mary.

following I went over the garden with Warren, who leaves us on September 1st to go as *head* gardener to the Falmouths', and, alas! marries our delightful housemaid Eva, who I so hoped would one day succeed Eliza; such a blow! It was a most heavenly day, and the garden looked its prettiest.

Your first letter reached me on the 20th, and I wrote to you on the balcony in the morning, and up to five o'clock. . . . After I had despatched your letter I saw a young gardener, Jefferys by name, whom we have engaged as foreman in Warren's place, and entertained our dear Baroness Burdett Coutts at tea; she was full of kind inquiries after you, and much regretted not having seen you to wish you God speed. Hood arrived about seven for a couple of nights, and we had a little dinner-party in Alge's honour, who, however, was not present, having been kept on by Her Majesty. . . . Saturday I packed, and after tea Hélène and I walked down to the cross-roads on the way to Sheen, returning with Papa, who had followed us. Alge arrived about 7.30, having gone up from Osborne to London. Dear old Peter Wells came to luncheon on Sunday, and to tea there arrived Mr. Hugh Smith, Mr. Colman with his pupil, a young Siamese prince, nephew to the King, at Papa's invitation, and dear Lady Shannon. About six Hood took his leave, after the others had departed, and I saw a gentleman, just returned from British Columbia, who told us all about the goldfields at Klondyke.

All this threw me back with my preparations for our journey, so that I had to sit up to *any hour* (after dinner) over my boxes of papers and letters! I managed, however, to get things pretty straight, and hurried to bed. I was up again at seven, breakfasted downstairs, and was ready to start at ten o'clock for King's Cross, where Gian met us, and Hood saw us off. Our train started at 11.20, and only stopped four times—at Warwick, York (where I thought of you), Darlington, and Newcastle. We flew by Doncaster and beautiful Durham, and reached the little station of Belford, very true to our time (6.40), and were welcomed by kind Mr. Atkinson Clark, who was staying with a neighbour some miles off, and Captain Ferry, Chief Constable of Northumberland, but a native of Surrey, and most cordially cheered by the villagers. This house is only a mile and a half from the station, along a country road, and here we found good Mrs. Wellan,¹ whom I had sent off with two maids on Friday evening to prepare things for us. She had done her

¹ Housekeeper at White Lodge.

best to make everything comfortable, and had made a very wise selection of rooms for us. . . . We brought all the rest of our servants (thirteen in number) with us, owing to which dinner was even later than usual. . . .

I think I showed you the photograph of the house, which gives you an excellent idea of the centre of Belford Hall—the part we inhabit. The house is a *mansion*, built of greyish or rather drab-coloured stone, and dates from 1755. Mr. Atkinson Clark inherited it from his mother, a Miss Clark, and added on the name to that of his father, from whom he has his Scotch property, Buhally Lodge, Pitlochrie. The furniture, especially in the bedrooms, reminds me of White Lodge, when we first took it over. Such handsome mahogany wardrobes! In the drawing-rooms there is a great deal of beautiful furniture, several looking-glasses, and so on, that came out of dear Lady Holland's Palazzo at Naples, which she sold some years before her death: *entre autres* her ebony and ivory inlaid writing-table with silver-gilt inkstand and everything else belonging to it; also two portraits of her by Watts. I am glad to find the Atkinson Clarks have so many of her things, for they were both so devoted to her, and Carrie was quite a daughter to the dear old lady.

I have taken the centre bedroom upstairs, a three-windowed, large, roomy, most comfortable apartment, with a view over a grassy slope planted with clumps of trees *à distance*, and single ones most judiciously dotted about—just what I should like to see in Richmond Park. Papa has the room next me. There is a nice bathroom through Fell's room, immediately opposite Papa's, which is a great comfort. Alge and Gian have charming rooms on the same floor—nurse Smith¹ occupying a room between them. I have made the music-room, immediately under my bedroom, my boudoir, because it is such a pretty, cosy room, and here we sit of an evening listening to the strains of a self-acting piano, similar to the one at Luton *la jeunesse* used to dance to, played in turn by Alge and Gian. This instrument stands in the dining-room, a fine room opening out of the music-room.

September 2.

We continue to *delight* in this charming place, in which the days slip by only too quickly, and I am beginning to feel quite my old, strong self again, albeit still kept to invalid habits. I come down between twelve and one o'clock, and if the weather is very tempting, take a short walk before luncheon, when we again walk, or drive and

¹ The surgical nurse who had accompanied Her Royal Highness to Belford.

walk, returning, if not making an excursion, to a *lateish* tea. The post departs 8.30, so dinner is not till nine. *Voilà notre vie ! . . .*

Letter to Mrs. Atkinson Clark.

Belford Hall, August 24, 1897.

MY DEAR CARRIE,—How can I ever thank you *half enough* for the loan of this most charming place? So homelike that I already feel quite *chez moi*! and, as I told the kind "Laird" to-day, only fear you will find no slight trouble in evicting me! I am occupying the bedroom you destined for me. . . . We are enchanted with your flower and kitchen garden combined, to which I paid a visit this morning, and which is bright and gay with all the flowers. Your husband lunched here, and afterwards showed me your dearest aunt's furniture in the billiard and drawing rooms, and I love to think that I am sitting at her writing-table and am surrounded by *her* things. We have just returned from Chillingham, where who should I find but the dear Duchess of Abercorn (Dowager) and my old friend Etta Lichfield, her eldest daughter. Such a pleasure to see them both again! The air here is so invigorating, that I already feel the better for it; but I must end or I shall lose the post, so with many tender and grateful messages from the Duke, I am ever, my dear Carrie, very affectionately yours,

MARY ADELAIDE.

Letter to the Duke of Teck.

Belford Hall, September 9, 1897.

. . . Tuesday afternoon we had one of the most beautiful drives imaginable! Passing Middleton Lodge, where I took some jelly to the invalid old lady, we turned up to the left, just beyond the village, and after skirting a wood with two lakes in it, in which pike are to be caught, and the fishing is offered you by Mr. Perkins, the Middleton Hall tenant, we came out upon a great extent of moorland, stretching away to the Kylœ hills, and covered with heather, still in fair bloom! It was a picture, and of course *out* we jumped to gather some. The road led us along a line of crags, very rocky in parts, and on getting to the end of these, we had a most lovely view of the sea, (almost as blue as the Mediterranean!) Holy Island and the Tower of Bamborough.

Castle. We stood *entranced*, and I longed for you to enjoy it with us.

Yesterday was a glorious day of brightest sunshine, and after an early luncheon, we started for Chillingham, where I had announced myself. The drive was a dream of delight; sea and moor *too* beautiful for description. Olivia met us on the steps and took us into the flower garden, where we were joined by Lord Tankerville. Then, after a brief rest in the sun in front of the house, during which Mr. and Mrs. Howard arrived, we went off with the keeper along that pretty pathway above the Glen and your *burn* and *dam* to a field, whence we had a splendid view of a small herd of the wild cattle, consisting of a bull, four cows, and three calves, one such a pretty, tiny, pure white one, only a week old! I never before saw so many together, or had so close a view of them, and it was a piece of luck, which I wish you and Alge had shared. After Olivia had taken us a charming walk round the wild part of the grounds, we returned to the Castle, and found the dear Duchess, Etta Lichfield, Lord Tankerville, and the Howards awaiting us for tea in the dining-room. The Duchess had picked up wonderfully in the fortnight, and was as bright, chatty, and amusing as ever, and she and Lord Tankerville entertained us most delightfully with anecdotes of Landseer, which I will try to remember for your benefit. The drive home in the after-glow of a glorious sunset, with a lovely moon rising, was heavenly! but the evenings are getting chilly, and I now have a fire in the dining-room for dinner.

On our return I found a dear letter from May, dated the 7th from Mountstewart, full of the warmth of their welcome in the north, and the enthusiasm of their reception at Derry, the pleasantness of their party and their delightful expedition to Lord Annesley's place, Castlewellan. May describes Mountstewart as a fine place on Strangford Lough, with beautiful trees and shrubs, the house very comfortable. It had poured on Sunday, and they were only able to get out for a short walk after tea. The weather was finer for Castlewellan, but looked threatening for the garden-party that afternoon. At Belfast there was a long day in store for them: a visit to a shipping wharf and to a flax spinning factory, addresses, and luncheon with the Lord Mayor.

To-day we are spending quietly at home, writing our fingers off. It feels quite autumnal, and there have been slight showers interspersed with sunshine. This afternoon I walked about the gardens. . . .

The Duchess was most anxious that those about her should participate in her pleasures, and would often say to her dresser, on returning from some beautiful excursion, "You must all go there some day; I will make arrangements and give you a carriage!" One of her personal attendants had been ill, and though quite unable to wait upon her mistress, Princess Mary gave directions that she should accompany the household to Belford, hoping that the change of air might prove beneficial to the invalid. During the Princess's visit an incident occurred which serves to emphasise her gracious consideration for those in every class of life. Just as she was starting for an afternoon drive, and was already seated in the carriage, a niece of the Duke of Cambridge's coachman came up to the house. The Duchess recognised her at once, and postponed the drive in order that she might have a chat with the young woman.

Although Princess Mary went to Northumberland for rest and quiet, it was not possible for her to live amongst people, no matter for how short a time, without identifying herself with their sorrows and sharing in their joys. Very soon after arriving at Belford she found her way into the cottages of the poor in the village, and visited the inmates of the workhouse, while every tradesman had a share of her patronage, and she often entered the shops and talked with the owners about themselves and their families. No village entertainment went on without the Princess being present to help and encourage. Regardless of fatigue, she remained the whole afternoon watching the annual sports, staying till dusk in order to distribute the prizes, and a few days before leaving the neighbourhood she opened a local bazaar.

Very characteristic of her life were Princess Mary's last words as she drove away from Belford Hall on the 4th of October. Addressing one of the servants, she said, "Tell Mrs. — how sorry I am that I had not time to go and see her again, and take care that she has her jelly." The inhabitants with one accord turned out to wish Her Royal Highness God speed, and cheered heartily as the carriage passed along the road to the station.

From Belford the Duke and Duchess of Teck went on to Appleby Castle, to stay a few days with Lord and Lady Hothfield. The bracing air of the north of England had done Her Royal Highness much good. "I am beginning to feel my old strong self again," she wrote to a friend, "albeit still kept in a way to invalid habits. One day I actually walked *three miles!* My first long walk since my illness." Princess Mary took the greatest interest in the Castle; the historical surroundings of the place appealed to her old-world tastes, and there was scarcely a room she did not thoroughly explore. St. Anne's Hospital, an institution founded in 1653 by Anne, Countess of Pembroke, was early visited, and the Princess had a kind word for each of the twelve widows who inhabit these ancient almshouses.

She wished to be told all about the villagers, and one morning insisted upon walking down to the Park gates in order to have a talk with the Queen's Jubilee district nurse, who was living at the lodge. Hearing that an old woman of ninety, on the Appleby estate, was most anxious to see her, Princess Mary made a point of driving to the cottage, and, finding the aged inmate sitting in the doorway, had a little conversation with her, thereby making the old dame supremely happy. The Princess fully entered into the fun of the theatricals got up for her amusement, and at a garden-party given in honour of the Royal visitors many guests were presented to her, and she talked with them for some time. In fact, from the day of her arrival until her departure on the 9th of October, she was, to use the words of her hostess, in the best of spirits.

After paying a short visit to Lord Mountstephen at Brockett Hall, in Hertfordshire, the Princess returned to White Lodge very much better in health, and quite prepared to begin once more her former active life. She was able to resume her walks in Richmond Park, and receive her friends as usual. No time was lost in dealing with the charity correspondence, which since her illness had fallen somewhat into arrear, and almost her first act after reaching home was

to see the local ladies connected with the Surrey Needlework Guild. Indeed, it seemed that with a little care Her Royal Highness would at no distant date be able to take up again much of the public work which had of necessity been abandoned.

The Duchess of York arrived on Saturday, the 23rd of October, to spend a week at White Lodge, and next day Princess Mary, accompanied by the Duke of Teck, her daughter, and Prince Alexander, attended morning service at Kingston Vale. Her Royal Highness followed the sermon closely, and appeared deeply moved as the Vicar brought his discourse to a close with the lines :—

“ And then, as 'mid the dark a gleam
Of yet another morning breaks,
And like the hand which ends a dream,
Death with the might of his sunbeam
Touches the flesh and the soul awakes.”¹

On the way home from church the Princess complained of feeling cold, but a walk round the garden in the sun restored the circulation, and she joined the family party at luncheon. The next day she was not feeling well, and did not come down till the afternoon. Her Royal Highness had promised to attend a first-night performance at one of the principal theatres the same evening, but when Dr. Wadd came to pay his morning visit he urged her not to undertake so fatiguing a journey. Regardless of her own health, however, the Princess wished, if possible, to keep the engagement. “The manager has taken so much trouble to get back the box for us,” she said, “that I cannot bear to disappoint him.” Accordingly she begged the doctor to come again at five o'clock, adding cheerily, “You can tell me then whether you think, if I am very careful, that I may go.” Dr. Wadd returned at the appointed hour, and with difficulty persuaded the Duchess to give up the idea of going to the play; very reluctantly she sent the Duke of Teck and Prince Alexander to represent her. During the evening the Duchess of York

¹ “Flight of the Duchess,” xv., by Robert Browning.

entertained her mother with an account of the visit to Ireland, and it pleased the Princess greatly to hear the glowing descriptions given by her daughter of the Emerald Isle and the loyal greeting which she and the Duke of York had everywhere received from the Irish people. In this way the hours slipped all too quickly by, and mother and daughter were still talking when the theatre party returned.

On Tuesday morning the Princess rose at her customary hour and walked about the room for a little while, but was obliged to go back to bed. At noon Dr. Wadd called, and, finding his patient not so well, telegraphed to London for further advice. In the absence of Mr. Thomas Smith, Mr. Allingham came down, and, after a consultation, drove back to London, proposing to return the next day. About eight o'clock in the evening the Princess began to suffer acute pain, and became quite cold. The doctor was communicated with by telephone, and started directly, but, owing to the dense fog which prevailed, it was feared that his arrival would be delayed, and Prince Alexander went out into the Park to meet him with a lantern.

Although able to allay the pain and restore warmth to the system, Dr. Wadd considered the symptoms very grave, and sent immediately for the surgeons. Mr. Allingham reached White Lodge about half-past ten, and decided that an immediate operation was necessary. The Princess was quite resigned, and just before Mr. Hewitt gave the ether, smiled at her dresser who was standing by the bedside, and said, "Please God, I shall pull through." But while these words spoke of hope, Her Royal Highness did not appear to have the same confidence as on the former occasion. In the mean time the nurse arrived, having travelled some distance, and being also detained by the fog. On recovering consciousness the Duchess quickly recognised her, saying, "Ah, Sister Helen Mary,¹ I am glad you have come; I shall be all right now!"

¹ Sister Helen attended Her Royal Highness on the former occasion, when the Princess gave her the additional name of Mary.

The operation was successful and recovery from the anæsthetic complete, but the Princess had not the strength to rally, and gradually relapsed into a semi-conscious state. Towards three o'clock in the morning¹ the heart began to fail, and in spite of everything that human skill could do, it rapidly became evident that the end was approaching. For a moment the Princess opened her eyes; she could not speak, but seemed to smile at her daughter, who, with the Duke of Teck and Prince Alexander, stood beside the bed; then peacefully, as if in sleep, she sank to rest, and the beautiful spirit of Princess Mary had passed from earth and entered into everlasting life.

So unexpected was the death of the Duchess of Teck that a telegraphic message which reached Prince Adolphus early on the morning of the 27th at Eaton, where he and Princess Adolphus were staying, was the first intimation he received of his mother's illness, and it was not until his arrival in London some hours later that the Prince became aware of the awful calamity which had befallen him. With all haste he travelled to White Lodge, and was soon followed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, who came up from Sandringham, the Duke of York, the Duke of Cambridge, and other members of the Royal Family. Prince Francis was on active service in Egypt at the time.

The Queen was early apprised of the sad event, and felt intensely the loss of her well-beloved cousin. At first the news was discredited by the public, but as soon as the report received official confirmation the grief of the country burst forth, and the people gave vent to their heartfelt sorrow. Thousands of telegraphic messages of condolence, many couched in affecting terms, reached White Lodge from far and near before the day was over, and the bereaved husband and children derived much comfort in the early hours of their great affliction from these expressions of respect and sympathy. "I was at Inverness," writes a friend of the family, "when her Royal Highness died, and was struck with the feeling shown by all classes. I saw two women

¹ October 27.

crying bitterly standing in front of a newspaper bill announcing the death of the Duchess of Teck. They were the wives of Highland soldiers, and when their husbands were quartered at Hounslow had more than once experienced kindness at the hands of Princess Mary."

On the Saturday following the day she died, Her Royal Highness was to have opened a Sale of Work at Richmond, when it had been decided to decorate the town as a mark of sincere and respectful congratulation on her restoration to health. Indeed, so lightly did the Princess think of her illness, that only two days before her death she wrote to her Comptroller ¹ :—

White Lodge, October 25, 1897.

DEAR MR. WALSH,—I think I asked you to come on Wednesday next in the morning and stay to luncheon, but if equally convenient to you I would like to propose to you to dine and sleep here on Wednesday instead, arriving about tea-time. We have asked some of our neighbours to meet May at dinner that evening, and the *fiancé* Lord Mountstephen is coming to dine and sleep, so you will have to help us entertain our guests. With love to Clementine, whom I would have invited had I a spare corner in which to stow her away, I am ever, dear Mr. Walsh, your sincere friend,

MARY ADELAIDE.

P.S.—Please telegraph reply.

This letter was found in Princess Mary's blotting-book after her death by the Duchess of York, and has a melancholy interest, being the last words the Princess ever penned.

The Body of Her Royal Highness was subsequently removed to the drawing-room, and over the carved oak coffin was spread the carpet embroidered by the ladies of Kew and presented to Princess Mary as a marriage gift. Night and day the ladies of the household and the personal attendants of the late Duchess kept their silent vigil in the chamber of death, and the floral tributes, many exquisite:

¹ On the resignation of the Honble. Alexander Nelson Hood, in July, 1897, the Duchess of Teck had appointed the Honble. Arthur Walsh to succeed him in the post of Comptroller and Equerry.

in design and of singular beauty, which poured in from every quarter, were gently placed in position by tender and loving hands. Not the least touching of many touching sights was the arrival of two little children from a Home at the East End of London with a wreath, which they were allowed to place upon the coffin of their Benefactress. It was arranged that the funeral should take place at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where Princess Mary had often expressed a wish to be buried.

A special service was held in the drawing-room on Sunday morning, at which the sorrowing relatives, the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, and several old servants of the family were present, and two days later, in the gloom of a November evening, the earthly remains of Princess Mary were reverently carried from the home which for nearly thirty years had been hallowed by the charm of that gracious presence, and White Lodge was left desolate. The night was misty, the air damp and chill, yet the adverse elements did not prevent a number of local sympathisers, including the constables, keepers, and woodmen employed in the Royal demesne, from following the remains as far as possible on their last sad journey.

Slowly the *cortége* wended its way across the Park. In front walked the guides carrying lanterns to show the road, which at times was partially invisible, and immediately behind the closed car with its solitary burden, drawn by four black horses, was the carriage containing Mr. Walsh and the house steward, who accompanied the coffin to Windsor. The wind souged drearily amongst the trees, while the measured tramp of the horses' feet and the sound of wheels alone broke the silence of the night. Now and then the moon struggled to pierce the heavy clouds, and revealed the glistening whiteness of the countless wreaths piled high upon the conveyances which brought up the rear of the mournful cavalcade; but soon all was darkness again, and the little band of mourners closed up their ranks as if the utter loneliness was too much for them to bear.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, crowds lined the streets of Richmond and the towns through which the

funeral procession passed, and the genuine grief of the spectators added to the solemnity of the painful scene, while at many points along the route groups of poor people were gathered together to pay their final act of homage to the Princess they had loved. At the entrance to the sacred edifice the coffin was received by the Dean and Clergy, and after a short service in the temporary chapel, specially arranged for the occasion, the Body was left in charge of the minor canons, who kept watch throughout the night.

Shortly after twelve o'clock on Wednesday, the 3rd of November, those privileged to attend the last sad ceremony began to assemble in St. George's Chapel. The sense of personal loss was present to all, and few could restrain their emotion as the coffin was borne up the aisle on the shoulders of men of the Coldstream Guards. A thrill of pity ran through the entire congregation at the sight of the much-bereaved husband and motherless sons. In the few days that had intervened since Princess Mary passed away, the Duke of Teck had aged greatly, the once erect form was bowed down with grief, and the handsome face bore visible traces of mental anguish. The shock of his wife's death completely overwhelmed him, and from that sorrow he has never recovered.

The pall-bearers were the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Salisbury, Lord Lothian, Lord Dufferin, Lord Hopetoun, Lord Ancaster, and Lord Brownlow, and immediately after the Chief Mourner and the Princes of Teck walked the Prince of Wales (representing the Queen), the Duke of York, and the Duke of Cambridge. Following them came the Duke of Connaught, Prince Christian, Prince Frederick Henry of Prussia (representing the German Emperor), and other Royal and distinguished persons. The Princess of Wales, the Duchess of York, and Princess Adolphus of Teck occupied the Queen's Closet, which overhangs the altar steps on the north side of the choir. The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz were unable to come over for the funeral, and were represented by Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and Mr. Hugo Wemyss.

As soon as the procession had entered the choir, the coffin

was placed on a bier in front of the altar. At the head stood the Duke of Teck with his two sons, and at the foot the Lord Chamberlain,¹ one of Princess Mary's oldest friends. The Bishop of Peterborough, the Dean of Windsor, and the Vicar of Kingston Vale took their places within the altar rails, and the choir began to chant the beautiful psalm, "Lord, Thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another." After the Dean had read the lesson beginning with the comforting words, "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept," Princess Mary's favourite hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom," was sung, the congregation joining in. Then, as the Bishop of Peterborough recited the solemn words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," the coffin—bearing the Queen's wreath, the Duke's last fond token with the touching inscription, "From your loving and broken-hearted husband," and a bunch of violets from little Prince Edward—was slowly lowered into the vault beneath, and amidst a stillness, the very memory of which causes the tears to flow and the heart to bleed, all that was mortal of Princess Mary passed from human vision for ever and for ever more.

Before the blessing was pronounced the choir sang, "My God, my Father, while I stray," and the anthem, "Sister, thou art gone before us." And as Prince Adolphus and Prince Alexander gently led their sore-stricken father from the chapel, the distinguished mourners slowly filed past the opening to look their last upon the coffin. Thus ended one of the saddest of the many sad ceremonies which have taken place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and friends and relatives departed to their homes nursing a sorrow which time alone could heal, and with a void in their hearts that in this world can never again be filled.

The floral tributes, numbering several hundreds, came from every part of the United Kingdom, and were beautifully arranged in the Memorial Chapel. Homely flowers found a place side by side with the rarest exotics, for the poor and lowly were not afraid to send their humble nosegays to deck

¹ The Earl of Lathom, who died in 1898.

the bier of one who was ever ready to stretch out the right hand of fellowship to the outcast and destitute. Never, perhaps, was the universal popularity of any great lady so clearly demonstrated by the flowers sent to her funeral as in the case of Princess Mary, while the varied inscriptions showed over how wide an area she had scattered her seeds of kindness. Even peasants in remote districts of Scotland and Ireland broke off pieces of mountain ash and fir and forwarded them to Windsor as a token of their affectionate homage, and often where the name of the sender was missing, the writing on the piece of paper attached to the remembrance told that it came "From a cottager," or that it was offered "In respectful memory of a dear Princess." Similar expressions of heartfelt sympathy emanated from the south of England, and lying amidst the many tokens from people of exalted rank was a wreath from "Nellie, a flower-girl in Plymouth Market." The words on the cards expressed no formal sentiment, and in many cases the inscription referred to some special act of kindness bestowed upon the sender by Princess Mary.

In the palace, in the cottage, the grief was the same; the whole country sorrowed for a friend as well as for a Princess. There was no necessity to issue any order for general mourning; throughout the country the sombre garments of the women told their own tale, and on the day of the funeral it was rare to meet any one not wearing some outward sign of woe. A well-known East End missionary writes that in his parish nearly every woman had on her bit of crape. "Who are you in mourning for?" he would ask. "For the Princess. God bless her," was the answer. "You see, we could only get a little bit, but we would have put on more if we had it." As in the east, so it was in the north, south, and west of London. The people knew her, and the people loved her. Nor was their mourning of a passing nature. Princess Mary's memory still abides in the hearts of the London poor, and long after this generation passes away her deeds of mercy and goodness will be remembered.

No woman was more universally beloved than Princess

Mary, and none has deserved more kindly and grateful recollection. She left behind her a monument of good works, and has handed down to posterity the priceless treasure of a good name. With her all men were brothers, all women sisters. Her very soul seemed to go out to her fellow-creatures, and in her heart sorrow found the most tender sympathy. The thought of self never crossed her mind, and neither trouble nor fatigue deterred her from doing a kind action.

All classes felt the magnetic influence of Princess Mary ; young and old were equally attracted by her genial manner and strong personality, and her stately bearing and queenly presence commanded the admiration and respect of the entire nation. She was more widely known than any other Princess of her time, and no member of the Royal Family did more to maintain the dignity of the Throne, while her beautiful simplicity and sweetness of disposition won the affection of the English people, and gained for her a popularity that never waned.

Years may come and go, but the memory of Princess Mary will live on, a bright and noble example of a life spent for others, a life of self-denial and self-sacrifice, a life of ceaseless well-doing, in which the guiding principle was charity, not alone the charity represented by the giving of alms, but charity in its higher sense of love and goodwill towards all mankind. She strove to do good unto all men, and surely a Princess has never lived to more Royal purpose, in the truest sense of the word, than Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY.

Applications for help—Each case considered—Poor Governesses—Princess Mary appeals for funds—Letter of gratitude—The Bazaar movement—Presiding and selling at bazaars—Princess Mary's Village Homes—Dr. Barnardo's Institutions—Lady Ashburton's Holiday Homes—Interest in Ragged Schools—Testimony of Mr. Kirk—Princess Mary as a Prize-giver—King Edward Mission at Spitalfields—Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children—Mr. Waugh's recollections—Popularity in East London—Reminiscences of the Bishop of Stepney—The Bishop of Bristol on Princess Mary's work—Lord Radstock—Mr. George Holland at Eccleston Hall—The House of Lords Sweating Committee—Princess Mary and the Socialists—Home of Industry—The George Yard Mission—A "surprise" visit—Shaftesbury House—Angel Alley—Working Girls at Bow—Watercress and Flower Girls' Mission—Young Women's Christian Association—Girls' Friendly Society—The Brabazon Home of Comfort—Royal Masonic Institution for Girls—Lord Rowton's Lodging Houses—Mothers' Meetings at Whitechapel—Personal touch with the People—Appreciation by the Bishop of Calcutta—London Hospitals—Zenana Medical Mission—Home of Peace for the Dying—Richmond Hospital—St. John's Ambulance Association—Princess Mary's Training Home—The Cottage in Coombe Wood—Mr. George Holland's Tribute—Surrey Convalescent Homes—Kew parish church—Local charities—The Royal Cambridge Asylum—Soldiers' widows and orphans—Royal School for Officers' Daughters at Bath—Wesleyan Methodist Soldiers' Homes—Veterans at Chelsea—Miss Weston's Mission among Sailors—Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association—Home for Sailors of all Nationalities—Seamen's Institute at Millbank—The Needlework Guild—Miss Leigh's work at Paris—Distressed Irish Ladies—Mother Anne's simple story—Princess Mary always keeps her engagements—"Here to do a little good."

PRINCESS MARY's life, more especially in later years, was so interwoven with charitable and philanthropic work of every kind, that to do justice to what was perhaps the most

beautiful side of a beautiful nature, would involve writing the history of nearly every movement which during the last quarter of a century has been devised for the purpose of lessening the evils that weary the minds, ruin the bodies, and destroy the souls of suffering humanity. Such a task, of course, is far beyond the scope of a memoir, but at the same time it is not possible to close these pages without endeavouring to give some representation, however inadequate, of the true Christian charity preached and practised, year in and year out, by this great and good Princess, who never ceased to find her chief pleasure in tending the sick and needy, and helping to brighten the lives of the outcast and destitute.

Every post at White Lodge brought some fresh appeal for help, and these calls upon Her Royal Highness's limited time and slender purse grew as her sphere of work increased and her personality became more widely known. People who would have scrupled to approach the officials of an institution appeared to have no hesitation in bringing their domestic troubles and pecuniary difficulties before the Duchess of Teck; while no sooner did the Princess give her patronage to, or identify herself with, one charitable object, than kindred associations immediately wrote pleading for a like privilege.

Nor were these requests limited to the area round about the metropolis. Similar petitions came from all parts of the United Kingdom, and if the Duchess had accepted a tithe of the invitations which poured in upon her, every day in the year would have been occupied in public work of some kind or other. Yet Princess Mary never resented what perhaps a less distinguished lady would have considered, and not without reason, to be an inroad upon her privacy. She fully appreciated that exalted rank carried with it great responsibilities, and these responsibilities she was ever anxious to meet, her only regret being that she was not able to give as freely as she wished to every deserving applicant, or to help, as she desired to do, every hard-working society.

It so often happens that great ladies bestow their patronage upon charitable enterprises without considering any active help necessary, that it is generally recognised as permissible to issue a charity prospectus with the front page filled with distinguished and well-known names, without in any way intending to intimate that the ladies mentioned take more than a sympathetic interest in the movement. Princess Mary's patronage, however, was not of this nominal character. When she gave her name, she gave also her time, energy, and thought. It naturally followed that the Princess was obliged to classify her work and limit her acceptances to a certain number each year; but frequently the desire to do all the good she could in her lifetime caused this rule to be relaxed, and at times the physical strain became so severe that, had it not been for her power of will and determination to fight against fatigue, she could not possibly have succeeded in accomplishing all she did.

When Miss —— asked me to open the Sale of Work in aid of poor ladies [writes the Princess], I felt very much tempted to say "Yes," and only hesitated on account of a press of engagements and the terrible number of bazaars I have already on hand—quite half a dozen! but since then I have been implored by a *Florence friend* to add this particular one to my long list, and now your pleading has decided me! And, D.V., on the 16th of May I hope to perform the opening ceremony on one condition: that I am not asked or expected to buy at *all* the stalls, for this my slender purse will not admit of.

Although her correspondence was very large, the Princess opened all the letters herself, rarely consenting to the destruction of any one of them without an answer being returned, while every reply was submitted to Her Royal Highness before being despatched to its destination.

Even the most palpable begging letters [Mr. Hood tells us] received their replies, for the Princess would sometimes say, "The poor people will be expecting an answer." I do not think that during my period of service I was permitted to

tear up more than a dozen letters without acknowledging them first. When monetary assistance had to be refused owing to the enormous number of claims on the Princess's generosity, the refusal was couched in regretful terms, and many a letter has been retained until all means of endeavouring to assist an applicant had been exhausted. It was the Princess's wish and pleasure to do good, and few things gave her greater joy than to be able to help, and having helped, receive the grateful thanks of those benefited. Once when I was reading aloud a letter of gratitude from a recipient of her bounty written in pathetic words, I stopped because I saw that the Princess's eyes were filled with tears. "Never mind me," she said, "please go on; it is a charming letter."

At the same time the Duchess rarely allowed her natural impulse to succour those in distress to get the better of her judgment. Indiscriminate charity was not by any means Princess Mary's method of doing good, and before assistance was granted, every precaution was taken to see that no undeserving person was benefited. Books were kept in which were entered a short analysis of each letter received, the name of the writer, and the reply sent. In this way only did Her Royal Highness find it possible, with her limited staff of assistants, to deal adequately and judiciously with the numerous applications. A few extracts, taken at random, from these books show the wide field of Princess Mary's private charity.

Case referred to Charity Organisation Society, and pronounced very deserving. Help given to wife, who was near her confinement, and husband supplied with surgical boot; he is now earning thirty-eight shillings a week. The society asked for some contribution towards their expenses. Her Royal Highness sent £2.

Applicant begs help for herself and sisters; they are in difficulties, having borrowed money and cannot pay the interest; applicant, who makes sun-bonnets, sends two on approval. Her Royal Highness buys six bonnets for the Needlework Guild.

Had been a teacher, but pupils fallen off; a widow with two children. Some lace was sent, which her Royal Highness bought.

Clergyman writes begging the Duchess to purchase a scrap-album made by boys belonging to the Band of Kindness; proceeds to go to the work of the parish. Her Royal Highness buys the album.

On one occasion the Princess's kind heart had been touched by the writer's recitation of his miserable surroundings, and, as usual, when the suppliant was quite unknown to her, she caused inquiries to be instituted through the Charity Organisation Society. The report was favourable, but pointed out that the man's cure could not be effected unless he went into the infirmary. This, however, he was loth to do, on the ground that he would probably be an inmate for some time, and so be compelled to break up his home. After reading the answer, the Duchess, as a direction to her secretary in drafting the reply to be sent to the applicant, endorsed the communication thus: "Please urge him to go into infirmary, as no employment can be found for the poor afflicted man, and say that in the event of his consenting I might be induced to help his wife." So practical and yet so sympathetic a manner of dealing with a difficult case shows the great care taken by the Princess to see that her charity was administered in the way likely to do the greatest possible amount of good, both directly and indirectly. This is no isolated instance. Each appeal was regarded as a little problem to be solved, and received the same amount of attention, with the result that a mistake was rarely made.

The Duchess never forgot a case she had taken up, and her thoughts were constantly with the sufferers. "Those poor things!" "Those dear little children!" "What can we do to help so-and-so?" were frequent exclamations with Her Royal Highness. Spare moments were spent in thinking over or discussing schemes of relief, and often during the drive to town and back from White Lodge, plans were settled and letters sketched out to various people, whose influence it was hoped might obtain a situation for some poor person or secure a vote for a candidate awaiting election to a charitable institution.

May I once again enlist your kind services [pleads the Princess] on behalf of a case in which I am warmly interested, the candidate residing at Kew, and being, moreover, personally known to me? Poor Miss —— has all her life striven to help others, and never laid by for a rainy day; and now, alas! with age and infirmities coming on, is on the verge of destitution. I enclose a list of the City Companies which subscribe to the charity, and should be most grateful if you would canvass some of their votes for my *protégée*; and would you also name the case to Mr. and Mrs. ——?

Princess Mary refused to entertain any doubt as to success. "We must and we will succeed," was her reply to the desponding. "And how hard she worked!" writes a friend. "I have had numbers of letters from her, in some cases where I had only a single vote. 'I want your vote for so-and-so. *Please* help me,' she would say; or, 'Do take up so-and-so's case,' making, as it were, every application a personal matter." It was the same with anything in which Her Royal Highness was asked to take an interest. "Of course I will help you," she invariably answered; "you may rely on my doing all in my power." Replying to a letter from a lady who had begged the aid of the Duchess in respect of a candidate for the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, she remarks, "I will make a note of Mrs. M——'s case, but fear I shall not be able to do much for her at the May election, as I promised Honoria Cadogan to assist her candidate, and there is also a Mrs. J—— recommended by Lady Brownlow to be helped." "Some three months before Princess Mary died I went to see her," says Lady Elizabeth Biddulph; "she was most anxious about a poor governess, and almost her last words were to bid me write to a few people on the list of subscribers to the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, in order to secure additional votes for the case."

The same kind thought was bestowed on the Association of German Governesses in England, of which Society Her Royal Highness was the first Patron in this country. When visiting the Institution some twenty years ago, the Princess

said, "The Grand Duchess of Hesse has written asking me to help you, and I do so with pleasure. Only tell me when there is anything I can do for you." That these words found expression in much generous assistance during the long period that the Duchess of Teck was connected with the Association is more than indicated in the tribute paid to her memory by the members themselves, from which the following extract is taken :—

Keine Fürstin hat den Namen "Des Volkes Liebling" in reicherem Masse verdient als diese edle Frau, die ein Herz für Alle hatte, ein Herz das sich auch für Deutschlands Töchter in der Fremde bei jeder Gelegenheit so warm bethätigte. Auch wir durften mit dem britischen Volke sagen: "Unfere Prinzessin Mary."

Many a young man and woman now holding good situations and doing well in life owe their position to the efforts made by Princess Mary to get them, as children, received into some charity school. A governor for twenty-one years of the Orphan Working School, Her Royal Highness not only visited the Institution, but identified herself generally with the work of its various branches, paying special attention to the Alexandra Orphanage and the Convalescent Home at Margate. The Princess's unfailing interest in the School is forcibly illustrated by the secretary's statement that he is unable to furnish the names of the children whose election to this institution she promoted from time to time, as their number was so large.

Not the least arduous portion of her charitable work was letter-writing—that is to say, asking for help. Such letters were invariably written by Princess Mary herself, and many were penned at an hour when most people would have considered the day's work to be over. Not once or twice, but oftentimes the Princess sat at her self-imposed task till the rays of early dawn told that another day, with its attendant duties, had begun. A full recital of facts was generally given, and the whole letter written out with the greatest care as to phraseology. The Duchess always thought before she put her ideas on paper, and her charity appeals were

as polished as her letters on more important matters. She did not miss out points and write them in afterwards, and, as a rule, her letters from beginning to end were without erasure of any kind. In addressing to an intimate friend she would be as careful as when writing to a perfect stranger. Moreover, the Princess always considered she was asking a favour, and not only acknowledged every service rendered, but was most generous in her expressions of thanks. These letters were not confined to personal friends. Outside aid was similarly rewarded, and a spontaneous subscription invariably met with special favour. On one occasion a gentleman residing in the neighbourhood was prevailed upon by a friend to send the Duchess of Teck a cheque for a charity very dear to Her Royal Highness, and at the time sadly in need of funds. The Princess, who was not personally acquainted with her new subscriber, was much gratified, and at once wrote him the following letter:—

MY DEAR MR. ———,—No poor words of mine can in any way adequately convey to you all the gratitude I feel for the very generous and handsome donation (all the more delightful because so entirely unlooked for!) you have so kindly sent me for ———. I have unluckily to-day, and during the next few days, engagements, but on the first day on which I am free, possibly Friday next, I shall make a point of driving over, in order to thank you with my own lips for your great, great kindness, for it is *so unsatisfactory* trying to pour out one's heartfelt thanks on cold white paper! Believe me, dear Mr. ———, very sincerely and gratefully yours,

MARY ADELAIDE.

In one way or other the Princess contrived, by tact and diplomacy, to bring all her friends and acquaintances into touch with her every-day life of charity. She always asked the right person for the right thing, and no one ever refused her—not because she was a royal suppliant, or in hope of favours to come, but because of her wonderful sympathy and personal charm of manner, which were alike irresistible. Where others failed to loosen the purse-strings, Princess Mary invariably succeeded.

Large as was the Princess's heart, it was not possible for her to do as she wished on every occasion, and sometimes she had to say "No" even to the most deserving appeals, but her gracious way of saying it did much to make amends for the disappointment. Indeed, a refusal from Princess Mary often gave greater pleasure than an affirmative reply from any one else. She may not always have written by return of post, but in good time the answer came—not the stereotyped, formal letter, which so often wounds the feelings and takes the life and soul out of the suppliant, but a full, generous reply condescending to explanations, and breathing sympathy in every line. Here, for instance, is an example—

White Lodge, October 30, 1896.

MY DEAR ———,—I feel deeply contrite! Your letter, with enclosures from Lord Lewisham, was forwarded to me at Chillingham, where at the time we were very much taken up with a bazaar at Berwick, in aid of a Hospital sorely needed at Bethnal Green! It was overlooked in all the bustle and wear and tear of those days, and as I had scarcely any leisure for writing during our tour of visits, I confess I neglected all my correspondence, or, better said, put it on one side, to be attended to when at home again. We only returned on the 16th, and ever since I have been so overwhelmed, getting together all the *Surrey* and *London* Needlework Guilds' work, and trying to clear off arrears of correspondence, that your letter has had to await its turn.

I am afraid the answer to the petition you have conveyed to me must be a disappointing one, for *ma pauvre petite personne* and my purse are alike worn out and incapable of further efforts, however excellent the cause may be, and you will the more readily understand this when I tell you that I have a Sale on hand on November 23rd for the rebuilding of our Kew schools, and have promised to open a bazaar at Brighton early in December, in aid of a Convalescent Home for Children. Will you explain all this prettily to Lord Lewisham, and at the same time convey my regret at feeling myself obliged to decline, much as I should like to help on so admirable a charity, and one in the object of which I so thoroughly sympathise? . . .

The Bazaar and Sale of work movement found in Princess Mary a powerful and sympathetic ally. Her splendid energy

and natural gifts of organisation were never seen to greater advantage than when used in connection with this widely employed agency for raising funds to meet the requirements of charitable undertakings. Her advice was sound, and her experience invaluable. Indeed, many a bazaar would have failed to pay its expenses, and probably have landed the promoters in debt, had it not been for the Princess's timely aid and practical assistance. Her Royal Highness made early acquaintance with this form of benevolence. When fourteen years old she wrote, as we have seen, to a girl-friend, begging her to send some work and drawings "to be exposed for sale at the fancy bazaar in aid of a hospital in which we are all interested." The Journal contains many references to evenings at Kew and St. James's Palace spent in knitting useful articles for "the forthcoming bazaar," while mention has already been made of the Irish bazaar, and the bazaar for the Cambridge Asylum, when Princess Mary and her sister presided over the stall furnished by the Duchess of Gloucester, on which occasion all London went to see the Princesses acting as "shop-women."

Letter to the Honble. Mrs. Dalrymple.

Kensington Palace, December 4, 1868.

MY DEAREST ELLINOR,—I omitted in my long epistle despatched yesterday, to assure you of the pleasure it afforded us to give our names and patronage to the bazaar you are about to hold for a most estimable object: the promotion of a charity which must indeed be a *godsend* to *poor mothers*, and which I wish with all my heart we could see introduced into all large towns with a working population; though I am sure my faithful old Frazer did not fail, at the time she wrote in my name, to convey the message I charged her with. You will by this time have received a box containing my humble, but I trust useful, contributions to your stall, and to-day I am commissioned by Mama to spend £2 for her in your interest: 33s. on "Views on Tweed side," and 6s. 6d. or 7s. on a Clementine work-basket. . . . Her Majesty and Helena, who in this instance was my medium, were most kind and quite ready to help in so good a work, as proved by the result of my application.

You will believe me when I tell you that I have tried to do my best for you individually, and to serve your charitable undertaking, and that had we the means both Francis and I would willingly have given more, but, alas! our large apartment and nursery oblige us to be careful in our expenditure, and, in cases like the present, to ask our friends to take the good will for the deed. The dear, kind little Duchess of Inverness became, at my request, a most willing purchaser, and I hope you will tell May that Francis was delighted to buy her slippers. How wise of you to be proof against the *hiring* system, which I think the ruin of all bazaar-harvests, as the money is thus diverted from the purpose for which it was spent! I trust, when all is happily over and you have an hour's leisure to spare for me, you will give me a full account of your bazaar, and how you originally came to know of and take up this particular charity. . . . I am ever your fond friend,

MARY ADELAIDE.

Many people will remember the great bazaar arranged by the Duchess of Teck when she was residing at Kensington, and the success which attended her efforts on that occasion.

Letter to the Dowager Countess of Aylesford.

Kensington Palace, May, 1880.

. . . I should feel most deeply indebted to you if you would help me in a Bazaar I am actively promoting for Kensington's and dear Mr. Glyn's sake. I have promised to hold (with my chicks) the flower-stall, and I venture to enclose a few prospectuses. . . . The Bazaar is to be held in the so long unsold mansion of Albert Grant's, just opposite Kensington Palace, on the 15th and 16th of June, and your patronising presence as a worker or purchaser would be, I need scarcely say, most acceptable. . . . All contributions of work, or in the basket and glass line, from absent friends will be thankfully received. Forgive importunity. . . .

Letter to the Marchioness of Salisbury.

Kensington Palace, June 14, 1880.

. . . Please to come and buy of the children and me at our flower-stall, at the Bazaar to be held at Albert Grant's house, Kensington, to-morrow and Wednesday, in aid of our

Kensington Industrial School, and please to ask the Beresford-Hopes, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mrs. Campbell, etc., to patronise us! I think it will be a pretty sight, and the house will in itself be a great attraction. . . .

Letter to the Countess of Hopetoun.

Kensington Palace, July 14, 1880.

. . . I now send you by desire of my small flock, Dolly and Frank in particular, a notice of our humble sale of our grand Bazaar leavings, which is to come off to-morrow in the grounds of the Vicarage, Kensington, and if the weather will only favour us, will be a very pretty scene. I promise not to ruin you, if you will kindly look in and bring "Hopie" and the girls, who most amiably patronised me on the last occasion. . . .

Even after Her Royal Highness had given up the apartment at Kensington Palace, she continued her connection with the parish of Kensington. In fact, the Duchess of Teck not only gave her patronage to, but was intimately associated with, the organising work of almost every bazaar of importance that has taken place in London during the last five and thirty years. As Princess May grew up she took her full share of the bazaar work, and, writing at the age of eighteen, says: "We returned to White Lodge for a bazaar at Mortlake, where we sold at different stalls, and are going again to-day for the poor people."

If the bazaar were for any institution with which the Duchess of Teck was connected, she often had a stall of her own, and when that was the case, for many weeks beforehand preparations would be in progress at White Lodge, the services of all available friends were enlisted in the cause, and contributions of every kind collected. On the morning of the sale the Duchess often herself put the finishing touches to the stall over which she was to preside, returning again to perform the ceremony of declaring the bazaar open, when, accompanied by Princess May, she visited every stall, always bestowing a kind word of encouragement on the helpers. Any new idea was noticed

and commented upon, and the humblest stall received its share of attention.

One who was present at the opening of a bazaar by Her Royal Highness at the Fortescue Home for Boys, Twickenham, writes—

The Princess's *bonhomie* captivated every one, and her delight in seeing the smart way in which the boys marched past was great. She believed in being very hearty, and expected other people to be of her own spirit. The mere perfunctory performance of a duty was absolutely distasteful to her; she was sincere and real, and as soon as she had declared the bazaar open, stepped down from the dais and went the round of the stalls, buying some article from each.

When selling at a bazaar Her Royal Highness's interest never flagged, and her gracious way of speaking to those who had the privilege of being purchasers will not soon be forgotten. People came from far and near to buy of Princess Mary—all anxious to catch a glimpse of her, and, if possible, to take away some little souvenir from the Royal stall. An incident showing her thoughtfulness for others and respect for old age may well be recorded here. The Duchess was presiding at a "fish-pond;" quite a throng soon crowded round, and it became necessary to form a *queue* in order that no one might be disappointed. Looking down the long line of would-be anglers, the Princess espied near the end an old lady. In an instant the fishing was stopped, and, rising from her seat, the Duchess said, "Now you must all make way for that old lady; she will be very tired of standing till her turn comes." Recalling a four days' bazaar held at the Agricultural Hall in aid of the Home for little boys at Farningham, a gentleman connected with the institution says, "Princess Mary's day, that is, the day when the Duchess of Teck opened the bazaar, was far and away the most successful of the four. Her Royal Highness took the greatest pains to make everything go off well."

No saleswoman could better describe the goods she desired to dispose of than did Princess Mary. There was not, of course, any need to press her wares, but she liked expatiating

upon the beauty of her friends' work, and it was seldom anything went back to the White Lodge. Once, when Her Royal Highness had a flower-stall, she was sold out rather early in the day, to the disappointment of many late comers; but the Princess was equal to the emergency, and remained at her post, disposing of the loose leaves and petals, for which there was keen competition. One afternoon the tablecloth only was left, and the people would not be satisfied until it had been put up to auction. The bidding was brisk, and the cloth sold amid much excitement for a considerable sum.

The expression upon Princess Mary's face after she had made a successful deal was a real pleasure to behold; infinite sympathy with the object of the bazaar was mingled with pardonable pride at her financial success. As the money flowed in the Duchess's spirits continued to rise, and great indeed was her joy when, after a heavy afternoon's work, she counted out her money, and was able to hand over to the Committee a substantial sum as the result of her personal efforts.

The Princess was most particular as to the objects of the bazaars she patronised, and on one occasion, having consented to attend a sale of work for the funds of a church, was much surprised and not a little vexed to find, on arriving at the bazaar, that the money was required to complete the spire. Such a matter Her Royal Highness considered might well have been accomplished without asking her aid, and, in expressing her surprise to the Vicar, pertinently remarked, "At many places there are no churches at all!" Another time it transpired that a bazaar the Princess thought herself opening for a specific object was being held for the benefit of the mission generally. She was in sympathy with all the work carried on by the society, but as her intention had been to benefit a particular branch, she requested that whatever funds were raised should be devoted to the purpose she had in view when consenting to open the bazaar.

Her Royal Highness knew when to rebuke as well as when to praise, and, if the necessity arose, was outspoken and plain-

spoken. Petty jealousies were foreign to her nature, and she never tolerated personal feelings being introduced where public duties were concerned. Hearing that a prominent resident in a neighbourhood where the Princess was patronising a bazaar had declined to assist the cause because some little matter connected with the preliminary proceedings had not pleased him, she made a point of asking for the gentleman in question, and on being told that he was not present, replied, in the hearing of every one, "Then he *ought* to have been here."

Princess Mary's theological views were fixed, and she did not fail to profess them at the proper time and place, but when it was a question of public utility, she allowed no distinction to be shown between the various branches of the Christian religion. Her Royal Highness had promised to open the Church Schools in a neighbouring parish, and wished the event to be as representative of the neighbourhood as possible. Ascertaining that the superintendent of the Wesleyan Sunday Schools in an adjoining district had not been asked to attend, and happening to know that he possessed considerable experience in school work, she caused a letter to be written to the Vicar, telling him to invite the gentleman to the opening, and at the conclusion of the ceremony made a point of shaking hands with him, saying at the same time, "I am very glad to see you here to-day." The incident gave much satisfaction to the local nonconformists, and it is still remembered and repeated as an example of Princess Mary's courtly recognition of good and useful work, irrespective of doctrinal opinions.

The thought of little children being neglected and left to grow up to a life of sin and shame greatly pained Princess Mary, and hardly a day passed but she would interest herself about some poor child ; now it was getting the little one into a home, now a school, now a hospital. When staying with Lady Sefton, the Duke and Duchess of Teck were taken by their hostess to look over a prison where some of the inmates were mothers of families undergoing short sentences for non-payment of fines. The Duchess could not bear to think that

the children were left with no one to look after them, and she and the Duke paid the fines and thus set the women free.

On the 14th of July, 1871, Her Royal Highness "turned the first sod"¹ of that quaint little village at Addlestone known as "Princess Mary's Village Homes for Little Girls," an institution which owes its origin to Mrs. Meredith. This estimable lady, widely respected for her work among women who had drifted into crime, devised a plan for extending the boarding-out system to the children of convicts, by providing temporary homes in selected cottages for girls whose fathers or mothers were undergoing terms of imprisonment. The scheme, however, failed of success, partly owing to the difficulty of personal supervision, and partly in consequence of the parents, as soon as their sentences had expired, claiming their children and taking them back to the old haunts of vice, thus necessitating the work being done all over again. Accordingly, Mrs. Meredith decided to build her own Village Homes and apply for a Home Office certificate, as by this means the girls could be retained until they were sixteen years old, interference from parents prevented, and a true family system established. But the funds that sufficed for boarding-out purposes were found inadequate to meet the additional expenses which the new system involved, and although Miss Cavendish generously gave the ground for the "village," and a committee of ladies subscribed liberally, the question of money soon made itself felt. At this juncture Mrs. Meredith bethought herself of Princess Mary, and through Lady Gomm the facts were brought before Her Royal Highness, who at once became deeply interested in the work.

"As soon as the first £100 comes in," said the Princess, "I will lay the foundation stone." Not long after this happy announcement, a lady came forward and offered £300 to build a cottage. The Princess hastened to fix a day for the ceremony, but so quickly had things progressed that no name had been given to the undertaking, the only

¹ See p. 46.

suggestion made being that of "The Prison Mission." Expressive, however, as such a designation might be—for certainly it accurately described the purpose in sight—Her Royal Highness, with that intuitive knowledge of human nature which caused her influence to be so far-reaching, at once pointed out the mistake of keeping too closely to the character of the institution. "The children," she said, "will be called prison children, and go forth into the world bearing the stigma of hereditary crime. You had better call the Homes after me—not that I wish to put myself forward, but, at any

"THE PRINCE ADOLPHUS OF TRUCK" COTTAGE.

rate, the difficulties I have just mentioned will then disappear." Needless to say, the ladies gratefully accepted the Royal proposal, and with this auspicious beginning, amid general rejoicing and the singing of the National Anthem, Princess Mary's Village Homes were launched upon their successful career.

A year later the Duchess showed her great personal interest

in the work by laying the foundation stone of the "Prince Adolphus of Teck" cottage, and the little Prince so far assisted at the function as to place a contribution of £5 in the plate towards the maintenance fund. Since that time several cottages have been erected by various donors, and in each a foster-mother presides over a family of ten happy-looking girls, ranging in age from three to sixteen. A special cottage was set apart for children under three, and from year to year toys from White Lodge constantly found their way to the "nursery," as it was called, and were rapturously received by successive "families" of little outcasts.

In season and out of season Princess Mary worked hard to assist the institution which bore her name. Writing to Lady Hopetoun, in 1877, she says—

. . . I had so hoped to see you and ask you *de vive voix* the favour I now beg in writing, and that is, that you will come to my recital at Grosvenor House on Monday afternoon next, in aid of my "Village Homes" for little girls at Addlestone, an admirable charity in which I am warmly interested. I can promise you a treat in Mr. Brandram's entertainment, as he recites wonderfully well. . . .

Again, in a letter to Lord Brabazon,¹ dated Kensington Palace, 1883, she pleads for the little waifs at Addlestone.

Your and Lady Brabazon's kind presence at my Village Homes at Addlestone on the occasion of our little *fête* there, last July, emboldens me to ask the favour of your being one of the stewards in aid of the charity which is to take place at Willis's Rooms on Wednesday, the 4th of July, and to be presided over by my brother, whom I should so much like you to support on the occasion. Do you think you can manage this, for my sake?

Letters of this kind could be multiplied without number, but those given will suffice to show how warmly Princess Mary espoused the cause she had taken up. Every Commemoration Day Her Royal Highness made a point of going all over the Institution, and an appreciative remark of Princess Mary's

¹ Now the Earl of Meath.

as to the brightness of the kitchen stove is still remembered, while the incident of the Princess and her daughter having their tea on an ironing table in the laundry is talked of to this day at the Homes.

Amusing remarks were often made by the children. After one of the Royal visits, several girls told the matron how disappointed they were that the Duchess and Princess May were dressed "just like other people." They had hoped, it appeared, to see their august friends attired like pantomime queens. The Princesses laughed heartily at the story, and quite sympathised with the disappointment that their simple costumes had been the means of creating. Another time the school inspector asked a recent importation from the London slums what bird flew out of the ark. "Canary," was the reply; and, in spite of every remonstrance, the child persisted in repeating her answer. A lady who was present struck with the girl's pertinacity, asked her quietly afterwards why she was so positive that the bird was a canary. "Because, ma'am," she said, "canaries cost seven and sixpence in Drury Lane, while sparrows can be got for a penny; and I know that Noah would have the most expensive bird in the ark." It was apparent that canaries and sparrows were the only birds she had ever seen.

The Princess was most particular about the religious instruction of the children. Morning and evening there is family worship in each cottage, and the reading and explanation of Scripture form a part of the daily school instruction. In the chapel, an unpretentious building conveniently arranged for the children, the chaplain conducts a simple service on Sundays and other specified days. One very hot afternoon in July, a large congregation had gathered together for the Commemoration festival. During prayers it was noticed that Princess Mary suffered much from the heat of the sun's rays, which poured in upon her through the wide expanse of unstained glass; but, in spite of her discomfort, she continued to join heartily in the service. At last the happy idea occurred to a lady, seated immediately behind the Princess, to open an umbrella. The timely shade was much appreciated by Her

Royal Highness, although Prince Alexander, then a schoolboy, appeared somewhat scandalised at so unorthodox a proceeding.

Princess Mary knew many of the girls by sight, and remembered their names and all about them; and when, as "old girls," they came up to receive at her hands the prizes they had won for having kept their situations, she often recalled incidents connected with the period of their stay at the Homes. In some instances the Princess was personally acquainted with the sad histories of the children, and sad indeed some of them were. Take, for example, the case of a little girl, scarce three years old, whose mother was undergoing a term of imprisonment for cruelty to her offspring. On arrival, the poor little thing was taken to the infirmary to have her eyes treated. When the nurse applied the lotion, though the pain was very acute, the child did not cry, but only murmured, "Please, mother, don't burn my eyes. I will not do it again; indeed I won't."

Soon after Lord Rookwood had undertaken the management of the finances, the Princess writes to him—

I do not know if all the cottages are full to overflowing, but if a tiny corner could be found for a poor little girl of two, whose wretched mother is undergoing a sentence of six years' penal servitude for having stabbed her drunken husband to the heart, and who has no relations or friends who can help, I should indeed be pleased and thankful. I know nothing personally of the case, having only seen it mentioned in the November number of *Our Waifs and Strays*, in which it is put down as No. —, but I suppose the particulars can be ascertained from the secretary.

No official came and went without the Princess being made aware of the intended change, and if in her opinion a member of the staff deserved praise, it was invariably bestowed. Mistakes were not overlooked, and a hint from Her Royal Highness, always given without any show of authority, was often the means of little things being put right—things which if allowed to continue might possibly have become grave faults. Indeed, the suggestions of the Princess were invaluable both to the ladies in charge and the committee generally.

Unfortunately, the condition of the finances did not permit of any building being set apart specially for training the girls in the art of needlework. At last the Duchess of York came to the rescue, and in 1895 a sewing-room was built, and placed under the superintendence of an experienced seamstress. Here the girls are taught to make their own outfits for service, and other kinds of useful work. Princess Mary was very particular about the needlework, and once, when inspecting some handkerchiefs sent up by the girls for exhibition, Her Royal Highness ripped up the hemming, and told the matron that this work would not do. The result of such careful training is shown in the Addlestone needlework at the present day, and quite recently the Duchess of York expressed her great satisfaction at the robe and chemisettes made at the Homes for the infant Princess Victoria.

Some idea of how industriously Princess Mary strove to obtain subscriptions to meet the ever-increasing liabilities of the "Village" may be gathered from her correspondence with Lord Rookwood, whose admirable management of the funds Her Royal Highness fully recognised. In 1891 she handed to him a considerable sum, the proceeds of a dinner presided over by the Duke of Cambridge; two years later the wants of the Charity led Lord Rookwood to beg that the Princess would again ask the Duke to come to their assistance, and to this request Her Royal Highness replied—

White Lodge, February 21, 1893.

DEAR LORD ROOKWOOD,—What *am* I to say in reply to your kind letter? The fact is, we are trying to get up a dinner, at which my brother has just promised me to preside, in aid of a *Children's Ward* to be added to the Richmond Hospital, and called "The Princess Mary Ward." The need for this is very great, and the sum required £5000. Towards this large amount May and I are starting a list, and it is this which makes it impossible for us to give you the help which another year I should feel it both a pleasure and a duty to render to a charity with which my name is connected. I feel sure you will quite understand this, and what I would ask you is to put off the dinner until, D.V., next year, when I think, if God spare me, I may venture to promise that I

will secure a good Chairman for you, and that May and I will work hard to obtain stewards and a good show of subscriptions. Meanwhile I can hold out to you the hope of a modest sum for the Homes, for there is to be a *Matinée* at the Comedy on the 6th of March in aid of Addlestone, which I trust may bring a little grist to the mill. . . . I remain ever, dear Lord Rookwood, very sincerely yours,

MARY ADELAIDE.

The chairman that Princess Mary had hoped to secure was the Duke of York, but finding this impossible, at any rate for the year suggested, she made known her regrets and counter-proposal in the following characteristic letter :—

White Lodge, April 2, 1894.

. . . I was on the point of writing to you when your letter reached me. I am grieved to say I have not secured the wished-for Chairman for the proposed dinner, because the Duke of York had already filled up the number of public dinner engagements he proposes to undertake this season. He has, however, promised me to preside for our Charity, D.V., next spring or summer, when you may count on the Duchess's help and mine, if all is well, in enlisting stewards and collecting subscriptions. I fear you will be sadly disappointed at the dinner being a second time put off, but I had not the heart to press the Duke to exceed the limit he has marked out for himself. . . .

I am wondering whether, if I could see my way to getting up a theatrical performance this summer to clear off, at any rate, a part of the debt, the Bankers would give us a little longer breathing-time? What think you? I have plenty of work on hand, but I would do my best if you thought an effort of the kind would tide us over until the dinner could come off and free us from debt. I fancy the Lyceum would bring in a goodly sum, and I should have no hesitation in asking Mr. Irving to give me a *Matinée*. With this crumb of comfort I will take my leave. . . .

True to his promise, in the following year the Duke of York accepted the Presidency of the dinner, and in a letter written to the Treasurer early in the season, giving her first list of stewards, Princess Mary says, "The Duchess of York is longing to begin her canvass, having undertaken to

write to some twenty-six individuals, but she is waiting for the papers and forms, which ought, I think, to be enclosed in the notes. Please forward them." A few weeks later Her Royal Highness again writes, "I send the result of my labours thus far in our cause. I have exhausted all the forms, and await a fresh supply before writing to others who have since occurred to me as likely to be willing to help. I must, I think, attack some of the heads of the City Companies." In a third letter the Princess encloses a number of cheques, bringing her own subscription list up to nearly £400. The total sum obtained by the dinner exceeded £1100, of which the greater part was given in response to personal applications from Princess Mary and the Duchess of York.

As years went on the Princess saw more and more the great usefulness of the work she had inaugurated, and while viewing with satisfaction the extension of the movement to the Continent and the United States of America, she regretted that institutions like that at Addlestone were not more general in her own country. Writing upon the question a few years before her death, she said, "It is my greatest wish and hope that all our large cities should have institutions of this kind." For the sake of economy, as well as for the cause of suffering humanity, it is much to be desired that the Princess's wish may be carried into effect either by the aid of philanthropy or the intervention of the State.

An incident showing the tenderness of Princess Mary's heart occurred during the last visit she paid to Addlestone. It was Commemoration Day, and the Duchess was making her usual tour of inspection. Passing the infirmary, she saw, through one of the lower windows, two tiny hands stretched out, as if to welcome her. Unhesitatingly she responded to the invitation, and, regardless of infection, entered the cottage and said a few kind motherly words to the sick child.

In my mind's eye [says one personally acquainted with Her Royal Highness's work at Addlestone] I can see the Princess now, walking with Mrs. Meredith round the cottages, saying kind words wherever she went, cheering with sweet, wise counsel a weary "mother," and by precious words of

encouragement bringing a bright smile to the face of some pale, wan child. On another occasion I see her bending over and cheering with commendation the "mothers," to whom she gave presents for length of service. Truly, like the Princess in the fairy tale, she scattered blessings wherever she went.

Very touching was the scene at the Homes when it became known that the Duchess of Teck had passed away. The feeling of sorrow was intense, and the village which but the day before was so full of life became suddenly silent. At each cottage the blinds were drawn, and the children went sadly about their daily tasks. By the death of the Royal Patron every girl felt she had sustained a personal bereavement, and when the different "families" gathered together for the midday meal in the darkened rooms, many eyes were dim with tears.

The benefits of the Addlestone Institution being only available for girls, Princess Mary depended in a great measure upon the assistance of others when she desired to find a home for a little boy, and, as the following correspondence indicates, no opportunity was missed of bringing any case she had in hand to the notice of her friends.

Letters to the Countess of Meath.

White Lodge, October 14, 1887.

DEAR LADY MEATH,—When we met last July at my Village Homes, you were, in your large-heartedness and true Christian benevolence, contemplating the founding of a Home for little boys, somewhat on the same principle. In the event of your ultimately carrying out this scheme, I enclose particulars of a very sad case for which my interest and help have been asked, and which, I think, would be quite worthy your consideration, whenever the Boys' Home is started. I fear I am powerless to assist the poor child, except by endeavouring to interest your kind self or Dr. Barnardo in his case, a peculiarly distressing one, I consider. . . .

White Lodge, January 23, 1889.

. . . I trouble you with this line to ask at what age you take little boys into your home, and at what cost? for there

is a baby boy of eight months at the Newport Market Refuge, for whom the sisters in charge of the Refuge are very anxious ultimately to find a home. His mother has been placed in a Home, where she is taken good care of, and after a time will go out to service. Should you be able to take in the poor little boy later on, I will obtain all the particulars of his sad case for you. Trusting you and Lord Meath and all the children are well, and with all good wishes for much blessing and happiness to you in the year we have just entered upon, I remain, dear Lady Meath, very sincerely yours,

MARY ADELAIDE.

The Princess never tired of hearing about Dr. Barnardo's work, and many years ago, at the invitation of Lord Cairns, she made personal acquaintance with the girls' Village Homes at Ilford, at the same time laying the foundation stone of two cottages. Later on Her Royal Highness dedicated the building called "Baby's Castle" to the use of destitute infants, herself performing the ceremony of opening the doors. It was arranged that the children, with their nurses, should be ready to troop into the "Castle" as soon as the doors were unlocked. Some of the little waifs were very small, and unable to mount the steps necessary to gain entrance to the building, so Princess Mary, stooping down, gently lifted them up and placed them inside.

With the Young Helpers League, one of Dr. Barnardo's most successful organisations for collecting funds to carry on his work, the Princess was associated from the very beginning. In fact, it may be said that the plan of campaign was itself suggested by her. As soon as the idea of a league occurred to Dr. Barnardo, he wrote to the Duchess asking for her advice and help. In reply she sent for him to come to White Lodge and talk matters over.

As I related the story which had prompted the thought [says Dr. Barnardo], the great tears ran down the Princess's face; she was deeply moved, and when I told her what I had resolved to do, she clapped her hands with childlike glee, and said excitedly, "Nothing can be better," adding quickly, "but in undertaking this work seek to enlist the active co-operation of ladies." I promised Her Royal Highness

that I would do so, and obedience to her wishes led to the ultimate success of the League, of which she became our first President.

Princess Mary was quite as much interested in the physical condition of children as in their moral and spiritual welfare, and entered heartily into Lord Meath's scheme for providing gardens and playgrounds for the little ones of the poor in different parts of London. She was constantly thinking out plans for children's holidays, and the lower the class of life the greater the sympathy shown. Her Royal Highness was early connected with the Holiday Homes built by Lady Ashburton at Addiscombe for the reception of East End children. In those days homes of this kind were more of a novelty than they are now, and the Princess had been looking forward to the opening ceremony, which she was to perform, with an eagerness that showed how much she felt for the little outcasts. At last the eventful day came. It was gloriously fine, but very hot. With a view of sparing the Duchess as much as possible, one of the gentlemen present ventured to suggest to her that a visit to each house was more than was expected; but Her Royal Highness would not hear of any change being made in the programme. "Please do not curtail my pleasure," she said. "I have come down to see these Homes, and the place where little pale faces are to become rosy, and I mean to see it all." So every house and every room were associated with her charming personality.

Poverty in children always touched her deeply; she could not bear to see the young suffer. Often she would stop the carriage to ask about some half-fed, half-clad child, and many a street arab has been clothed and cared for by the direct intervention of Princess Mary. One afternoon, when driving to an entertainment in London, she noticed two very poor little girls. "I must have those children!" the Princess exclaimed, and then and there made inquiries as to their history. Next day the children were safely lodged at Addlestone. Another day, according to custom, the children of a neighbouring parish school were passing in review before the Duke and Duchess of Teck, when Her Royal Highness

caught sight of a little boy in tattered garments making his salute. Turning to the Duke, she exclaimed, in a voice full of sympathy, "So ragged!" and, calling up the master, asked him the child's name and address. For very many years Princess Mary was closely connected with the Ragged School Union.

Knowing in a measure the busy life of Her Royal Highness [writes Mr. Kirk], it was with some diffidence that I ventured to ask her to assist the cause of the little children of London cared for by the Ragged School Union, by attending some of our meetings. I shall never forget the way in which she at once expressed her willingness to come. It was a beautiful illustration of her generous nature, but it was outdone by the keen interest afterwards manifested as she became more and more acquainted with the ramifications of our work. Her Royal Highness loved to hear of our early efforts, and one could not help being profoundly impressed by her anxiety to know all about the children. Religious instruction, daily school-work, evening classes, the well and the sick—especially the hidden-away cripples, were some of the matters upon which she would seek for detailed information. It was a cause of much sorrow to the Princess that she was unable to visit the new Home for cripples at Southend. "But," she said, "I hope I may go down quietly some day, and pay it a visit, for I am most anxious to see the Home, and make the acquaintance of its little guests."

Sometimes the Princess would give away the annual prizes to the children; this was a red-letter day, looked forward to for months beforehand, and never forgotten in after-years. A special feature of the anniversary proceedings are the "Faithful Service Prizes," intended for the young people of the various schools who have kept in touch with their teachers, and earned a good report. In presenting these gifts Her Royal Highness always had something to say to each recipient, and it gave her much real pleasure to see how the children of each school cheered their former scholars. Recalling one of these occasions, Mr. Kirk says, "It seemed to give the impression that the Ragged School was not just a society, but a large family of sons and daughters, and that Princess Mary personified the divine spirit of motherhood."

The Duchess was also interested in the Field Lane Refuges Ragged School, and opened the new wing which was built to celebrate the jubilee of the Institution in 1892—"a day long to be remembered," says the secretary, "especially on account of the kind and encouraging words addressed by Her Royal Highness to the inmates."

As a prize-giver no one was more successful than Princess Mary; she thoroughly entered into the spirit of the ceremony, and not only knew what was required of her, but possessed the rare qualification of being able to fulfil the office to the satisfaction of all interested in the distribution. So often a prize-giver is content with a general speech, followed by the silent handing of the gifts to the successful competitors. That, however, was not Princess Mary's way. She always had an appropriate word and a gracious smile for each boy and girl fortunate enough to receive a reward at her hands. Numbers made no appreciative difference; she was never at a loss for something to say, and never said what she did not mean.

Whenever the Princess gave away prizes, she infused life and heartiness into the whole ceremony, and every one present seemed to catch the infection. The children were glad, parents and friends rejoiced, and the officials themselves were carried away by the prevailing enthusiasm. "In my opinion," writes Mr. —, "and I speak with a great deal of experience, Her Royal Highness was the happiest and most skilful prize-giver ever seen. Of the many scores of orphan children and destitute boys and girls I have seen take a prize from the Duchess of Teck, in no single instance can I remember one child passing before her without receiving some special word of encouragement." Nor were these words ever forgotten. Years afterwards, when the boy had become a man and the girl a woman, what Princess Mary said was remembered with a freshness which tells its own tale, while in many a humble household the book or certificate handed by the Duchess to the mother as a child is still preserved among the most cherished possessions of the family.

During the years that the Princess was Patron of the King Edward Mission at Spitalfields, there was hardly a

branch of that Society's work with which she was not familiar. Whether it were the Ragged Schools, the Sunday Schools, the classes held for girls and women, or some other of the various charitable and philanthropic undertakings affiliated to the Mission, the Princess showed the same active interest in all. Every summer she sent fruit and flowers for distribution among the sick and helpless in the district, and never a winter passed without a valuable gift of warm clothing being received from White Lodge for division in the neighbourhood. When it became known in Spitalfields that a Fund was being raised to provide a memorial to the revered Patron of the King Edward Ragged Schools, several boys and girls who had received benefits in the shape of clothing from Her Royal Highness and had since gone out into situations, collected between them no less a sum than £5, and forwarded it as their subscription to the Memorial Committee.

Many of Her Royal Highness's friends can recall how she endeavoured to obtain funds in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and recollect the concert at St. James's Hall, under the Queen's patronage, which Princess Mary organised in 18—. "I send you a prospectus in the fond hope that you will help us by making it known, and bringing up a party to go to it," was a familiar message in Princess Mary's letters about that time.

My first conversation with the Duchess of Teck [writes the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, Director of the Society] was at a meeting of our Association held at Buccleuch House, Richmond. When the meeting was over, the Duchess was full of questions which a statement of mine on the policy of the Society had suggested, and she invited me to go and talk with her in another room. I remember her look of amazement that cruelties such as I described were so widely practised, and practised by persons of the educated and well-to-do classes. Like many others who had long opened their hearts to the sufferings of children as necessary consequences of poverty and misfortune, the Duchess found it hard to believe that many of them were needless and preventative, and had their cause in the wilful action of their fathers and mothers. The Princess had always been a kind friend to us, and in 1889, when the National Society was founded, became

one of its Royal patrons, in which position she continued until the day of her death. Her Royal Highness's connection with the Society greatly helped to make popular what was at first an unpopular work. She took special interest in the branch at Richmond, and gave her kind-hearted influence to several concerts in London for its benefit, as well as for the Society's great National Bazaar. Very useful, too, were the parcels of clothing Her Royal Highness caused to be sent to us from the Needlework Guild. By this means we were able to clothe some of the almost naked children the Society had to shelter for a while.

The Duchess of Teck's many visits to the East End of London were the means of bringing Princess and people into very close relationship, and as the poor came to understand and appreciate the living reality of Princess Mary's charity, her popularity increased and her personality became more felt. Wet or fine, whenever she came to open a bazaar, visit a hospital, or perform some other act destined to lessen the distress of suffering humanity, the poor people of East London lined the streets and cheered her to the echo. Mothers with babes in their arms joined in the hearty welcome, and men held up their children to see "the blessed Princess," as they loved to call her. "Oh, pray mind the baby!" Princess Mary would exclaim with true motherly anxiety, as the Royal carriage made its way through the throng which pressed around her. One day Her Royal Highness was driving along a very crowded thoroughfare. The street was narrow, and the windows full of faces. It was Saturday afternoon, and most of the men had returned to their homes early. Looking up, the Princess saw at an open window a man in his shirt-sleeves waving his hand to her. Entering into his enthusiasm, she waved her hand in return, saying, "I can see you; I know you are one of my friends." These words were distinctly heard by those around, and a deafening cheer went up from the densely packed multitude.

Another time Her Royal Highness had been opening the new wing of a hospital, and was driving away from the gates, holding a bouquet of choice flowers presented to her in honour of the occasion. In the crowded street leading from the

hospital stood a poor woman with a bunch of rather faded wall-flowers in her hand; as the Princess passed she attempted to throw the flowers into the carriage, but the horses had already got into their stride, and the wall-flowers, falling short, lay on the ground. Princess Mary, however, had seen the action, and, stopping the carriage, bade the footman pick them up and bring them to her; then, laying the bouquet aside, she took the wall-flowers in her hand, and drove on smiling and bowing her thanks to the giver. All hearts were touched by the Princess's kind action, and the people shouted themselves hoarse with delight.

In driving through the poorest parts of the East End of London [relates Mr. Hood], Princess Mary was no less known and beloved than among her personal friends. Her presence was ever hailed with pleasure and delight wherever she went; and it was easy to see that she derived satisfaction from the homely salutations bestowed on her as she passed. "There she is! Bless her kind face!" "Good luck to you and yours;" "There goes a good friend," were among the remarks that I remember to have heard, with others even more homely, showing that the people claimed her for their own. During the many occasions that I have been in attendance, I cannot recall having heard a hostile sound from any one in the large crowds that habitually collected to welcome the Princess. Many a time, after purchasing flowers at a bazaar, she would call at a hospital on her way home in order to leave them for the patients with "Princess Mary's kind regards," or some other kind message which enhanced the value of the gift.

The people always tried to get as near as they could to Her Royal Highness; they liked to see her face and feel her smile. As may be readily imagined, this enthusiasm, delightful as it was to see and know, was apt at times to prove inconvenient. One day the Princess was performing some ceremony at a hospital situated in a very poor district of London, and in coming out of the building she had to traverse a longer space than usual before reaching the street. Anticipating the rush which it was well known would take place as soon as she was seen at the door, a number of gentlemen formed themselves into a guard, and as the Duchess

came down the steps of the building, they advanced to meet her with the intention of escorting her to the carriage. Seeing the cordon, she at once took in the position of affairs, but went through the formality of asking why such precautions were necessary. It was quickly explained that in their anxiety to look at Her Royal Highness the people were likely to press her. "I have no fear!" answered Princess Mary; "let the people look at me;" and, gracefully dismissing the proffered services of the gentlemen, she walked slowly to her carriage, smiling and bowing on either side to "my friends," as she always called the poor of East London. The conversation was overheard by the bystanders, and one woman, in her delight at the Princess's reply, exclaimed excitedly, "Dear old lady, God bless her!"—a remark which, if not quite courtier-like, both amused and pleased Princess Mary.

Referring to the affection with which Her Royal Highness was always received by the poor of the metropolis, the Bishop of Stepney writes—

I can recall two occasions, one the opening of the Oxford House Club for working men in Bethnal Green, and one the opening of some mission buildings in a very poor part of Haggerston, at both of which I saw the Duchess of Teck receive a most hearty and cordial greeting from East-enders. On the former occasion she had driven all the way from White Lodge, and the knowledge of the great trouble she had taken to come, and her gracious and winning presence, produced a perfect ovation from the crowds of working men who were present to see their club opened. It was touching to see how Her Royal Highness sympathised with the mingled joy and sorrow of that particular opening, which was made possible by the death of an Oxford House worker who had left a large donation for the building of it, and whose mother—a personal friend of hers—was present on the occasion. At Haggerston, where there was a smaller gathering, I had the opportunity of seeing the way in which the Princess won the hearts of individuals by her bright way of going up and speaking to any one present, especially noticing the women of the district, and setting them at once at their ease.

It was the Duchess of Teck's inimitable personality that endeared her alike to rich and poor. She never did things

mechanically, and even the nominal duties she undertook were made attractive by the manner in which they were performed. When asked one day by Lady Tankerville to visit the Mildmay Hospital at Bethnal Green, Her Royal Highness willingly consented, and as soon as the reception was over, accompanied by Princess May, she proceeded to the wards and began her tour among the patients. Regardless of fatigue, she stopped at each bedside to say a few words, presenting to the sufferer a little bouquet of flowers, to which was attached a hand-painted text. The value of the gifts was enhanced by the knowledge that the flowers had come from the garden at White Lodge, and that the Royal ladies themselves had made up the pretty little nosegays and selected the text-cards. As usual the Duchess was anxious to know all about the Institution at Bethnal Green, and, disregarding time, stayed on talking with the deaconesses and making herself acquainted with every branch of the Mildmay work.

As Bishop of Stepney [writes the present Bishop of Bristol] I quickly learned to know that the success of any gathering for good work was assured when the Duchess's presence was promised. I learned, too, that the promise was most graciously given, up to and beyond her physical powers. I several times refused to ask Her Royal Highness to visit the East and North of London for purposes which did not seem to me to stand out with sufficient prominence. On the last occasion on which I did venture to ask I received a letter¹ written by her own hand, speaking of the state of health which made it not right to come, and expressing a regret with a fulness and a frankness which few persons, high or low, would have taken the trouble to use.

The bright, charming little speeches which Her Royal Highness made to the assembled people at any opening ceremony of our humble kind were immensely appreciated. They conveyed the sense of a sunny nature rejoicing in allowing itself to be felt. The impression made was indelible. When I left Stepney and came to Bristol, I found that Her Royal Highness's visit the year before had left the same indelible mark of a brave readiness to take any amount of trouble in a good cause, and of an unusual charm of temperament and manner.

¹ See p. 297.

While the people were getting to know Princess Mary, she also was getting to know the people. She studied the economic conditions under which the poor lived, and in 1886, when the distress at the East End was very great, Her Royal Highness was much concerned about the condition of affairs, and most anxious that the ladies at the West End should have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the facts of the case. After taking counsel with Lord Radstock, she decided to ask Mr. George Holland to give a series of addresses at Eccleston Hall, for it was thought that the purpose in view would be best accomplished by a true statement from one who was himself a worker among the people. Not only did the Princess attend the meetings, driving up from White Lodge in all weathers, but she took a personal and prominent part in getting together the audiences, writing many letters to ladies of her acquaintance, and sending out hundreds of invitation cards, with the result that the mission helped to establish a closer union between rich and poor in the great metropolis. Referring to Her Royal Highness's presence in East London, Lord Radstock says, "Her visits were productive of untold good, and have done not a little to make the hundreds of thousands of toilers more restful, knowing that there were those in the highest places who sympathised with their difficulties, and were doing what they could to encourage the Christian workers labouring among them."

Any movement that had for its object the lessening of the burden which falls upon the poorer classes of the community at once secured her sympathy, provided, of course, that the movement was loyal, practical, and good. The proceedings of the sweating committee, over which Lord Dunraven presided with so much success, were watched by Her Royal Highness with a capacity and earnestness that showed how well she understood the wants of the working classes, and how deeply she felt for the over-worked, ill-fed, and under-paid. The long hours that many of the East End sempstresses are compelled to toil, and the insanitary conditions that surround sweated labour, made the Princess very unhappy and

indignant. With the terribly hard and unfeminine work of the nail and chain workers at Cradley Heath she showed the same spirit of sympathy and concern, and great was her hope that legislation would follow an inquiry, which did so much to show the wealthy and well-to-do what hardships and sufferings numbers of their working brothers and sisters have to endure in order to keep body and soul together.

Political and economical differences may divide the working classes amongst themselves, but all were at one when it was a case of expressing their admiration for Princess Mary. Wherever she went, the loyalty shown to the Throne was overwhelming. Agitators ceased to proselytise, and the opponents of law and order were silent. The discontented had no fault to find, and the disciples of socialism forgot the themes they were accustomed to hear preached. All were conquered by that irresistible smile and never-failing reservoir of human sympathy. The Princess had opened a coffee-palace in a remote part of London, and at the close of the official proceedings arrangements were in progress for a tea which had been promised to the "very poor." Unfortunately, the supply of tickets available for the feast was inadequate to the number of applicants, and it became necessary to make a selection. The missionary in charge hesitated to undertake the task, as he knew but little of the people, so it was decided to appeal for help to a local "socialist" among the audience, who was acquainted with every one in the district; accordingly, he was handed the bundle of tickets, and asked to distribute them to the poorest people there. Some present had their misgivings as to the wisdom of the course taken, but all doubts on the point were soon set at rest, for, acting upon his own initiative, the so-called socialist marshalled the recipients of the tea-tickets, and called upon them to give three cheers for Her Royal Highness Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck.

The Princess's large-heartedness and great powers of intuition enabled her to interpret quickly the thoughts of the poor. "Many times I have heard the people say," writes a

lady who spends much of her time in East London, "even in districts where socialism is rife, that 'the Duchess of Teck looks at us and speaks to us as though we were worth noticing, and of the same flesh and blood as herself, though we are poor and almost nothing.'" This feeling receives corroboration from the clergyman of a parish where, owing to the socialistic views of his parishioners, the charity functions had not been attended by any great ladies. Speaking one day to a fellow-worker, he said, "I do wish the Duchess of Teck would pay us a visit; we would guarantee Her Royal Highness a loyal and hearty reception. The people understand her greatness and like it, though they are most of them socialists."

One day [relates a visitor among the London poor] I was in a tram-car with several working men, when some one referred audibly to a report that Princess Mary had passed away quite suddenly. Happily the rumour was incorrect; but I shall never forget the concern shown by those working men and their genuine relief when I was able to say that Her Royal Highness was still with us. One of their number replied that he hoped it would be many a long day before she was taken, adding, "We can't afford to lose the likes of her; she's a good 'un, and no mistake!"—an expression of opinion which all present heartily endorsed.

When at the East End, Her Royal Highness sometimes paid "surprise" visits, and it was in this way that she first made acquaintance with the Home of Industry, known locally as the Beehive. She had often heard of this useful work among destitute children, begun in Spitalfields nearly forty years ago, and one day, when at the George Yard Mission, expressed a wish that Lord Radstock should pilot her party to the scene of Miss Macpherson's operations. On the way they passed several lodging-houses, and the Princess asked many questions of her cicerone as to the dwellings and their occupants. This practical experience of how the poor live made a deep impression on her mind at the time, and it was never effaced from her memory. Finding the door of the Home open, Princess Mary walked in, and, wending her way from

one hall to another, at last found Miss Macpherson, who was busily engaged with her assistants. As soon as the formal presentations were over, Her Royal Highness plunged into the theme of work among the London poor, and this common ground soon set every one at ease. "And what is going on to-night?" she asked, noticing the preparations that were being made. Just as she spoke the tread of boys was distinctly heard, and as they approached it was explained to the Princess that they had assembled to sing to two hundred hungry men, who would soon be gathered in the adjoining room, where supper was being laid for them. She was much interested, and, had time allowed, would fain have stayed to see the men partake of their evening meal. After hearing an account of the work, the Duchess turned to Lord Radstock and said, "That is a story which will do us all good in the West End of London."

Before many weeks had passed [says Miss Macpherson] the story was retold to a large audience in the Eccleston Conference Hall,¹ and when the new building was opened in Bethnal Green Road, the whole sum required, namely £10,000, had been found. It was not that Her Royal Highness subscribed to our funds, but the warmth of her loving heart set all aglow around her. This joyousness, we workers felt, came from a deep inner spirituality which flowed from a higher source. Her words were Heaven-sent. She was invariably the same bright, cheery, and loving Princess, eager for the welfare of others, and always ready to help forward every good work by her sweet influence. There was no greater joy to her than that of kindly deeds. The simplest tale of faith and trust brought tears of heartfelt sympathy to her eyes.

As the Princess passed out of the building, the boys lined up on either side of the entrance hall. Noticing a very little boy, Sam Smith by name, the last to be admitted to the Home, Her Royal Highness asked his history. The sadness of the story much moved her. She stooped and kissed the brow of the motherless waif, and, turning to Miss Macpherson, said, "I shall not forget him"—smiling through her tears. On

¹ See p. 353.

the morning the boys sailed for Canada, each received a copy of "The Pilgrim's Progress," a present from Princess Mary. Two years later a photograph was shown the Duchess of some boys who had gone out to Canada from the Home of Industry. Looking at the group attentively, the Princess exclaimed, "Why, I know that boy; that's my little Sam Smith!" and in her own genial way she put the photograph into her pocket, saying, "I shall keep this as a memento."

Late one afternoon in winter, Mr. Holland's large Mission Room was crowded with men of the poorest class; some had served in the army and the navy, others had worked at trades and been useful members of society, but all had gone under in that terrible struggle for existence which only those who live and work among the poor of East London are able to appreciate. Many of the men had no idea where they were going to pass the night, which was cold and uninviting even to those who were well fed and well clad. They were, in fact, fair examples of the "submerged tenth," and were doing justice to a substantial tea which the generosity of some unknown philanthropist had provided for them. Visitors were not expected, but while the meal was in progress a lady walked up the room apparently unnoticed by the men, and, taking a seat where she could see most of their faces, remained some time silent, seemingly wrapped in deep thought. Except Mr. Holland, no one knew her or took any notice of her presence. After a while, she called some of the men up to her, and began talking to them. It was not possible to hear what she said, but there was no doubt that her words touched them deeply.

Some curiosity was evinced to know the name of the kind lady, and Mr. Holland asked if he might reveal her identity to the men. "Not while I am here," was the reply. When he had conducted his guest to the door, Mr. Holland returned to the hall, and, addressing the men, said, "I will now tell you the name of the lady who has just left us: it is Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck." In a second the men rose to their feet, and, without a word or suggestion of any kind, gave three ringing cheers for Her Royal Highness. Going up to one of the men with whom the Duchess had

been conversing, Mr. Holland said, "I saw you crying just now; what was the reason?" "*She* spoke so kindly to us," the man replied; "we are not in the habit of being spoken to like that."

Few who were present when the Princess opened Shaftesbury House, Angel Alley, the new quarters of the George Yard Mission, will forget the look of infinite joy upon her face as she entered the room where the ceremony was to be performed. At one time the neighbourhood of Angel Alley was perhaps the lowest and most dangerous in Whitechapel; but with the advance of the mission and the pulling down of the dens of iniquity that stigma had been removed, and a marked change in the district was noticeable. Poverty, however, with its attendant evils still remained, and the large crowd that had assembled to greet Princess Mary as she passed along the High Street was composed of the very, very poor. Many of the women who ran out from the adjoining streets to give Her Royal Highness a cheer had laid aside for a moment the work which secured for them a daily pittance, and is so forcibly and pathetically described in Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt." But poor as this East End crowd was in this world's goods, it was rich in gratitude. These women knew that in the Princess they had a real friend, and they did not hesitate to tell her so, in their own expressive way.

When the Duchess of Teck opened Cliveden House, an institute for working girls at Bow, the road on either side was lined with factory hands, all waiting for a sight of Her Royal Highness, and anxious to show their loyalty. After taking tea in the club-room, the Princess graciously allowed the girls to gather round her while she spoke to them about themselves and their occupations. In the factory or the workroom she was as much at home as in the drawing-room at White Lodge. Her heart was full of affection for the poor, and the working girls of London found in her one who would weep with them in their sorrows and rejoice with them in their joys.

I should like to place on record [writes Mr. Groom, secretary of the Watercress and Flower Girl Christian Mission] the great interest taken by the Duchess of Teck in our work

among the flower girls and children of London. It was, I think, due to the late Lord Shaftesbury that Her Royal Highness's attention was first attracted to this mission. For many years the Princess watched the progress of the society, making constant inquiries as to its work, especially with reference to the rescue of children from the streets, the training of girls for domestic service, and the formation of clubs for women. In 1879 the Baroness Burdett-Coutts formed a Flower Girls' Brigade, with the object of teaching crippled girls how to make artificial flowers, so that they might be able to earn their living without going out into the streets. The scheme commended itself to Her Royal Highness from the first, and it was owing to the Princess's influence that we were invited to exhibit our artificial flowers at the Royal Botanical Gardens. The Duchess was present on that occasion, and, after closely inspecting the work, remarked that it was scarcely possible to distinguish the real from the artificial flowers, so well and carefully had the girls copied nature.

When the council approached Her Royal Highness with reference to a bazaar for the extension of our seaside holiday home, not only did she give her patronage, but promised to open the sale herself, and her practical suggestions aided this effort to success. Princess Mary sat at the table where the girls were at work, and, watching them make two roses, said she would give one to her daughter, and keep the other for herself. I know full well that this kind interest was thoroughly appreciated by the girls, and their floral offering at the funeral testified to the grief they felt at the loss of a noble, true, and faithful friend.

The objects aimed at by the promoters of the Young Women's Christian Association found a warm supporter in Princess Mary, who accepted the Presidency of the Restaurant Branch, and did everything in her power to assist the useful work carried on by Miss Gough among the barmaids and waitresses of London. In the Girls' Friendly Society the Princess showed the same genuine concern. Writing to Lady Meath, she says—

I will with much pleasure accede to your request and patronise the Concert in aid of "The Brabazon Home of Comfort" at Reigate on June 26th, and, D.V., attend it, if I can fit it in with my other engagements. . . . About six weeks ago we had a rather large and influential meeting at

Richmond, at which the Bishop of Lichfield, Mrs. MacLagan, Mrs. Egerton Hubbard, Miss Grosvenor, and others, pleaded most strongly and ably on behalf of the G.F.S.,¹ and I am therefore all the more glad of this opportunity of showing my interest in so valuable an Institution by giving my support to a charity so immediately connected with it.

Accompanied by Princess May, the Duchess of Teck drove over one day from Coombe, where she was staying with Lady Wolverton, and paid a visit to the Royal Masonic Institution for girls at Clapham.

After inspecting the building and offices [recalls one who was present] the Royal ladies adjourned to the music-room, where the twenty-three pianos, each in a glass case, at once attracted Princess Mary's attention, and going into one of the boxes herself, she was surprised to find that the pupil could practise without being disturbed by the piano-playing on either side. The old prints and pictures hanging on the walls were looked at in turn, and much interest was shown in the portrait of the Duchess of Cumberland, the first Patron of the Society, and after whom the Institution was called "The Royal Cumberland Freemason School," by which name it was known for many years. The Duchess of Teck was greatly interested in the calisthenic performance given by the girls in the Alexandra Hall, and so pleased was Her Royal Highness with her afternoon at the school that she was reluctant to leave, and proposed that she and her daughter should have their tea with the children, a kindly act which has never been forgotten at the Institution.

Shortly afterwards the announcement was made of Princess May's betrothal to the Duke of York, and one of the earliest letters of congratulation which reached White Lodge came from the girls at the Masonic School. Princess May was much touched at the remembrance, and with her own hand wrote and thanked the girls for their good wishes.

The Duchess had a wide knowledge of what was being done to lessen the stress and meet the wants of poverty. "Princess Mary was one of the earliest visitors to my first lodging-house in King's Cross Road," says Lord Rowton, "and I

¹ Girls' Friendly Society.

was struck with her homely and sympathetic manner with the men; they all felt her presence. When she heard that I had opened another house, she expressed a wish to come again. On both occasions Her Royal Highness went fully into details, talking over everything; her remarks were so practical, and the suggestions she made most useful to me."

I confess [relates a gentleman of great practical experience among the London poor] I was hardly prepared for the intimate acquaintance Princess Mary possessed with the multifarious agencies that exist for the benefit of the destitute. I remember being present at a drawing-room meeting when the particular scheme under discussion was clothing for children, a scheme for which Her Royal Highness had made great personal efforts. The question of preventing parents from selling or pawning the clothes intended for their children was raised by one of the ladies. "That matter is got over," I pointed out, "by letting it be understood that the clothes are not given, but lent to wear out." "Yes, that's it," chimed in Princess Mary—"lent to wear out." Thus was settled a point which had troubled the minds of many good Samaritans, and "lent to wear out" is now a recognised formula with the poor of East London.

At the close of the meeting a few of us were invited to stay behind, as the Princess wished for some further information. By-and-by it was my turn. "Now, Mr. —, I have been wanting to have a little chat with you," said the Princess, in a way that at once put me at my ease. Then it was that I learned from her own lips how much she knew of all that was going on. Whatever the problem might be, the Duchess was equally well informed, and had innumerable suggestions to make, many of them of much practical value. For the time social distinction was forgotten, and one only saw the sympathetic heart and motherly woman who could not hear of hardships without lending a helping hand. Small wonder that the common saying was, "God bless her!"

When asked to give her patronage to the movement set on foot at the East End for providing work for the wives of the unemployed, Princess Mary readily assented, and in the formation of the Sewing-classes Her Royal Highness took an active part. A lady was telling the Princess one day of an incident which occurred at a Mothers' Meeting in Whitechapel.

The Duchess of York had sent a little woollen petticoat made by herself, as a present for the youngest baby in the room. Naturally the gift occasioned much excitement amongst the women, who came forward to "look at" and to "touch" the royal garment. Amongst the mothers was an old woman of ninety-four. "Ah! deary me," she exclaimed, "I wouldn't mind having another baby myself if I could have a petticoat made by the Duchess!" Princess Mary was so touched at the story that she sent the old woman a "hug-me-tight" of her own making. Great was the delight of the recipient, and, holding the "hug-me-tight" at arm's length, she said, "It is much too good for the likes of me to wear. I shall keep it to look at." On hearing this, Her Royal Highness sent word that she was by "all means to wear it and enjoy it."

A chief reason of Princess Mary's great popularity was her intense humanity. The good she esteemed, the bad she pitied. Not that she placed both in the same category; any such inference would be misleading. Between right and wrong Her Royal Highness drew a hard-and-fast line; but if any one got into trouble and showed a genuine wish to reform, she would do all in her power to help that person back again. No stone was left unturned to assist what the Princess regarded as a deserving case, but nothing caused her greater pain than to find her confidence had been misplaced or her sympathy imposed upon. On one occasion, some days after the Duchess had attended a function in a poor district of London, a man addressed a letter to White Lodge appealing to her to send him money, on the ground that he had been run over by the Royal carriage while endeavouring to show his loyalty to the Throne, and had only just come out of the hospital. The coachman had no recollection of the incident, and on the matter being investigated it turned out that the whole story was an untruth, and that the man had been at work daily, earning good wages. This flagrant attempt to obtain money under false pretences greatly hurt the Princess's feelings, but she could not be induced to consent to a prosecution.

Even a life of crime did not, according to the Princess's ethics, necessarily raise up an insuperable barrier between herself and the criminal. She was pre-eminently the friend of the outcast and forgotten. Her Royal Highness saw good in every one, and invariably got at every one's good points. She did not blame people unnecessarily; her method was kindness—not kindness that carried with it condescension, but human kindness—and the sentiment contained in the lines, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," exactly expressed what Princess Mary felt and practised. No one was a stranger, and no one ever felt a stranger when in her presence. Rich and poor alike came to her for advice, and the troubles of others never bored her, for the mere fact of distress of any kind at once attracted her sympathy. No tale of suffering was too long for her; she listened to the recital with rapt attention from beginning to end, and when hearing any case of exceptional distress, tears of pity would roll down her beautiful face.

"The people are always so kind to me," said Princess Mary when talking to an East End district visitor, who had been bidden to White Lodge. "Yes, ma'am," replied the lady thus addressed; "they are devoted to you. Your Royal Highness treats them as though they were body, soul, and spirit the same as yourself." "And that is what I always think of them as being," replied the Duchess. "I try to behave to them accordingly, and have never found them take any advantage. Sometimes men and women of the working classes have come to the side of the carriage and put out a hand; it has been done respectfully, and I have shaken hands. During the time of the riots in London I drove about as usual, and was never molested in any way. I have invariably met with courtesy from the people, and cannot speak too highly of them."

No one could know Her Royal Highness (writes the Bishop of Calcutta¹) and not appreciate, as her most striking quality, the kindness of her heart. She was one of the few persons who find their greatest pleasure in giving pleasure to others.

¹ The Rt. Rev. J. E. C. Welldon, D.D.

She felt a positive delight in doing good, and her power of doing good was intensified by the sympathy which helped her to enter almost unconsciously into the thoughts and feelings of others. She seemed to make their sorrows her own. I do not think I can ever forget her sympathetic horror at a story which I once told her of a little boy, the son of a hard-working clergyman in a great city, who was sent on an errand to one of the chief citizens, and, being told that it was time for him to go back to dinner, replied that it was not his day for dinner; he had had his dinner the day before. All the many efforts of Her Royal Highness for the good of the people were prompted by this singular power of sympathy. She did more than others, because she felt more. She was peculiarly sensitive, as I think, to the temptations of young girls. I believe that no lady in the land realised more fully the need of guarding and guiding them, especially in the life of a great city. The duty of prosperous persons to the lowly and the lonely upon earth was the thought ever present to her mind. She was always ready to preside at meetings designed for their good. There must be many an orphan girl who bears a tender and grateful recollection of the Princess's never-failing thoughtfulness.

It naturally happened to me to listen from time to time to her views on education. I know that she valued education, but did not value it unless it were sanctified by religion. Her theology was of the simplest kind. She was attached by conviction as by heredity to the pure reformed faith of the Church of England. She distrusted and disliked a sacerdotal system. The principle of liberty, religious as well as social, was very dear to her heart. I recollect, too, how strongly she felt the obligation which her high position laid upon her, to set a good example. She told me more than once that she would never go to any theatre where the play performed was not of a strictly moral kind. She shrank instinctively from lending her countenance to anything of a lower character than the highest. Believing that a Royal position is itself chiefly to be valued as a means of doing good effectively, she was keenly pained if ever the people seemed to mistake the views and purposes of the Royal family.

Surely it is true that she was one of the foremost, by her sympathy and charity, in bridging over the gulf which divides the poor from the rich. She loved the people, and they loved her. Even the poorest and lowliest were dimly conscious of her sympathy. It was noticed how they felt for her in her first illness, how warmly they greeted her after her recovery at

the Queen's Jubilee. But for those who enjoyed the privilege of her friendship, she possessed a unique charm. Hers was a kindly, gracious presence; she did good without seeming to know how often she did it, and she has left a sore place in many hearts. Perhaps it may be said of her as an epitaph that she was Royal, but it was her royalty which they who knew her best thought least of in comparison with her virtues.

Princess Mary was a warm friend to many hospitals, and always willing to open a new wing, patronise a bazaar, or give some other practical proof of her desire to help on the good work done by these institutions of popular charity. Although the sight of pain and suffering distressed and saddened her, she never hesitated to enter the wards and speak words of comfort and encouragement to the sick and dying. She seldom went to stay with friends without asking to be taken over the local hospital, and often, on her return home, called to mind the more anxious cases she had seen. One who was present when the Princess paid an informal visit to the Hospital for Women at Liverpool, while Her Royal Highness and the Duke of Teck were the guests of Lord and Lady Sefton at Croxteth, writes—

Princess Mary went through all the wards, speaking to every woman and handing to her a little bouquet. On leaving a ward she inquired why one woman was crying so bitterly, and being informed that the patient was about to undergo a serious operation, exclaimed, "I will go to her; I will go to her again and try to comfort her." She hurried back to the patient's bed, and was seen for some minutes holding a whispered conversation, whilst stroking the poor toil-worn hand. Turning away, wiping her eyes, the Princess said, "I wish to be kept informed how that patient goes on." On reaching the hall of the hospital Her Royal Highness made some laughing inquiry as to the presence of "a man" in the hospital; she was told it was the poor woman's husband, who was in great grief. The Royal lady said, "I will speak to him. Where can I go to speak alone to him?" A door being open—that of a pantry!—Her Royal Highness drew the poor man in with her, and tried in a homely, kindly way to console him. Her remark to those near her was, "Well, I'm glad I asked about him; I think he will feel comforted." Just little actions such as these endeared the

Duchess to the general public; and this incident has a peculiar pathos when we know that she herself had to undergo the agony of two operations.

The new wing of the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street was opened in 1893, having cost £43,000. This large fund was begun with the Children's Jubilee Tribute; thus the credit of successfully starting a movement which in six years carried through the project aimed at, must be given to Princess Mary and the Committee of ladies who, in 1887, undertook to collect the money for the purpose of completing the hospital.

Her friendship with the Baroness Burdett-Coutts brought the Princess into close touch with the Great Northern Hospital, and she was also a constant visitor at the Homoeopathic Hospital. From the first the Duchess of Cambridge had been a supporter of the Institution founded by Dr. Quin, and when no longer able to take an active part in charitable work she still allowed her name to remain as Patron. On the death of her mother, the Duchess of Teck took over the same responsibilities, and in 1893 laid the foundation stone of the new building, which two years later was opened by Her Royal Highness, who gave her name to the principal wing. Similar memorials of "the good Duchess" are to be found in other London hospitals, and there is scarcely a Medical Society in the metropolis that has not cause to remember the name and bless the memory of Princess Mary.

The Zenana and Medical Mission found in her an active and staunch ally. She readily accepted the office of President, and, if a meeting were held in the neighbourhood of Richmond Park, made a point, when possible, of being there. "Almost the last time Princess Mary appeared in public," writes Lady Tankerville, "was to hear an address on Medical Missions by Mrs. Bishop, and it was touching to see how deeply she was moved by the tale of suffering among the sick in the Zenanas." The Hospital founded by the Society at Patna, and named after Her Royal Highness, is locally

known as the "all right" hospital, owing to the similarity in sound between the name of Teck and the native word *tik*, signifying "that's good" or "that's all right." When the lady in charge of the Medical Mission at Patna was visiting England she was invited to White Lodge, and, much to her astonishment, Princess Mary proved not only conversant with the broad lines of the Society's work among the native women in India, but was able to discuss details and offer practical suggestions on various points connected with hospital management.

Impressed with the painful knowledge that many a poor person in our great capital city not only lives a life of loneliness, but by force of circumstances dies untended and uncared for, Princess Mary felt specially attracted towards Miss Davidson's Home of Peace for the Dying, where those in the last stages of illness are skilfully and tenderly nursed to the end. "Before dear Miss Dunbar¹ died," Her Royal Highness writes to a friend, "I promised her to interest myself in a little Home in Mildmay Road, called 'Friedenheim,' which was started by a great friend of hers. I enclose a paper about it. I think it seems such a nice idea having a Home where these poor people can die in peace, and I am quite sure it will appeal to your sympathy."

Later on, when the Institution was enlarged and removed to South Hampstead, the Duchess of Teck kindly promised to open the new building. "For the sake of our dear friend Freddy Dunbar," Princess May wrote, "as well as for the admirable object of your Home, my mother will open it on November the 7th, and I will accompany her. We quite agree with you to keep the ceremony as quiet as possible." All attempt at a private opening, however, had to be abandoned, for as soon as it was known that the Duchess of Teck and her daughter were coming, over a thousand people announced their intention of being present. Meanwhile Her Royal Highness had left home to pay some country visits, and the first week in November found her in Yorkshire. To return on the 7th proved very inconvenient, and a change of date

¹ Daughter of the Rev. Sir William Dunbar.

was suggested; but when it was represented to the Princess that the proposed alteration would disappoint many people, with her usual consideration for others, she at once made arrangements to start by an early train so as to reach London in time for the function.

"Her Royal Highness's genial manner," says Miss Davidson, "made all go off in the most happy way, and none of us will ever forget the sympathising words she addressed to us on that occasion." Few of those present were aware of the fatiguing journey the Duchess had made, or that, after the proceedings were over, she had before her the long drive to White Lodge.

I have very great pleasure [said Princess Mary] in declaring this Home open, and the greater pleasure, perhaps, because I promised this to a dying friend. She is now no more, but she interested myself and my daughter greatly in the small Home. I did not then know that this large institution was in contemplation. She was passing away with every comfort around her, and felt deeply the contrast between her position and that of those people who would seek an asylum in such a Home as this. She pleaded strongly with me to befriend "Friedenheim," if ever I had the opportunity of doing so, and I am very glad indeed that this opportunity has been afforded me.

Not long afterwards the Duchess of Teck contributed the furniture for one inmate at "Friedenheim," in memory of her friend Miss Dunbar. That bed is now called "Mary Adelaide," in loving memory of herself.

Although Princess Mary did so much to help the cause of charity in London, local claims were never set aside, and by her death the institutions in her own neighbourhood have sustained an irreparable loss. For over twenty years Her Royal Highness was a visitor at the Richmond Hospital, and the financial success that attended the annual dinners presided over by the Duke of Cambridge was due in no small measure to her individual exertions. Many patients who passed through the wards from time to time were made happy by kind words from the Duchess of Teck, and the matron and nurses will not soon forget the Princess who remembered them on numerous occasions.

Her Royal Highness also identified herself with the work of the St. John's Ambulance Association, and by accepting the presidency of the Richmond Branch induced many residents in the district to join the Society, while the activity she displayed in the movement was seen by the popularity of the local centre. The year 1896 was the last time that the Duchess presented the certificates, and in the practical demonstration following the distribution she evinced a keenness and showed a knowledge which proved that the office she had held for well-nigh fifteen years had not been regarded merely in the light of a nominal position. All the knots tied were duly inspected by Her Royal Highness, and woe to the unfortunate amateur who made a "granny" instead of a "reef" knot. During the afternoon a young lady was called upon to give an exhibition of the first steps to be taken in cases of drowning. Owing probably to nervousness, she omitted to unfasten the collar and clothes of the supposed drowning woman. The Princess laughingly called her attention to the mistake, remarking that unless the patient's garments were loosened before trying artificial respiration she would choke. The Duchess took a like interest in the St. John's Ambulance Nursing Guild, and made frequent gifts to the store of material for lending to the sick.

With the Training Home at Richmond Princess Mary was very closely associated. She presided at the committee meetings, sent hampers of vegetables from her own garden for the inmates, and in various other ways showed her interest in the Home which bore her name. At Christmas a tree was always given, and on these occasions tea was served in the kitchen, an underground apartment, kept scrupulously clean and tidy. Here the Duchess of Teck would sit at the head of the table pouring out tea, and talking all the time to the girls, while Princess May took the cups round the table. Her Royal Highness allowed no change to be made for her comfort in the general arrangements of the room, but occupied one of the ordinary kitchen chairs in daily use. As soon as the meal was over, the Duchess distributed the presents, making a few appropriate remarks to each girl as she came

up to take her gift. When an inmate of the Home left for her situation, she carried away a prize given, and often presented to her, by the Royal Patron of the charity. It was not till she felt her health failing that Princess Mary reluctantly withdrew her connection with the Institution she had for so many years delighted to call "my Training Home."

One day, a lady was coming out of the Training Home, where Her Royal Highness had been presiding at a committee meeting, when a pale-looking boy, very out at elbows, carrying a basket on his arm full of not over-fresh flowers, came up to her and asked in piteous tones whether the Princess would buy some flowers of him. With tears in his eyes, he said that he had been waiting outside a long time, but that the police were hunting him and kept on driving him away. "But," he added, "them police don't understand Her Royal Highness; she always buys some flowers from me." When the carriage came round to the door, the boy was nowhere to be seen, but as the lady and the Princess were driving through Richmond, Her Royal Highness caught sight of him and stopped the carriage; the boy came to the door and showed his flowers, which the Princess admired, and bought several bunches of violets. The lady noticed that the boy did not remove his cap, and suggested that he should do so. Looking at the Princess very hard, he remarked innocently, "I think, ma'am, I'd better not, for I'm werry delicate." The reply much amused Her Royal Highness, who smiled and said kindly, "Never mind, my boy; keep your cap on."

The woman who seldom gets a day's rest and to whom holidays are unknown had the Duchess of Teck's special sympathy, and she was ever devising some plan which would let in a ray of sunshine upon a life made prematurely old by incessant toil and domestic worries. Her dearest wish was to found a Home where over-worked and tired-out women could go for a while to get back their strength, and had she been spared a little longer it is possible that the project Her Royal Highness had so much at heart might have been

accomplished.¹ To start anything of the kind on a large scale, she knew full well would take time and involve the expenditure of a large sum of money. Abandoning for the moment the greater idea, the Princess obtained from the Duke of Cambridge the use of a cottage in Coombe Wood, which she furnished herself, and set apart for the reception of poor women from the East End of London.

On the walls hung appropriate pictures put up by the Duke of Teck and Princess May with their own hands, while the Duchess herself constantly looked in to see that the inmates were comfortable, and all was as she wished it to be. In fact, no pains were spared to make their stay at the cottage as enjoyable as possible. If the weather were cold, Princess Mary would say, "Now, I am sure you feel very chilly. I'll get you another blanket." In vain the woman would tell Her Royal Highness that she did not feel the cold. Another blanket was sure to appear. The Duchess had the women up to White Lodge, and showed them over the house, giving herself the same trouble to describe everything as she would have done in the case of an honoured guest, and, when opportunity permitted, a carriage was sent from the Royal stables to take the women for a drive in Richmond Park, while flowers gathered by Princess Mary and her daughter helped to make gay their rooms.

Many as were the demands upon the Duchess's time, she often found an hour or so to talk with the inmates of the cottage in Coombe Wood. Sitting down beside a poor woman, Her Royal Highness would ask question after question about her home life. Now and then it happened that an inmate had seen better days, and Princess Mary wandered back with her to the years of her prosperity. She encouraged the women to tell her of their troubles, and when the poor souls shed tears over the recital, the kind Princess wept with them. If a mother had sons in the army, Her Royal Highness

¹ As a National Memorial to the late Duchess of Teck, it was decided to erect a Home of Rest for Women, and to affiliate it with the Surrey Convalescent Home.

always wanted to know the "boys'" regiments and the length of their service. In this way she learnt that a widow had a lad in the Post Office who had joined the Post Office Volunteers. "Then Teck will look after him," she said, in a reassuring manner, leaving the astonished woman to find out that she alluded to the Duke of Teck, Honorary Colonel of the Corps. After the women had returned to their homes, the Princess still maintained a personal interest in their welfare, and at Christmas a present of some warm garment accompanied by a kind message found its way into many a humble tenement in Whitechapel, where the doings at Coombe Wood were recited again and again to circles of admiring friends.

For a time the working expenses of this little Home were defrayed by Princess Mary with the help of a few subscribers, but after a while Her Royal Highness found the outgoings increase and the incomings falling off. Accordingly she arranged a Bazaar, with a view of getting together a small capital fund. Writing to Lady Dunraven, the Duchess of Teck says—

White Lodge, Good Friday, April 4, 1890.

. . . I was charmed to hear from Mr. — that you have kindly consented to take a stall at our Coombe Bazaar (to include any number of entertainments, all bespoke by me, and promising to be very first-rate!), and hope he has duly informed you that dear kind Lady Wolverton will lend her house for it, so that we shall have plenty of space and be able to make quite a *fête* of it. Lady Wolverton and I propose to have a combined flower and basket stall, and I am longing to know what yours is to be. I am bent on making this affair a grand success, because I mean to have a fair share of the profits, in order to start a fund wherewith to lodge and feed a succession of poor worn-out London workers through the summer (as we have done these two years past), thus obviating the necessity of making constant appeals to the benevolence of our kind friends. There is a further advantage in this plan of mine, for it will enable us to invite our friends to come down and buy of and help us, as, while we cannot hope to interest them in our church and organ, we can easily enlist their sympathies for our country boarding-out scheme. . . .

The Princess writes on the same subject to Lady Salisbury—

White Lodge, June 3, 1890.

. . . I am organising a *fête* at Coombe, for which Lady Wolverton kindly lends her charming house and grounds, on the 10th and 11th of June, in aid of our parish needs, more particularly in order to raise a fund to enable us to board out, all through the summer and autumn, a succession of very poor worn-out London women, for whom the inestimable boon of rest, combined with country air and food, is thus secured; and I want you *very* much to help us by coming down one of the days, and further by sending me a contribution of flowers for my flower-stall. I enclose a circular. . . . Do be so *dear* and *kind* as to patronise us by your presence. . . .

Princess Mary entrusted the task of selecting the temporary tenants for the cottage to Mr. George Holland, who was a frequent and welcome visitor at White Lodge. Recalling those privileged days, he says—

But for Her Royal Highness's great kindness in providing rest and change for our poor women, many would, I fear, have drifted into serious illness, and some would have died. I can never forget her visits to the Mission, and her presence at our meetings. Her kind words and sympathy greatly encouraged us, and we all feel that we have lost a very, very dear friend. My visits to White Lodge will always live in my memory. The Duchess was so anxious to know all about the condition of the poor people, and remembered each branch of our work; in fact, she made inquiry concerning everything and everybody connected with the Mission. I never asked her to come to our help but she came, and I know it afforded her real happiness to be amongst us.

It pleased Louisa, Lady Ashburton, to call the cottage she built at Addiscombe for affording change of air to poor mothers without any cost to themselves, "The George Holland Dovecote." The Duchess of Teck graciously performed the opening ceremony, and, after making a detailed inspection of the premises, herself opened the doors and received into the "Dovecote" the first mother and babe who were admitted. Princess Mary was much beloved by the poor of East London. She took a deep interest in their welfare, and was always pleased to do anything for their good. They have felt her loss most keenly; they have shed

many bitter tears, and grieved to think that the voice which so often comforted and consoled the bereaved, the afflicted, and the troubled will no longer be heard.

The want of a local Convalescent Home was vividly brought to Her Royal Highness's notice by the case of the wife of a gate-keeper in Richmond Park. The Princess was anxious to get the poor woman into some Home of Rest; but it was only after the third attempt that she was successful, and then the hospitality of another county had to be accepted. After the woman returned, she looked so much better for the change that the Princess used constantly to remark to her neighbours, "What a pity it is we have no convalescent home in Surrey!" At last the seed fell on good ground, and the Surrey Convalescent Home for Men was started, while later on a similar Institution for women was set on foot and partially established.

The associations of her younger days were very dear to the Duchess of Teck, and a close and intimate connection with Kew was maintained up to the day of her death. When the question of enlarging the church was regarded as imperative, it was Princess Mary's generous assistance that made the matter possible.

Letter to the Marchioness of Salisbury.

Bretby Park, May 30, 1882.

DEAREST LADY SALISBURY,—Will you do my mother and me a great favour? and that is to give your name as patroness to a concert I am getting up at St. James's Hall, in the afternoon of July 6th, in aid of the enlargement of our little church at Kew, the one in which I was both confirmed and married. Kew has of late years so outgrown itself that we are in constant dread of a new church springing up and supplanting the old one, so dear to us all; hence the effort I am making. . . . Ever, dearest Lady Salisbury, yours affectionately,

MARY ADELAIDE.

At the time the present Vicar of Kew was appointed, there was still a debt upon the church, and in order that

this might be removed, Princess Mary started a subscription among her friends, with the satisfactory result that the money required was soon raised. The same ready help was forthcoming when funds were wanted for the schools, and, to quote the testimony of the Vicar, "in every parochial emergency of sufficient magnitude Her Royal Highness came to the rescue," while the fact that the Princess had arranged to attend the parish church at Kew on the Sunday following the day she died shows how to the last she remained in personal touch with the "Royal village."

The great interest taken by the Princess in the parish of Kingston Vale has already been noticed, and numberless gracious acts done in Richmond and other neighbouring parishes might be recorded. Many of the garments which the Duchess of Teck gave away to charitable institutions were made by the cottagers, and, in a letter to Mrs. Master,¹ Princess May says, "Mama has given some stuff for a girl's frock and some flannel for a shirt to two poor women in our village to make for us, and would like to know the names of the workwomen you mentioned, and what sort of work they can undertake." Before passing from local charity, mention should be made of Her Royal Highness's efforts to help the Irish women who worked in the market gardens about Mortlake. It much distressed her to know that these poor women found but little employment during the winter months, and with a view of meeting the difficulty she had them taught basket-making. The Princess often sent baskets for them to copy, and sometimes attended Mrs. Sawyer's Mothers' Meetings, which were held in the same district, and read aloud to the mothers.

A hard worker herself, the Duchess of Teck expected others to be equally industrious, and she had the greatest contempt for idleness. Talking one day to Miss ——, a lady living in the neighbourhood, who was busily engaged among the London poor, Her Royal Highness made some inquiries about the friends with whom she resided, and asked whether they

¹ Mrs. Master was honorary secretary of the Surrey Needlework Guild, and assisted the Duchess of Teck in the management of her local charities.

did any work in the parish. "No, ma'am," was the reply; "one is an invalid, and the other says she has done her work, and it is her turn to rest now." "Tell her from me," said the Princess, "that we have never done our work while we are in this world." Most people would have let the matter end there. Not so Princess Mary, and next time she met her neighbour she inquired if the message had been given. "Yes, ma'am, but my friend is difficult to move," Miss —— answered, "and still thinks that nothing more is required of her." Some weeks afterwards, hearing that Her Royal Highness was opening a bazaar, and being anxious that her friend should see the Princess, Miss —— suggested that she should go to the *fête*. "I don't like bazaars," she replied; but Miss —— was not to be put aside, and proposed a walk in Richmond Park, hoping that they might meet the Princess.

This was readily agreed to; soon the White Lodge carriage was seen in the distance, and, ranging themselves along the roadside, the ladies prepared to make their curtesies. Of course Princess Mary noticed them, and, after glancing at Miss ——, bestowed a particularly gracious bow and smile upon her companion, who said nothing at the time, but when they reached home remarked, "I did not know your Princess was like that." Not long afterwards a change was noticed in this lady's daily habits, and when Miss —— again saw Her Royal Highness she was able to say, in reply to further questioning, that her friend was now one of the hardest workers among the poor at the East End of London. "But," she added, "it was that smile that did it, ma'am."

The enforced idleness of many young men, consequent upon their failing to pass the examinations for the army, caused Her Royal Highness much anxiety, and to meet this evil she desired to see a regiment raised composed entirely of gentlemen's sons, to be employed in defending British interests in South Africa. She was constantly exerting her influence to obtain commissions for the sons of her neighbours in the local forces, and, writing to a lady of her acquaintance, says—

White Lodge, January 28, 1895.

. . . We have only just returned from Sandringham, and I lose not a moment in informing you that young Mr. — can have a commission in the Police of the Chartered Company! He will have to enter as a trooper first—most of them are gentlemen. The company give him his horse, clothes, food—indeed, everything, and five shillings per day pay. If he does well he will soon be an officer, and Dr. Jameson will look after him. I have to-day met both Mr. Rhodes and Dr. Jameson at luncheon at Sir Horace Farquhar's, who very kindly helped me to obtain the commission for Mr. —, and have thanked them. . . .

It may almost be said that a martial spirit was born in Princess Mary, so devoted was she to the profession of arms. As a child she was strongly attracted to the wars in the Old Testament, pondering over them with an eagerness quite remarkable at that early age, and all through her life any military display gave her infinite pleasure. With the sorrows as well as the joys of a soldier's life she was in equal sympathy, and every institution connected with the army found in Princess Mary a warm friend. From girlhood she had been interested in the Royal Cambridge Asylum, founded in memory of her father for the widows of non-commissioned officers and privates married in accordance with the rules of the service and whilst their husbands were serving with the colours.

The site for the memorial was given by the Duke of Cambridge, who, as President of the charity from the beginning, has done much to promote the welfare of the pensioners, while both the Queen and the Prince of Wales are generous patrons. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz is also mindful of the Asylum's claims, and as a thank-offering for her mother's narrow escape from what might have been a bad carriage accident, gave a sum of money which produces an income sufficient to provide each inmate with a small present annually. But the moving spirit of the establishment was undoubtedly Princess Mary. With her the place had grown up, and with her every improvement originated. She was the pivot upon which all

things concerning the Institution turned, and from the opening in 1854 until the day of her death she never wavered in her allegiance to the charity which bears her family name. As Lady President, Her Royal Highness took part in the proceedings of the ladies' committee, and her practical mind and great powers of resource were always at the disposal of the officials. Indeed, it became an accepted formula with every one about the Asylum, "When in doubt go to Princess Mary."

Since the Home was started over 250 women between the ages of fifty and seventy have been admitted, and if the Princess was not personally acquainted with the details of each widow's story, at any rate not one was altogether a stranger to her. Every pensioner is provided with a furnished room to herself, and has liberty to do as she likes, subject to certain restrictions and regulations. A weekly payment is made, and a special allowance given for coals. It pleased Princess Mary to see them sewing, but in some cases age and failing eyesight made fine work impossible, and in more than one instance Her Royal Highness taught an inmate to knit or make patchwork. Much curiosity was evinced as to why Princess Mary did not marry, and one old woman, who had provided herself with a piece of white satin for the auspicious occasion, continually rallied the Princess upon her delay in selecting a husband, saying that the piece of white satin was getting quite yellow.

Both before and after marriage the Princess worked hard to secure the necessary funds for carrying on the work of the Institution. The Cambridge Asylum Bazaar was always a great event in the family circle, and both Princess Mary and her mother contributed specimens of their own beautiful needlework, which was eagerly sought after by buyers. During the progress of the Bazaar nothing was allowed to interfere with the business in hand, and even in the midst of a London season Princess Mary is found writing to a friend, "We have the Bazaar for the Cambridge Asylum on the two following days, so I can really not fix upon any time for our meeting until that is over."

On the anniversary of her husband's birthday the Duchess of Cambridge sent every woman a present of tea and sugar, and after her mother's death this yearly gift was generously continued by Princess Mary. On the appointed day, accompanied by the Duke of Teck, a great favourite with the old people, Princess May, and one or more of the young Princes, Her Royal Highness drove over from Richmond Park, and, dispensing with all ceremony, proceeded at once to the Board room, where the distribution was made, each widow receiving from the hands of the Royal donor a packet of tea and sugar neatly tied up and labelled with her name. A similar present of fruit and vegetables was given by the Duchess of Teck in the autumn, and on these occasions Princess May's assistance was frequently called into requisition. While her mother was handing the cabbages and portioning out the potatoes, she measured out the allotted quantity of fruit, and to this day the old women talk of the little Princess's skill with the pottle, while "Look alive, May; you'll never make a saleswoman!" is a saying of Princess Mary's that is still remembered by the inmates of the Cambridge Asylum. When the distribution was over, Her Royal Highness proceeded upstairs, in order to hand the presents to the invalids, and, sitting down for a while in each room, entered into conversation with the occupant.

The Duchess often visited the Asylum and had a quiet talk with some of the widows. She never tired of hearing them tell about their husbands' brave deeds, and always admired the medals, which were placed in some prominent position in the room. With her the women fought over again the battles in which their husbands had taken part, and tears of sympathy would run down Princess Mary's cheeks as she listened to tales of gallant acts performed in the Crimea and during the Indian Mutiny. "I am a soldier's daughter, a soldier's wife, and have three soldier sons," the Duchess would say; and the women felt and knew that, like themselves, her heart was with the army. Knowing how it pleased them to hear about her own family, she often spoke of her children, and later on of her grandchildren. In

due course Prince Edward of York was brought to the Asylum, the widows being invited to come to the carriage to see the little Prince, and, in order that the invalids might see the child, Her Royal Highness bade the nurse carry him round in full view of the windows. Then as the Royal party drove off, Princess Mary held her little grandson up in her arms till the carriage had passed out of sight.

From very early days the Princess had interested herself in the nursing arrangements. The custom of one inmate assisting the other for a small fee never met with her approbation. She wished to see an infirmary established, and the work of nursing the sick and infirm given over to trained hands. With that object in view she started what was called "The Princess Mary's Fund for Nurses," and in this way a considerable sum was collected; but it was not until 1896 that the principle for which the Princess had worked so hard was admitted by the setting apart of certain rooms for the use of the sick and the employment of skilled nurses. Soon after the Duchess's death, in recognition of her long and valued association with the Institution, it was resolved to build a new ward to be used as an infirmary. Thus was Princess Mary's last wish for the welfare of her old friends in the Cambridge Asylum realised.¹

Among the soldiers' widows Her Royal Highness had her particular friends, and there are still one or two pensioners who possess portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, given to them by Princess Mary as a souvenir of her marriage day. A much-favoured person was Mrs. —, who delights in relating how she was invited to White Lodge by the Princess herself. The visit came about thus: as the women went up to receive their presents of tea and sugar, their names and the regiments of their late husbands were called out by the matron. The announcement "Mrs. —, 1st Life Guards" attracted the attention of the Princess, who, addressing the widow, graciously said, "You must come up and see me at White Lodge." In due course the visit was paid, and has never been forgotten. "I could not walk it now," said

¹ The new ward was opened by the Duchess of York in July, 1899.

the old lady, when recalling the incident some years later, "but I did enjoy it then. All were so kind to me; I was taken everywhere and saw the blessed Duchess in her own home." One day the Princess looked in upon a new pensioner and asked her name. "Macarthy, Your Royal Highness," replied the woman, with a strong Irish accent. "How Irish!" ejaculated the Princess. "Yes, Your Royal Highness," said the widow, "but Irish men make good soldiers, and Irish gentlemen good officers." The Princess was delighted with the answer, and, giving the widow a smile, replied, "Yes, Mrs. Macarthy, so they do; some of the best."

A visitor to the Cambridge Asylum not long after the Princess had passed away, was talking to the inmates about their late Patron. One poor woman quite broke down, and during the conversation her tears never ceased to flow. "The Duchess of Teck was the kindest lady that ever lived," said the widow; "she never came along the passage without a smile." Another old pensioner, who had long passed the allotted span of life, describes the Princess as "a loving lady who always talked of pleasant things." "She never said an unkind word to any one, but would sit by the bedside and tell us what she would like to do for us all," was the simple testimony of a third. Indeed, the memory of Princess Mary was enshrined in the hearts of all.

In time of war the Duchess did not forget the families of those soldiers who had fallen in their country's cause. She was the first to head any movement started for their benefit, and not infrequently herself devised a means of getting together subscriptions. Writing to Lady Aylesford in the spring of 1879, she says—

. . . I wonder if I may ask you to go to the Assault of Arms *le militaire* is getting up on the afternoon of the 12th of May at Albert Hall, in aid of the widows and orphans of those who have fallen, or may, alas! still fall, in the war at the Cape? My brother and I are warmly interested in the undertaking, which we hope will prove a success, and I should be so much obliged if you would kindly mention it to your friends, as officers are not good *advertisers*.

The Princess showed the same warm interest in the cause of the Royal School for the Daughters of Officers at Bath, and a letter dated White Lodge, May 29, 1879, contains the following personal appeal:—

I have a great favour to ask you, and that is, to take a ticket for a really very first-rate amateur performance which kind Mrs. Freake is getting up at my request at Cromwell House, South Kensington, in aid of the schools for Officers' Daughters at Bath and Roehampton; a military charity which just now stands in great need of help, as there will, alas! this year be a great drain on its resources—at least, it is to be feared so with this terrible war!

On one occasion the Princess journeyed from London to visit the School, when at Her Royal Highness's express desire no special luncheon was provided for the Royal party, but she and the ladies and gentlemen who accompanied her sat down with the girls at their mid-day dinner. In her tour round the premises the Princess passed the room where the French and German governesses were sitting, and with her usual kindness asked that each lady might be presented to her, talking some time with them in their respective languages.

A pitiable instance of poverty in the rank of the gentler classes was the case of Miss ——, and Princess Mary was most anxious to help in the matter. Her Royal Highness was abroad when the facts were placed before her, but immediately set to work to see what could be done by correspondence. A few days after her return to England, and while on a visit to Sandringham, she heard of the failure of her negotiations, and, writing to the lady who had sent her the particulars, she says—

George has written to say that poor Miss ——'s case does not come within the region of the Patriotic Fund, which was only established after the Crimean War, and therefore does not take in any case prior to that period, and Captain —— died in 1843. Shall I send her some clothes, and try if I can get any help through Colonel Gildea? . . .

When the Wesleyan Methodists resolved to commemorate Her Majesty's Jubilee by raising a fund for the extension of

their Soldiers' Homes throughout the empire, they appealed to Princess Mary; Her Royal Highness at once promised to assist the undertaking, and did so in many ways, but in none perhaps so effectually as by presiding at a Bazaar, the proceeds of which realized nearly £7000.

The Duchess of Teck [writes the Rev. R. W. Allen, senior Wesleyan chaplain in the army] never failed to show her sympathy with all we attempted for the benefit and comfort of the soldier. When our Home in the Buckingham Palace Road was enlarged, the Princess most kindly opened the new building, saying, as she was inspecting the Institution, "I could not well do otherwise; it is for our soldiers, and I have soldier sons." In 1897 it was decided to raise a Queen's Commemoration Fund of £10,000. The matter was brought before the Duchess, who immediately gave it her heartiest sympathy, and consented to receive the offerings that might be collected for the purpose. Death, alas! prevented the fulfilment of this gracious intention, and cut short a life which will ever be recognised as adding lustre to the Victorian era by reason of its womanly virtues, and deep and tender sympathy with the true life of the nation.

Her last public appearance in London was at the inspection of veterans at Chelsea on the 5th of July, 1897. Being asked if she was fatigued, she replied with characteristic warmth, "Oh no; it has done me real good to see such a gathering of old soldiers, and I should have been very sorry indeed to have missed the sight."

Princess Mary was in equal sympathy with naval charities, and this sympathy deepened in intensity after her daughter's marriage. The cause of temperance among sailors was very near the Duchess's heart, and hearing one day of Miss Weston's Mission, she exclaimed with enthusiasm, "I should like to stand shoulder to shoulder with her in so splendid a work!" In order to make herself better acquainted with the details of that great movement of reform among the sailors of the Royal Navy, the Princess invited Miss Weston to come and see her. Recalling the interview, this lady says—

Arrived at White Lodge, I was soon in the presence of the Princess whom England loved. She put me at my ease

immediately by asking me to sit down and tell her as much as I could about my work among the bluejackets. Encouraged in this way, I had no difficulty in giving a *résumé* of my work for the last twenty-five years among the men, their wives, and families, and in telling her about the Sailors' Rests and the thousands of men they have sheltered. Her Royal Highness interrupted me several times in her bright way, often saying, "Now that is interesting; I shall not forget that." The pathetic stories moved her deeply, and her merry laugh rang out over the amusing incidents.

The Princess spoke with great feeling of the navy, and said that she hoped one of her little grandsons would make it his profession. She was much interested in our Royal Naval Needlework Guild and Employment Office for sailors' wives and pensioners, and, after asking me about the most minute details, remarked that the Guild was on the same lines as her own. Just before I left, the Princess impressed me much by saying that my work was one in which, had the circumstances of life been different, she would much like to have taken an active part.

Her Royal Highness was a firm believer in the axiom that he gives twice who gives quickly, and thoroughly endorsed the opinion that it is poor consolation for the widow who had lost her husband at sea or on active service to be told that her case was being taken into consideration, and that she would receive some benefit six months hence. Thus it was that the work of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association¹ appealed particularly to the Princess, and as one of the County Presidents of the Society, she did much to advance its welfare by holding meetings at White Lodge and other houses in the neighbourhood. Writing to Mrs. Master, the Princess says, "Please prepare yourself for more work, as I feel I ought to start a Committee both in Richmond and Kingston for the benefit of the wives of our absent soldiers and sailors." Again, in a letter to Lady Ellis, she writes—

Please secure Commander ——'s services as a member of my Kingston Committee, and accept my warmest thanks

¹ An Association for aiding the wives and families of men of all branches of the land and sea forces of the United Kingdom.

for your kind and active helpfulness in the cause of the "Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association." Mr. Irving has written me a charming and most characteristic note, regretting in no measured terms his inability to recite for us on the 13th of June, on which day he has an engagement at Sheffield. . . .

On two occasions Princess Mary presided at the annual meeting of the Society, when, says Colonel Gildea, "her genial manner and stately presence were in themselves a guarantee of a large attendance."

The Duchess [writes Miss Child] often visited my Home for sailors of all nationalities in Ratcliffe Highway. Her Royal Highness first made our acquaintance in 1887, when, accompanied by the Duke of Teck and her daughter, she called in to see us, in the most unconventional fashion, after laying a foundation-stone near by. She stayed about an hour, taking tea and chatting in her usual kindly way. I remember her looking out of the window and making all sorts of inquiries about the poor people who were standing in their doorways. When descending the stairs after the Princess had inspected the Home we came upon several of the sailors, who began shouting "Hooray!" This rough but genuine greeting seemed to please the Princess, who herself joined in the cheering, and, as may be supposed, won all hearts. At Christmas she always sent me, for distribution among the sailors, many suitable and valuable gifts. One day the Duchess caught sight of me in the crowd at an East End meeting, and, calling me to her, began a series of kind questions about my work. When we moved to Canning Town and opened our new building, Her Royal Highness was unable to be present, but she did not forget us, and sent her likeness, and autograph, in a frame. The picture now adorns the walls of the Home, and is a constant reminder of its lost friend.

Following in the steps of the Prince Consort, under whose patronage the Sailors' Institute in Shadwell was erected, the Princess opened¹ the Millwall Seamen's Institute, the first building of the kind connected with the docks of London, and part of a scheme set on foot for the establishment of similar

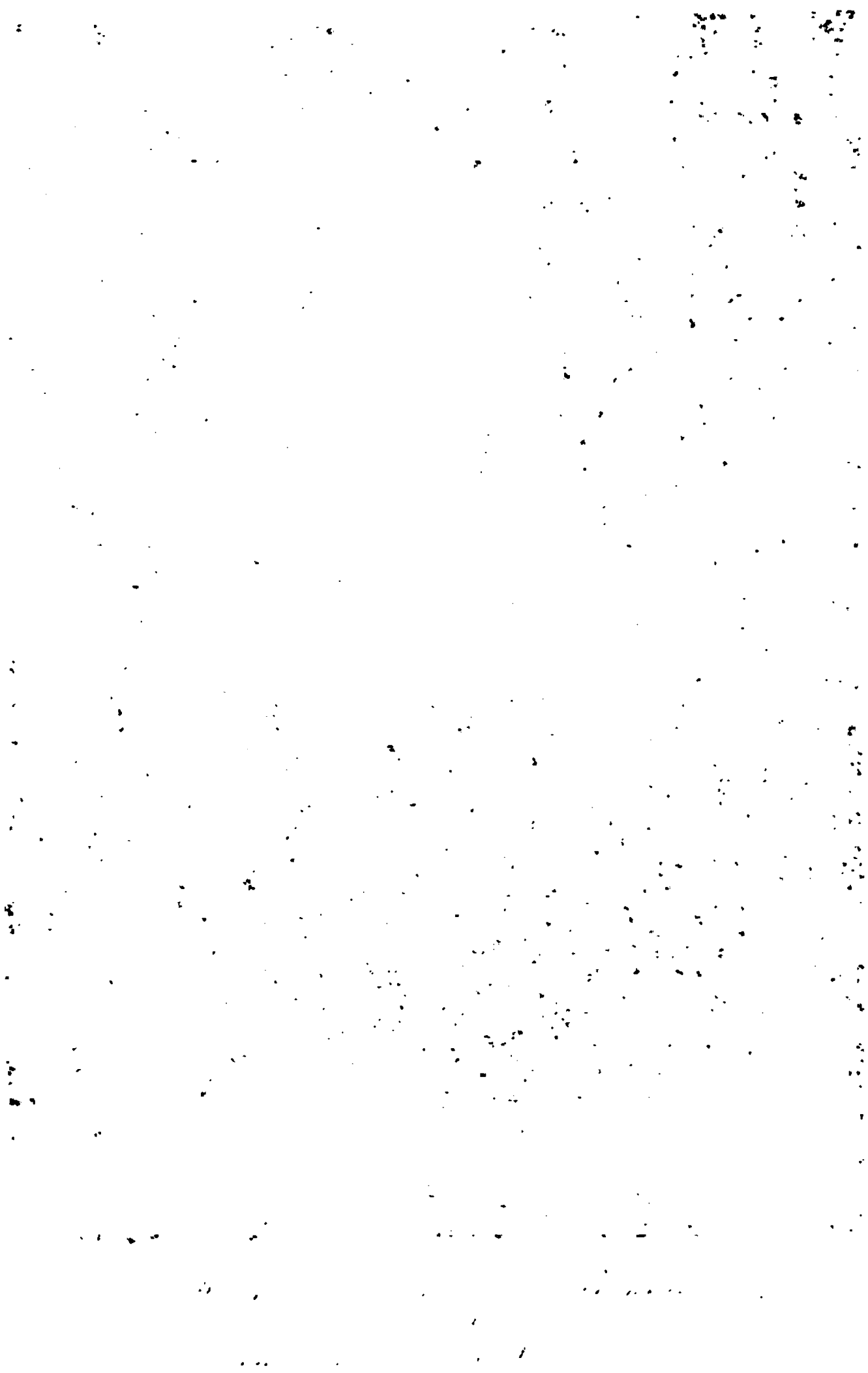
¹ July 14, 1892.

Homes in other ports, at home and abroad, as a Memorial to the late Duke of Clarence. Speaking earnestly and with some emotion, she said, "I can only hope that God's blessing will be given to this undertaking, and I trust it may be only one of many other institutions that will arise about the docks"—a sympathetic little speech which was greeted by the sailors present with enthusiasm.

In the organisation of the Needlework Guild, a charity founded by Lady Wolverton, and now established in almost every county in England, Princess Mary took an active and a leading part. Not only was Her Royal Highness Patron of several branches, but she accepted the post of chief President¹ both for London and Surrey, and year by year, as the number of contributions increased, the duties undertaken by Princess Mary became more onerous. Writing to a friend from White Lodge towards the close of 1887, she says—

. . . May and I threw ourselves into the Guild work, which took up pretty nearly all our time through the whole of November and the early part of December, though we had some excellent helpers. The Guild clothes had been pouring in ever since about the middle of October, and had overflowed the children's corridor, ante-room, inner schoolroom, and the room next to yours! so you may imagine what a tremendous business the unpacking, sorting, arranging, and repacking was, independently of the dividing and distributing! May knelt so long just at first over the huge parcels and bundles, that she very nearly gave herself a "*housemaid's knee!*" Indeed, she worked so energetically that she quite knocked herself up, poor dear child! The London Distribution came off first; nearly 17,000 articles were distributed, of which I contributed 1,704, and May, 461 (very good for her first year as President), the Surrey one following on November 30th. The number of things contributed by and for Surrey

¹ The Needlework Guild is divided into groups, each containing one President, five or more Vice-Presidents, and at least fifty Associates. Each President appoints her own Vice-Presidents, and every Vice-President undertakes to find ten or more Associates, who send in their work to her. The Vice-Presidents send the collective work of their Associates, together with their own, to the President, whose duty it is to sort and pack the work of her group, and forward it on the day to the place appointed for distribution.



[illegible][illegible][illegible]

H. R. H. The Duchess of Teck & Princess Mary
in the garden at White Lodge
From a private photograph made by Mr. Reginald Craigie.

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amounted to between 8,000 and 9,000, of which *my share was 3,300*, or thereabouts. I send you one of our last London Reports for your edification. I must say Francis behaved most angelically, and did not (at any rate, openly) resent half the house being turned into a draper's shop, or a kind of Harvey and Nicholl's storeroom. . . .

I have seen Her Royal Highness stand [narrates one who was often at White Lodge during the Guild time] hour after hour in a room set apart for the display of thousands of garments for the poor, showing them to one set of visitors after the other, taking up with evident affection and appreciation bundle after bundle of warm things; praising those who made them, telling of those to whom they were to be given, and occasionally relating an amusing story as to how she had coaxed a gift of clothes out of the Prince of Wales or other male relatives. She never showed a sign of weariness, though the daylight died, and the lamps were lit, and still the stream of visitors flowed on, and the kind face of the *châtelaine* began to look very tired.

With the object of extending the sphere of the Society's operations, and bringing its usefulness more prominently before the public, Her Royal Highness wrote the following charming account of the origin and scope of the Guild for publication¹:—

White Lodge, June, 1890.

Our origin was simple enough. A demand from the matron of Lady Wolverton's Orphanage at Iwerne, in Dorsetshire, for a large supply of jerseys and socks, to be completed in a month or so, brought such ready help from the ladies who happened just at the time to be staying at Iwerne Minster, that not only was the order executed, but the idea of the possibility of organising a Needlework Guild at once suggested itself to the hostess, and was quickly acted upon, with the happy result that, in response to the invitation issued, we have now enrolled in our ranks thousands upon thousands of workers, and there is every reason to hope that we shall be able yet further to increase our numbers and extend our borders.

Unity is strength. Without unity little or nothing can be done. Combination has in our case already accomplished

¹ This account appeared in the *English Illustrated Magazine* in July, 1890.

much, and organisation overcomes many difficulties. In forming ourselves into a Union or Guild; we had no desire to take away from individual effort. All we wished was to provide the hundreds of women in England hitherto working aimlessly, and many uselessly, with an object to work for, and to secure clothes for the thousands of men, women, and children wanting them. The luxury of giving is so often confined to the rich, that an additional charm is lent to this Society by the fact that in it all classes are working together with the one object of assisting the poor and the needy in all ranks of life, according to the means at their command.

We are not bound by rules and regulations to the acceptance of assistance only from persons belonging to the Church of England. We welcome into our midst all sorts and conditions of men and women irrespective of creed. And here, perhaps, I should point out that although hitherto our Society has been confined to female members, it is now proposed to extend its sphere of usefulness in order to provide tailor-made clothing for indigent men and boys, and boots for both sexes and all ages, and to this end we ask men to join our Guild as honorary associates.

The only stipulation we make is that each member should supply the Society with two or more articles of clothing annually, and that the articles be given over to the Executive or Presidents, to be dealt with in whatever manner they think proper. As with members of the Guild, so with the recipients: all destitute people are alike considered, irrespective of creed. Due care is taken to see that only the deserving are assisted. In order to guard against imposition, as well as to minimise any chance of favour being shown, we do not distribute the articles ourselves, but send them for distribution to individuals approved by the committee, whose calling and position give them an intimate knowledge of the poor among whom they dwell.

We hear of schemes for the better housing of the working classes, and of many efforts for the improvement of their moral condition. Surely nothing can be a greater help in this direction than the substituting for the discarded flimsy finery which alone seems within their reach, the simple, clean, suitable, well-made clothing which the Guild supplies. And to this end we invite every man and woman in this country who has the welfare of his or her poorer brethren at heart to aid us still further in carrying on our work.

MARY ADELAIDE.

The effect of this invitation was seen in the many additions to the list of Vice-Presidents, and the marked increase of the number of Associates. Two years later the Princess writes, "We are frightfully busy and tremendously elated, for May and I have just sent off our contributions to the Imperial Institute¹: 5,400 articles in all, and *such splendid things!* We are now hard at work unpacking the Surrey Guild parcels—a *very goodly array.*" When addressing the members of her Guild the Duchess was eminently practical in her remarks. "Don't send me useless work, such as antimacassars, which the gentlemen take away on their buttons," was the homely counsel she gave on one occasion when speaking at the Kew Institute, adding, "but make good useful garments for the women. Always keep some sewing on hand, so that if a friend calls, you can take it up, and give her a piece to sew as well." Then, turning to the Vicar, she reminded him that "the President" was not too proud to accept from the gentlemen any cast-off clothing they could spare for the poor men. Nothing, however, shows more clearly the continued interest taken by the Princess in this very excellent charity, or better proves her thorough grasp of the subject in all its bearings, than the open letter addressed by Her Royal Highness to the ladies of the Surrey Guild:—

White Lodge, November, 1893.

As the Guild now seems quite an established institution, I think it would be well to make some suggestions which arise out of the experience of the past eight years, and which I think will be useful for all connected with the Guild work. I should like first to say that the number of garments has increased from 21,500 last year to 22,000 this year, and that the kind of articles sent has been much better, the material used being of a more serviceable nature and the garments larger, instead of an overwhelming quantity of small children's things. We should, however, be glad of more underlinen for women and girls.

¹ At Princess Mary's request, the Prince of Wales kindly consented to allow a room at the Imperial Institute to be set apart each year for the reception of the articles contributed by the ladies of the London Needlework Guild.

Children's pinafores are still too numerous. The objection to these is that they give no warmth, and being so inexpensive they come within easier reach of the poor to buy for themselves. The same objection arises with regard to very common flannelette. If flannelette is used, it should be of the better kind; but where associates can afford flannel, it is worth much more as a charitable gift. Flannelette for men's and boys' shirts answers very well, though real flannel ones are also needed for consumptive or delicate people.

The make, too, of the clothes is a very important point; some of the things sent could only fit deformed people. I more especially refer to the socks and stockings too often sent. Good wearing and nicely fitting things last twice as long, and make the gift much more acceptable. The proportion of men's and boys' things is still too small; more of both are asked for, and this end could be more easily attained by enrolling more male associates as subscribers, and thus enabling the purchase of such clothes as we cannot make—for example, tailor-made clothes and boots.

Having said a word to general workers, I should like to address a few to Vice-Presidents. If each lady, in doing up her parcel, would kindly remember that it is one out of hundreds received, she would, I feel sure, attend more strictly to the following simple rules, and thus save the receivers and openers of the parcels much trouble. (1) All articles in pairs to be carefully fastened together. (2) All parcels to be done up in strong brown paper or material. (3) The printed list to be made out correctly and put inside the parcel, not sent by post. (4) The name of the sender with the letters S.N.G. to be put outside the parcel. The parcel, when made up by the Vice-Presidents, ought to be so arranged that the things are sorted, and all of one kind tied together and ticketed with the name and number of the articles, and not sent as received from each associate. I would also ask that the work be sent in good time, so that the Presidents be saved the extra trouble of writing or telegraphing at the last moment for work not received. As so many ladies have from time to time resigned just as their work is expected, a rule is now made that no resignation will be accepted after April; if any Vice-President resigns after that, a gift of 10s. to the Guild will be expected, in order to purchase at least some of the things that would have been sent.

And now a few words to Presidents. As there appears to have been a misunderstanding as to the number of articles which entitle a President to ask for a grant, I wish

it to be clearly understood that 150 is the regulation number fixed, 300 articles entitling to two grants, and so on in the same ratio. Presidents should be very careful and exact in filling up the application papers, so as to afford all the information necessary. All applications for grants should be sent in on or before November 1st, when they will be considered and arranged for in proportion to the number of the inhabitants, by the President and Secretaries. The list of grants will be read out at the White Lodge meeting.

I am also anxious that the spirit of the Guild should be more thoroughly understood, for I fear if not, the original idea of the Foundress may entirely be lost sight of. The main object of the Guild is to help those most in need. I mention this because I find that the requests for grants are so often made for individual places, in which the donors are personally interested, without reference to their real needs, and often to the injury of the very large London parishes, composed entirely of very poor people, varying from 5,000 to 20,000 inhabitants without a rich person in the neighbourhood to give a helping hand. And then, again, I would remind all that the Guild is not a religious work. We all meet (whatever our own personal belief may be) on this one large platform: that we all work for our poorer brethren, and that our gifts are for Church people, Dissenters, Roman Catholics, Jews, or indeed any who need help, the only plea required—poverty and a certain assurance that the gifts shall not be abused.

I will only add one more suggestion, and that is, that the workers begin their work as soon as the Guild is over, or at all events with the New Year. Some, I fear, leave it to the last fortnight, and then can only send very much less than they had intended. I am only asking others to do what the Duchess of Albany, my daughter, I myself, and many ladies I know, do. We made a point of having a piece of Guild work always on hand and taking it up at odd minutes. It is surprising what these odd minutes put together in the shape of wool and pins produce. Our Foundress, Lady Wolverton, is a daily example of this, having to my knowledge made as many as 300 articles in one year.

I don't think I have anything further to say than that I only hope all who take part in the Guild work have as much pleasure in their share of it as I have in mine. It adds much to my own Christmas happiness to feel that by our united efforts we are able to bring some joy and comfort into many homes in which, alas! brightness is but little known.

The grateful letters of thanks are too numerous even to quote from, but ought, I am sure, to inspirit us as time goes on to try and do more, especially as the winter returns and brings before us so much poverty and distress.

* * * * *

Since writing the above, the Guild and its workers have lost their best friend. All who knew Lady Wolverton¹ cannot but deeply mourn her loss, and I could not let these few observations of mine go forth amongst my fellow-workers without taking this opportunity of paying a last tribute of devoted affection to the memory of one very dear to me and mine, and deeply beloved by numbers whom her bounty and unfailing kindness had helped out of many troubles. May I hope that year by year the Needlework Guild will increase largely, and by the mutual benefit it confers, and its widespread usefulness, prove a worthy memorial of its Foundress, who, when first forming it, had this idea in her mind, which we saw so freely carried out in her own life, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

MARY ADELAIDE.

How constantly Princess Mary's thoughts turned to her Guild is seen in the letters she wrote to different correspondents upon matters connected with the Association of which she was the recognised chief. Wherever Her Royal Highness might happen to be, she invariably returned to White Lodge in time to receive and arrange the work for distribution; and her letters to Mrs. Ellis, who had succeeded Mrs. Halford as honorary secretary of the London Guild, show how the Princess never lost sight of the responsibilities she had undertaken.

White Lodge, March 22, 1893.

DEAR MRS. ELLIS,— . . . The Fishmongers' generous gift is a delightful encouragement, and I trust their example may be followed by others of the City Companies. I think the best plan will be for you, by-and-by, to lay out the £10 10s. in men's and boys' clothing, and to enter the articles on my list. I myself acknowledged the welcome donation to the Prime Warden. As regards Mrs. —, she seems entirely to misunderstand the motives which guide our Guild. They

¹ Lady Wolverton died January 10, 1894.

are not *self-glorification*, for the individual loses herself in the Guild, which has but one object: to help clothe the very poor and the destitute! . . .

White Lodge, November 12, 1893.

. . . I must apologise for not having sent my list with my contribution yesterday, but the lateness of the arrival of several of my Vice-Presidents' parcels caused so many changes in my original list that it had to be rewritten out, for which there was not time just at last, and I did not like to detain the van, for fear of its contents arriving at the Institute after you had left. Here it is, and I hope will be found accurate. In a day or two I expect to have from 50 to 100 more articles to send in, so that I trust 2,800 may be the number put against my name. The Indian parcel from Miss —, containing 46 things, beautifully packed, reached me quite safely. Will you amiably acknowledge it, or shall I? . . .

Osborne, January 18, 1894.

. . . I quite forgot to ask you in my letter to send me some Associate papers, of which I have not a single one left, and I rejoice to say there is just now a great demand for them. . . . I think it an excellent suggestion to arrange a Meeting of the L.N.G. at which all the Vice-Presidents and Associates might be invited to attend, and if you will send me a choice of dates, I will endeavour to be present. Possibly the Duchess of Albany might also be prevailed on to come to it. I am sure it would help to extend the work, and something might be said of our desire to make our Guild a lasting memorial of its beloved Founder. Alas! the heading of the Associate papers must be altered as you propose. . . .

White Lodge, October 30, 1894.

. . . How I wish I could help you to frame a speech on our Guild! but there is so little to say about it, and that little has been thrashed out. With us we can in all truth say it is facts, not words, and point to our Exhibition as a proof of this. There is, however, one point you can bring forward and lay stress on, and that is the very great assistance the tradespeople can render us at little or no cost to themselves, by giving us for the Guild their patterns of all sizes, and damaged goods. You can also dwell on one great feature of our Guild, and that is, that as scarcely any money is asked for, rich and poor can join, and that the work admits

of both old and young contributing! And here you can say how desirous we are of enlisting the sympathies of our servants in the Needlework Guild and enrolling them as Associates, for as they can one and all make time to manufacture the two obligatory articles in the year, they can thus assist their poorer brethren in a way that entails but very little expense, and only the sacrifice of some of their leisure. I wish I could think of anything further to suggest, though I have every confidence in you as regards doing justice to the London Guild, and feel that its interests are in *very safe hands*. . . .

White Lodge, November 9, 1895.

. . . I am sending you 2,314 articles, sorted and tied up in fives with red ribbon; also two large bales containing 486 articles, which we have not opened, making a total of 2,800. On Monday I hope to despatch the remainder of my contribution, together with my detailed list. Wishing you well over your work, and with many thanks for your kind letters, I remain, dear Mrs. Ellis, very sincerely yours,

MARY ADELAIDE.

Almost the last letter penned by Princess Mary was on the subject of her Needlework Guild, and addressed to the aged sister of her old governess:—

White Lodge, October 21, 1897.

DEAREST MRS. HATCHARD,—I must write and thank you warmly and gratefully for your most kind and liberal contribution of Guild work; and at the same time express my deep regret at losing you as one of my Vice-Presidents—you, too, who have always contributed so largely, and been so prompt in the despatch of your delightful bales! At the same time I quite understand that the work is beginning to be too great an exertion for you. I therefore accept with gratitude your offer that a young friend should take your place, and all the writing and trouble off your hands; but I must ask you to let me keep your cherished name on my list of Vice-Presidents. One of these days I will try and *call, and can then talk the matter over*. *Meanwhile accept a thousand thanks* for the more than *kind* expressions contained in your dear letter, which has touched me very deeply, and believe me, dearest Mrs. Hatchard, affectionately yours,

MARY ADELAIDE.

The Princess was a woman of infinite resource, and she very seldom had to record a failure. No influence was spared and no amount of trouble was regarded as too great in order to accomplish the end in view. If one plan did not succeed, another was immediately tried. A poor man living in Barnes was very ill, and expressed a great wish to be admitted into a certain hospital. Application was made to the Duchess of Teck, who informed the Rector that letters for the hospital in question were most difficult to obtain, but she would do her best to procure one. Shortly afterwards the Comptroller of the Queen's Household wrote to the Rector, enclosing the wished-for letter, and stating that it was sent by the Queen's commands through the intercession of the Duchess of Teck.

Letter to the Marchioness of Salisbury.

Kensington Palace, March 27th, 1882.

DEAREST LADY SALISBURY,— . . . I called late on Saturday afternoon, after a Drawing-room meeting at Lady Elizabeth Biddulph's house, in aid of Miss Leigh's work at Paris amongst the Englishwomen cast adrift there, in the hope of finding you at home, and being able to enlist your sympathies on behalf of the cause, which Miss Leigh is so desirous of pleading with Lord Salisbury: that of numbers of our poor countrywomen who, having married Frenchmen in this country, find, to their dismay and horror, on going to France, that their marriage is *null* and *void*! But, alas! you had flown. Miss Leigh is most anxious that the non-recognition of the English marriage law in France should be a subject brought before Parliament, and, having succeeded in getting an introduction to Lord Selborne, she now wants to interest Lord Salisbury in the matter, in order that both political parties should take it up. She will be in London until Thursday next, in case Lord Salisbury can make an appointment with her. Hoping you will be able to manage this for me, ever, dearest Lady Salisbury, affectionately yours,

MARY ADELAIDE.

In the misfortunes of the well-born Princess Mary never failed to sympathise. The poverty of the black coat went to her heart, and if in any way she could assist in lessening

the sorrows or softening the hardships of the poor gentleman or gentlewoman, her time, strength, and resources were without stint brought into requisition. All charities established for the benefit of distressed gentlefolk found in the Duchess of Teck a generous patron, and no cause has more reason to mourn her loss than that of the poor ladies of Ireland. "After so much kindness on your part," writes the Princess to a friend, "I scarcely venture to try and interest you in the sale of which I enclose some circulars, and at which I hope to preside; and yet the cause for which I plead is one so deserving of help. . . . The work of the poor Irish ladies is so beautiful that it is well worth inspecting."

Letter to Lady Holland.

Kensington Palace, June 12, 1882.

DEAREST LADY HOLLAND,—May I ask a great favour at your kind hands? and that is, a contribution of flowers, fruit, and vegetables from St. Anne's Hill and Holland House gardens for my flower-stall at the Bazaar, in aid of the poor distressed Irish ladies, which is to be held in the Conservatory of the Horticultural Gardens. . . . The cause is one which will, I know, commend itself to your kind, warm heart! If the contribution could be spread over the two days and sent each morning to the Conservatory about eleven o'clock, I should be additionally grateful. When may we hope to welcome you as our neighbours? I quite long to see you again. Ever, with much love from self and *belongings*, yours most affectionately,

MARY ADELAIDE.

Letter to the Honble. Mrs. Pawson.

White Lodge, March 6, 1891.

DEAR MRS. PAWSON,—I will with much pleasure give my patronage to Mrs. Dalison's sale in aid of so admirable and deserving a cause as that of the ruined "Irish Gentry." My daughter and I have been so touched by her appeal and the pathetic extracts from the letters of those who have known luxury and prosperity, that we are making up a bundle of remnants from last November's collection of Needlework Guild clothes, for distribution among the poor applicants, especially to the one who so touchingly begs a *few ever so*

worn clothes for her little scraps, who suffer so much from the cold that their poor little fingers are covered with chilblains! Next winter I will, D.V., see that a handsome grant is made to this most excellent charity from our Guild. . . . I remain, dear Mrs. Pawson, very sincerely yours,

MARY ADELAIDE.

On four occasions [writes Mrs. Dalison] Princess Mary opened sales of work for me, and I have seen her sit at a stall for three hours at a time, her dear face beaming with pleasure the while. Whenever Her Royal Highness sold anything, she would look at me and say, "See, Mrs. Dalison, how well I am getting on." In 1891, Princess May came with her mother, and nothing could exceed the graciousness of both Princesses. Twice her Royal Highness was accompanied by the Duke of Teck, to whom she was very much attached. Many times during the afternoon she would call my attention to things and say, "My Duke admires this or that." She always spoke of him as "my Duke," and it seemed so pretty as she said it. I remember two little American children coming to sing at my Sale of Work at Grosvenor House. Her Royal Highness went into the concert-room, as in fact she always did, and sat a long time listening to the singing. After the performance she called the children up, and was so very kind to them.

Possessed of large ideas and interested in large movements, Princess Mary did not despise or disregard small things, and nothing was too trivial and no individual too humble for her notice. She was much touched with the story of a young woman who was dying of consumption in the suburbs of London, and had found great comfort from a garment supplied to her by the Needlework Guild. When the poor girl died, the Princess sent a wreath of flowers to be placed on the grave—a small attention, but one that gave a very natural pleasure to the mourning relatives and friends. Once, Her Royal Highness was opening a bazaar, and while listening to the Address, she happened to glance to the end of the dais, where a little girl, a stranger to her, was standing, holding a button-hole of crimson and pink carnations which a lady had given to the child, saying that perhaps she might be able to present it to the Princess, as they were her

favourite flowers. After the Address was finished, the Duchess, with a bow of apology to the ladies and gentlemen of the committee, who were waiting to conduct her to the bazaar, walked along the platform, and, stooping down, said to the child, "Are these for me, dear?" Taking the flowers in her hand, she kissed the little girl, then returned to the committee, and proceeded to make her tour of the stalls.

Neither the occasion nor the class of life mattered to Princess Mary; it was enough for her that help was needed, and that she could give it. This characteristic was apparent from very early years. One day when out walking with her father she saw a poor woman on her way to Brentford resting a large market-basket on a stile in the Mortlake fields. Going up to her, she said, "You must be very tired carrying that heavy basket; let me help you." And without waiting for a reply the Princess put her arm through the handle, and quickly lifting the basket off the stile, carried it as far as Kew, the Duke of Cambridge walking by her side and the woman following behind, without having the slightest idea who her kind friend was. Many years afterwards Her Royal Highness was reminded of the occurrence by a lady whose father witnessed the incident. "Oh, did your father see me?" said the Princess. "I did not know that, but I remember that we met two of Mr. Ward's pupils, who were then the *beaux* of Kew, and as we passed them with the basket on my arm, I felt my colour rise as I returned their bow."

Most touching is the testimony of Mrs. Huntingdon¹ (Mother Anne). Talking of her Royal patron's good deeds to a visitor who called to see her some few months after the Princess died, the old charwoman, who had entered upon her ninetieth year, said—

Five years ago I went up to the Lodge on my birthday. One of the household told Her Royal Highness of it, and she sent for me and said, "It is your birthday, Mother Anne. Then I must give you a present!" "Oh, Your Royal Highness," I replied, "you are too good to me!" "No," she

¹ She died in June, 1899.

answered; "I cannot be too good, Anne, to a good servant." Very soon afterwards the Princess sent me down a beautiful dark grey dress for my birthday present, all trimmed with bugles. What do you think of that, now? I will get it to show you (and the poor old woman crawled up the narrow stairs of the cottage and brought down the dress). There now! there it is! And look at the bugles on my collar and the cuffs! and I have got a band all bugles too!

When a tea was given to the people after Prince Edward was born, Her Royal Highness and the Duke came down to the field, and when the Princess saw me she said, "Oh, here's Mother Anne," and came up and shook hands with me, and so did the Duke, and made so much of me that all around were quite jealous. Ah! she was good; there wasn't any pride in Her Royal Highness. And they didn't forget me at Princess May's wedding, but sent me some wedding cake; and Prince Alexander brought it down to me himself, coming to my cottage back here in the lane. They was all brought up to be so kind. Once when I was out in the stable yard cleaning, Princess May opened the schoolroom window and threw me out a scarlet petticoat, saying, "There, Mother Anne, is a petticoat for you. I made it all with my own hands!" And it was a beauty! No; there wasn't no pride in any of them! And to think that now the Duchess is gone! I went up to the Lodge afterwards, and the Duke and Duchess of York came out and spoke to me; and the Duke of Teck was in the corridor, and as he passed me he just touched my shoulder, for he could not speak. Then I went upstairs and saw Her Royal Highness for the last time. Ah! but she's none too good for the place where she's gone! (And the poor old woman lifted up her hand and wiped away her tears.)

The things that Princess Mary loved she was specially anxious others should possess, in order that they also might participate in her joys. She was continually sending flowers to the hapless dwellers in crowded tenements, and many a garret was brightened with floral gifts from the Royal garden. One afternoon in midsummer Mr. ———, a worker in a district well known to the Princess, was talking with her on the lawn at White Lodge about some evening meetings he was arranging for poor women. "What sort of meeting will you have to-night?" asked the Duchess. "A large one, Your Royal Highness," was the reply. "I should think there will

probably be seventy present." "Grand!" rejoined Princess Mary with much feeling, "and you shall take each woman a rose from me." Not many hours later seventy poor women might have been seen wending their way through a dimly lighted street in Whitechapel, each holding in her hand a beautiful fresh rose—the gift of the Duchess of Teck.

Her life was pre-eminently one of unaffected kindness and simplicity. "I have not much money to give away," she would often say, "but what I have, time, money, and influence, I give gladly." It was beautiful to see her tears of sympathy flow, and the pulse of the privileged listener beat quickly as he heard from Her Royal Highness's lips how deeply she felt for suffering humanity. "I must help," was her invariable answer to the recital of any pathetic story. "Tell me what is wanted, and it shall be done,"—and that it was done, no matter how great the sacrifice, is common knowledge. As may easily be imagined, the exercise of so much energy and thought was a severe strain upon Princess Mary's constitution. To the outside world there appeared little, if any, change in the face which in public always wore a smile, and never showed a sorrow, but to the home circle it was evident that the Duchess's intense devotion to the cause of humanity was telling upon her health. Although she appeared so bright and cheery in public, she suffered much at times from fatigue, and often, after a hard day's work in the cause of charity, would return home quite exhausted.

Rest was the last thing she thought of; and if a promise had been given to attend a charity function of any kind, no amount of persuasion would turn the Princess from her purpose. Weather was not considered; rain or snow, it was all the same to Princess Mary, and a sale of work or a village school *fête* was regarded as of equal importance with a London ceremony. She would not disappoint her friends. No one realised more fully than did Princess Mary the financial loss that must ensue if at the last minute word were sent that she was not able to attend, and the occasion always found her at the appointed place.

The Duchess of Teck's sympathies were so wide, and her

good deeds so far-reaching, that it would not be possible to enumerate half the institutions with which her name was connected, much less call to mind the ceaseless benefits she conferred upon her fellow-creatures. From early childhood until the day of her death, charitable and philanthropic work of every kind was closely interwoven with Princess Mary's daily life. She was happy in making others happy, and her many natural gifts were used freely in the great cause of charity. Never weary in well doing, the spirit in which Princess Mary lived her life is best expressed by her own words, "I am here to do a little good, and I will do it while I can."

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